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VOL. II





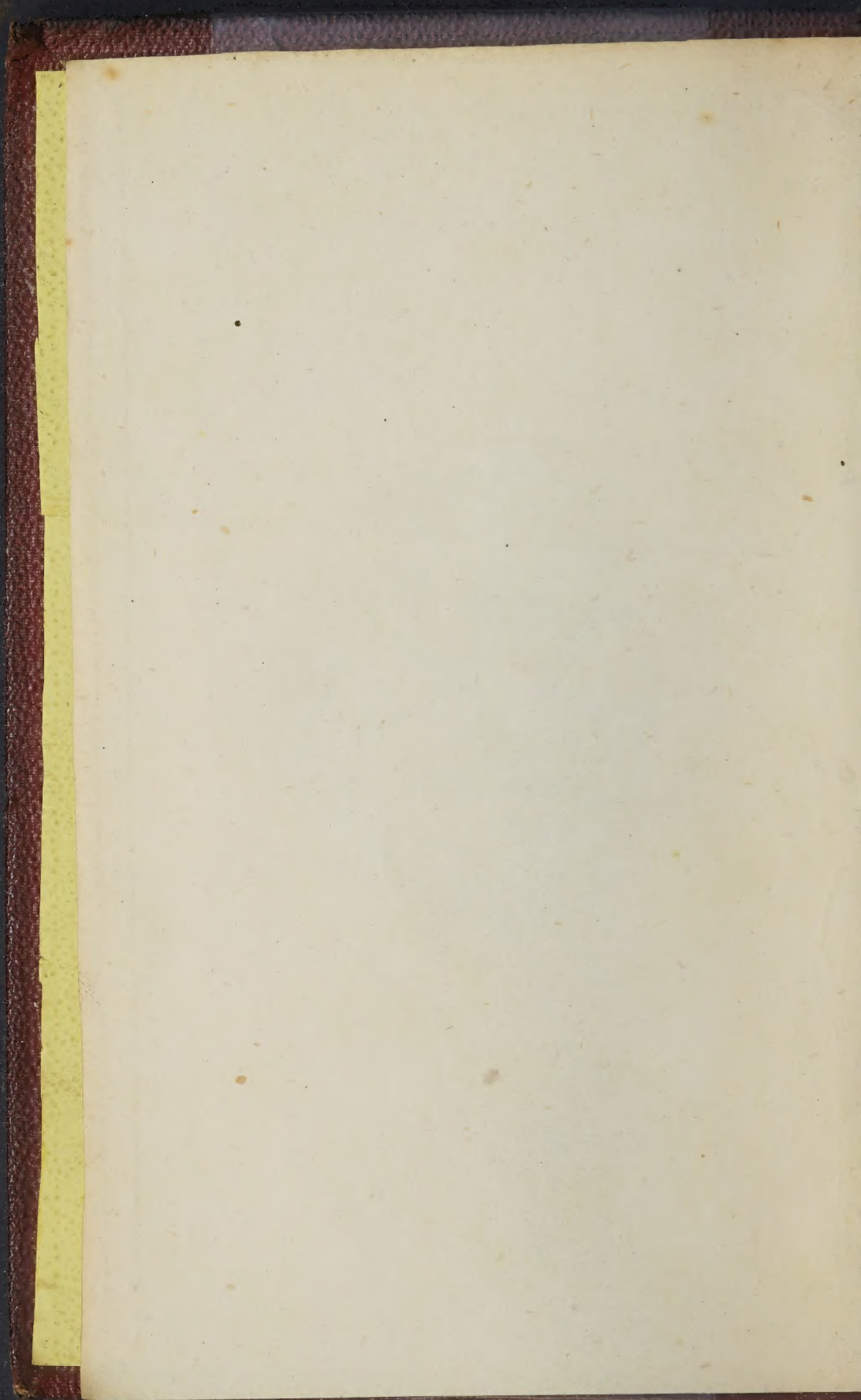


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

THE
TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH
NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY
FRANCIS J. CHILD.

VOLUME IV.



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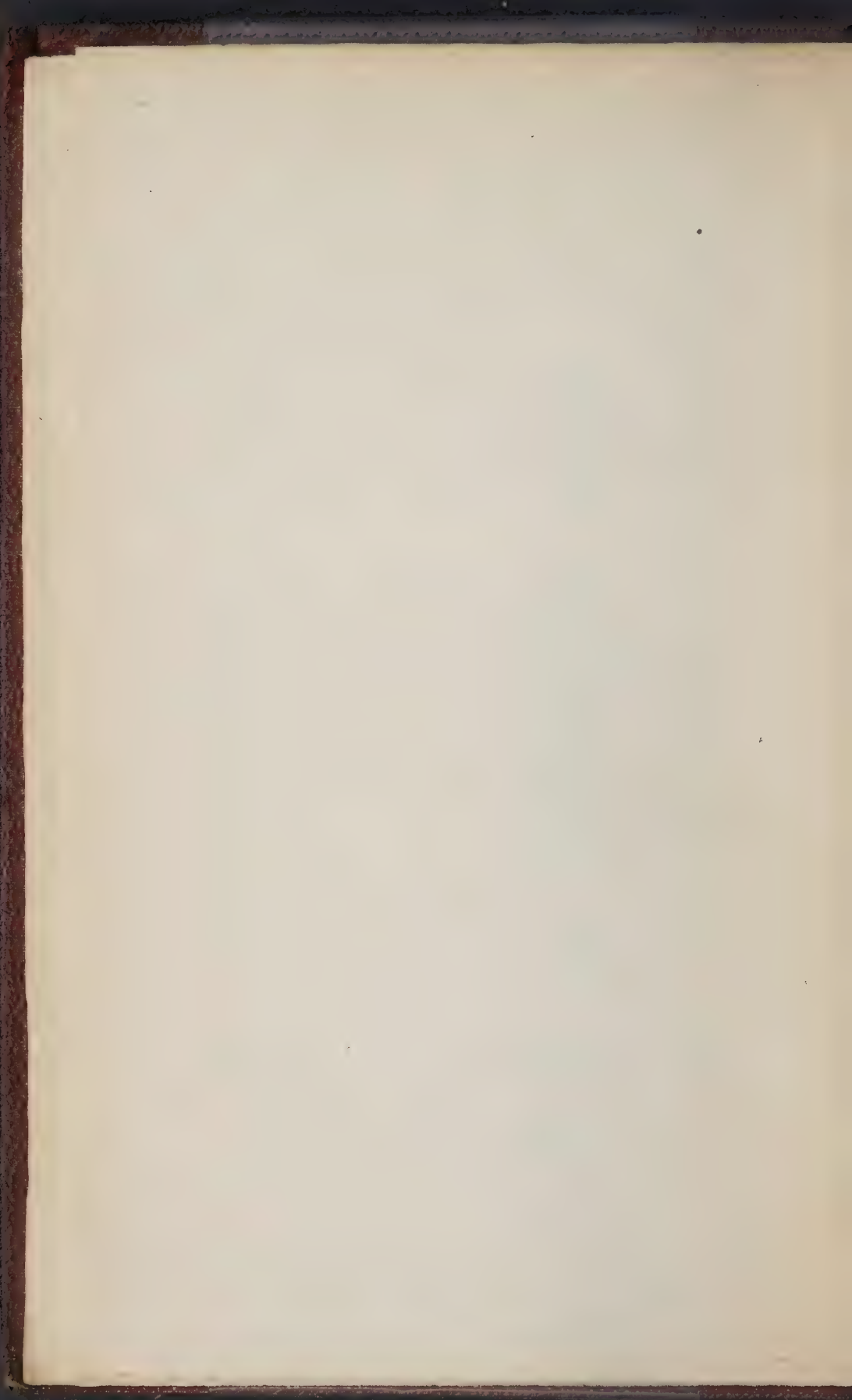
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THE
SIXTE BOOKE
OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

VOL. IV.

1



THE SIXTE BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

¹ THE waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faëry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby ;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and chears my dulled spright.

² Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye, sacred Imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learnings treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,¹
And goodly fury² into them infuse.

¹ *Well*, cause to flow.

² *Fury*, inspiration.

Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
 In these strange waies where never foote did use,
 Ne none can find but who was taught them by the
 Muse!

3 Revele to me the sacred nursery
 Of Vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
 Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
 From view of men and wicked worlds disdain;e;
 Since it at first was by the gods with paine¹
 Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
 From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
 And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
 Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

4 Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
 Then is the bloosme² of comely Courtesie;
 Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,³
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
 And spreads itselke through all civilitie:
 Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
 Yet, being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
 Ye will them all but fayned shoves esteeme,
 Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme⁴:

5 But, in the triall of true Curtesie,
 Its now so farre from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
 Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,

¹ *Paine*, difficulty.

² *Bloosme*, blossom, flower.

³ *Bowre*, lodge.

⁴ *Misdeeme*, misjudge.

Which see not perfect things but in a glas :
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras :
But Vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defynd.

6 But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of princely Curtesie,
As in Yourselfe, O souveraine Lady Queene ?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene ;
But meriteth indeede an higher name :
Yet so, from low to high, uplifted is your fame.

7 Then pardon me, most dreaded Souveraine,
That from Yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to Yoúrselſe doe it returne againe :
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king :
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court where courtesies excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
 A Damzell used vylde:
 Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
 Briana wexe more mylde.

1 OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
 For that it there most useth to abound;
 And well beseemeth that in princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of civill conversation:
 Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
 Where curteous knights and ladies most did won¹
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2 But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
 Then Calidore, beloved over all:
 In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
 And manners mylde were planted naturall;
 To which he adding comely guize withall,
 And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
 Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,

¹ Won, dwell.

II. 2. — *Then Calidore.*] Sir Calidore, as Upton conjectures, represents Sir Philip Sidney. H.

And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

3 Ne was there knight, ne was there lady found
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions¹ sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace;
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase²:
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

4 And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,³
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad⁴:
When Calidore thus first: "Haile, noblest knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

5 "Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arize.
"Now, happy man," sayd then Sir Calidore,

¹ *Conditions*, qualities.

² *Embase*, put down.

³ *Bestad*, circumstanced.

⁴ *Rad*, recognized.

"Which have, so goodly as ye can devize,¹
 Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
 That shall you most renowned make for evermore.

6 "But where ye ended have, now I begin
 To tread an endlesse trace; withouten guyde
 Or good direction how to enter in,
 Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
 In which although good fortune me befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."

"What is that quest," quoth then Sir Artegall,
 "That you into such perils presently doth call?"

7 "The Blattant Beast," quoth he; "I doe pursew,
 And through the world incessantly doe chase.
 Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
 Yet know I not or how or in what place
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace."

"What is that Blattant Beast," then he replide.

"It is a monster bred of hellishe race,"

Then answerd he, "which often hath annoyd
 Good knights and ladies true, and many else de-
 stroyd.

8 "Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
 And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
 Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
 Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
 Till he to perfect ripenesse grew; and then

¹ *Devize*, describe.

Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men :
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

9 "Then, since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
 Sayd Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
 That all in spight and malice did agree,
 With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me devoure :
 But I, that knew myselfe from perill free,
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre ;
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."

10 "That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
 "Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To heare these tidings which of none afore
 Through all my weary travell I have had :
 Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
 "Now God you speed," quoth then Sir Artegall,
 "And keepe your body from the daunger drad¹ :
 For ye have much adoe to deale withall !"
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

11 Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 Whenas by chaunce a comely Squire he found,

¹ *Drad*, fearful.

IX. 1. — *Salvage Island*.] How plainly does the poet point at Ireland, and allude to the calumny and false accusations flung on Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton! UPTON.

That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
 Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
 To whom approching, in that painefull stound¹
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide:

12 "Unhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
 And thee captyved in this shamefull place?"
 To whom he answerd thus: "My haplesse case
 Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
 But through misfortune, which did me abase
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

13 "Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
 Hard by a streight there stands a Castle strong,
 Which doth observe a custome lewd² and ill,
 And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
 For may no knight nor lady passe along
 That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
 By reason of the streight, and rocks among,
 But they that ladies lockes doe shave away,
 And that knights berd, for toll which they for passage
 pay."

14 "A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
 Sayd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne.

¹ *Stound*, plight.

² *Lewd*, wicked.

But by what meanes did they at first it reare,¹
And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne.”
Sayd then that Squire: “The Lady, which doth
owne

This castle, is by name Briana hight;
Then which a prouder lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

15 “His name is Crudor; who, through high disdain
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd:
Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
And therein hath a seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

16 “He, this same day as I that way did come
With a faire damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare:
Me first he tooke, unhable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond.”

17 Thus whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek
Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest

¹ *Reare*, establish.

That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
 Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,¹
 They saw that carle from farre, with hand unblest,
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,
 And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
 Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare.

18 Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
 Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
 For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
 That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft:
 Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde:
 "Leave, faytor,² quickly that misgotten weft³
 To him that hath it better iustifyde,
 And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde."

19 Who, hearkning to that voice, himselfe upreard,
 And, seeing him so fiercely towarde make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
 And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake:
 "Art thou the caytive that defiest me,
 And for this mayd, whose party thou doest take,
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
 Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free."

¹ *Lest*, listen.² *Faytor*, villain.³ *Weft*, waif.

XVIII. 8. — *That hath it better iustifyde.*] That hath established
 a better claim to it.

20 With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,¹
 And oft recuile² to shunne his sharpe despight:
 But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
 Lying in waite how him he damadge might:
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,³
 He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

21 Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
 Shall drive a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course,
 So soone as passage is unto him lent,
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore,
 When once he felt his foeman to relent;
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,
 Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

22 The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
 Whenas the carle no longer could sustaine,
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
 Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,
 His hope of refuge used to remaine:
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
 Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

¹ *Unstayd*, unsteady.

² *Recuile*, recoil.

³ I. e. take to defending himself.

23 They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin:
The carkasse, tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilst Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.¹

24 With that the rest the which the castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes² brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame:

25 "False traytor Knight," sayd she, "no knight at all,
But scorne of armes! that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slaine my seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile myselfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight."

¹ On the flore, on the spot.

² Bryzes, breezes, gadflies.

26 Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
 Yet answerd thus: "Not unto me the shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford.¹
 Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserve the same;
 But they that breake bands of civilitie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie:
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

27 "Then doe yourselfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
 This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
 And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
 To all that passe: that shall you glory gaine
 More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine."
 Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde:
 "Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdain
 Thy courteous lore,² that doest my Love deride,
 Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be de-
 fyde."

28 "To take defiaunce at a ladies word,"
 Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity;
 But were he here, that would it with his sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
 "Cowherd," quoth she, "were not that thou wouldst
 fly
 Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.³"
 "If I doe so," sayd he, "then liberty

¹ *Afford*, attach, impute.

² I. e. lesson of courtesy.

³ *In place*, here.

I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to de-
face."

29 With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And, taking from her hand a ring of gould,
(A privy token which betweene them past,)
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight,
Who through strong powre had now herself in hould,
Having late slaine her seneschall in fight,
And all her people mured with outrageous might.

30 The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night:
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned knight;
Where that discourteous dame with scornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde¹
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

31 The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:

¹ I. e. treated him with foul indignity.

Therefore he wild her doe away all dread ;
 And, that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet¹ as a faithfull band.²

32 Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
 And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more :
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed, was Sir Calidore ;
 But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore :
 And, having soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth to meete his foe afore ;
 Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
 He spide come pricking on with al his powre and
 might.

33 Well weend he streight that he should be the same
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine ;
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
 They bene ymett in midst of the plaine
 With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
 That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
 But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

34 But Calidore uprose againe full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound ; *
 Yet would he not him hurt, although he might ;
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.

¹ *Basenet*, helmet.

² *Band*, bond, pledge.

* So the old editions. *Swound* is commoner, but *sound* is not rare. C.

But when Briana saw that drery stound,¹
 There where she stood uppon the castle wall,
 She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

35 Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
 In lustlesse² wise; as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
 But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
 He shooke off luskishnesse³; and, courage chill
 Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
 To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

36 There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two for maystery of might:
 For both were wondrous practicke⁴ in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight;
 Which as it still encreast, so still increast
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

37 Thus long they trac'd⁵ and traverst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make

¹ *Stound*, exigency.

² *Lustlesse*, listless.

³ *Luskishnesse*, sluggishness.

⁴ *Practicke*, skilful.

⁵ *Trac'd*, stepped.

Into the life of his malignant foe ;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
 As they had potshares¹ bene ; for nought mote slake
 Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood ;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

38 At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
 At once did heave with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
 And prove the finall fortune of the fight ;
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
 And nimbler-handed then his enemye,
 Prevented² him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,³
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie :

39 And, ere he could recover foot againe,
 He, following that faire advantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast ;
 And leaping to him light would have unlast⁴
 His helme, to make unto his vengeance way :
 Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
 Cryde out : " Ah mercie, Sir ! doe me not slay,
 But save my life, which lot⁵ before your foot doth
 lay."

¹ *Potshares*, potsherds.

² *Prevented*, anticipated.

³ *Formerlie*, first.

⁴ *Unlast*, unlaced.

⁵ *Lot*, fortune.

40 With that his mortall hand a while he stayd ;
 And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd :
 " And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
 That menaced me from the field to beat,
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
 Strangers no more so rudely to intreat¹ ;
 But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
 The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor
 yearne.²

41 " For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
 That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
 However strong and fortunate in fight,
 Then the reproch of pride and cruellenesse :
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
 Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew :
 All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
 Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new ;
 What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

42 " Who will not mercie unto others shew,
 How can he mercy ever hope to have ?
 To pay each with his owne is right and dew :
 Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
 With these conditions which I will propound :
 First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
 Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground ;
 Next, that ye ladies avde in every stead and stound.³

¹ *Intreat*, treat.

² *Yearne*, earn.

³ *Stead and stound*, place and time.

43 The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
 In dread of death, his heasts¹ did gladly heare,
 And promist to performe his precept well,
 And whatsoever else he would requere.
 So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
 To take Briana for his loving fere²
 Withouten dowre or composition ;
 But to release his former foule condition.

44 All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
 He up arose, however lief or loth,
 And swore to him true fēaltie for aye.
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
 The sad Briana which all this beheld ;
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray
 Sir Calidore upheard, and to her teld³
 All this accord⁴ to which he Crudor had compeld.

45 Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
 All overcome with infinite affect⁵
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
 Before his feet herselfe she did proiect⁶ ;
 And him adoring as her lives deare lord,
 With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
 Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
 By which he had to her both life and love restord.

¹ *Heasts*, commands.

² *Fere*, mate.

³ *Teld*, told.

⁴ *Accord*, agreement.

⁵ *Affect*, emotion.

⁶ *Proiect*, throw.

46 So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

47 But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that Squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his Damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong;
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

XLVI. 4. — That is, glad to show her gratitude and good-will.
Or, *meaning faine* may possibly signify her joyful, kind intentions. C.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud, discourteous Knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learns
His state and present plight.

¹ WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love,
As Curtesie, to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good¹; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

² Thereto great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For some so goodly gracious are by kind,²
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine:
For everie thing, to which one is inclin'd,

¹ *To know their good*, to understand the rules of good-breeding.

² *Kind*, nature.

Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine :
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes¹ enforst with
paine.

3 That well in courteous Calidore appears ;
Whose every deed and word that he did say
Was like enchantment, that through both the eares
And both the eyes did steale the hart away. —
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed Knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

4 And them beside, a Ladie faire he saw,
Standing alone on foot in foule array ;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may :
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay ;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder
fild.

5 Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race :

¹ *Thewes*, manners.

All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd¹ with silver lace;
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,²
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

6 Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,³
 Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize⁴ was for each gentle swayne:
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
 With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
 Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
 That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

7 Whom Calidore a while well having vewed,
 At length bespake: "What meanes this, gentle
 Swaine!
 Why hath thy hand too bold itselſe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
 By thee no knight; which armes impugneth⁵
 plaine!"
 "Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
 The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,

¹ *Belayd*, trimmed.

⁴ *Guize*, fashion.

² I. e. covered with tags.

⁵ I. e. is against the law of arms.

³ *Cordwayne*, Spanish leather.

VI. 2. — *Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part.*] Adorned with golden points, or eyelets, and regularly intersected with stripes. In heraldry, a shield is said to be *parted per pale* when it is longitudinally divided by a pale, or broad bar. H.

Rather then let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

8 "For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first, through pride and puissance strong,
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.²"
"Perdie great blame," then said Sir Calidore,
"For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread,³ thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore."

9 "That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare.
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld wooddie raine⁴:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight who there lyes slaine,
Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

10 "The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)

¹ *Wroken*, avenged.

² *Long*, belong.

³ *Aread*, explain.

⁴ *Raine*, reign, region.

Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

11 " Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud disdaine
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chyld pertaine.

12 " Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did de-
part."

13 Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a
breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke:
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke

Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire.

14 Of all which when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore: "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame¹:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame,
And what he did, he did himselfe to save:
Against both which that knight wrought knight-
lesse² shame:

For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

15 "But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
"Certes, Sir Knight," sayd she, "full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead:
But, since it me concernes myselfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

16 "This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment³

¹ *Quite clame*, quitclaim, release.

² *Knightlesse*, unknightly.

³ *Iolliment*, enjoyment.

Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes :
 Faire was the ladie sure, that mote content
 An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
 And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

17 " Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
 He inly gan her lover to envý,
 And wish that he part of his spoyle might share :
 Where to when as my presence he did spy
 To be a let, he bad me by and by
 For to alight : but, when as I was loth
 My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
 He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th,
 And with presumptuous powre against that knight
 streight go'th.

18 " Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
 For ladies service and for loves delight,
 Then fearing any foeman there to meete :
 Whereof he taking oddes,¹ streight bids him dight²
 Himselfe to yeeld his Love or else to fight :
 Whereat the other, starting up dismayd,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
 To leave his Love he should be ill apayd,³
 In which he had good right gaynst all that it gaine-
 sayd.

19 " Yet since he was not presently in plight
 Her to defend, or his⁴ to iustifie,

¹ *Oddes*, advantage.

² *Dight*, prepare.

³ *Ill apayd*, ill satisfied.

⁴ I. e. his property or rights.

He him requested, as he was a knight,
 To lend him day¹ his better right to trie,
 Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 Might lightly² fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
 Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
 From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

20 "Meane while his ladie, which this outrage saw,
 Whilest they together for the quarrey³ strove,
 Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
 And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
 My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove,
 And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
 And range through all the wood, where so he
 wist

She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21 "But when as her he by no meanes could find,
 After long search and chauff⁴ he turned backe
 Unto the place where me he left behind:
 There gan he me to curse and ban,⁵ for lacke
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
 Of all which I yet, glad to beare the packe,⁶
 Strove to appease him, and perswaded long;
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

¹ Day, time.

² Lightly, easily, quickly.

³ Quarrey, prey.

⁴ Chauff, chafing, rage.

⁵ Ban, execrate.

⁶ Packe, burden, weight.

22 "Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pouching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to
heare.

23 "So passed we, till this young man us met;
And, being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret¹:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
"Now sure," then said Sir Calidore, "and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,²
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault."

24 Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good:

¹ I. e. alleviation of my suffering.

² *Hault*, high, arrogant.

25 " Faire gentle Swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost
wonne,¹

Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,²
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly-
head.³

26 " But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

27 To whom then thus the noble Youth: " May be,
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a king, (however thorough fate

¹ *Wonne*, dwell.

³ *Goodlyhead*, goodness, beauty.

² *Read*, conceive, esteem.

Or fortune I my cuntry have forlorne,¹
 And lost the crowne which should my head by right
 adorne,)

28 “ And Tristram is my name; the onely heire
 Of good King Meliogras, which did rayne
 In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
 Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
 Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine :
 After whose death his brother, seeing mee
 An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
 Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
 And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29 “ The widow queene, my mother, which then hight
 Faire Emiline, — conceiving then great feare
 Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
 Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
 Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
 Is wont to cut off all that doubt² may breed, —
 Thought best away me to remove somewhere
 Into some forrein land, where as no need
 Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30 “ So, taking counsell of a wise man red,³
 She was by him adviz’d to send me quight

¹ *Forlorne*, lost.

³ *Red*, esteemed.

² *Doubt*, fear.

XXVIII. 1. — *Tristram*.] This is the famous Sir Tristram of the Round Table. The account he gives of his birth and education is taken from the *Morte Arthur*, with some variations. H.

Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
 The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
 Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
 To whose wise read¹ she hearkning sent me streight
 Into this land, where I have wond² thus long
 Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

31 "All which my daies I have not lewdly³ spent,
 Nor spilt⁴ the blossome of my tender yeares
 In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,⁵
 Have trayned bene with many noble feres⁶
 In gentle thewes⁷ and such like secmely leres⁸:
 Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
 To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
 Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
 Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

32 "Ne is there hauke which mantleth⁹ her on pearch,
 Whether high towring or accoasting low,¹⁰

¹ *Read*, advice.

² *Wond*, dwelt.

³ *Lewdly*, ignorantly, foolishly.

⁴ *Spilt*, spoiled.

⁵ *Mantleth*, spreads out her wings like a mantle.

¹⁰ I. e. skimming along near the earth.

⁵ *Convenient*, proper.

⁶ *Feres*, companions.

⁷ *Thewes*, manners.

⁸ *Leres*, lessons.

XXX. 4. — *The which the fertile Lionesse is hight.*] "The sea gradually encroaching on the shore hath carried from Cornwall the whole tract of country called Lionnesse. . . . The space between the Land's End and the Isles of Scilly, being about thirty miles, to this day retaineth that name in Cornish." — Carew's Survey of Cornwall, quoted by Ellis. C.

XXXII. 1. — *Ne is there hauke, &c.*] A knowledge of hunting

But I the measure of her flight doe search,
 And all her pray and all her diet know :
 Such be our ioyes which in these forrests grow :
 Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
 And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
 I have not tasted yet ; yet past a boy,
 And being now high time these strong ioynts to imploy.

33 " Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
 Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,
 That from henceforth in batteilous array
 I may beare armes, and learne to use them right ;
 The rather, since that fortune hath this day
 Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
 These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight."

34 All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
 Him much more now then earst he gan admire,
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
 And thus replide : " Faire Chyld, the high desire
 To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
 I may not certes without blame denie ;
 But rather wish that some more noble hire
 (Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
 I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

and falconry was an essential requisite in accomplishing the character of a knight. Of all the Knights of the Round Table, Sir Tristram possessed these qualifications in the most eminent degree.
 WARTON.

35 There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
 Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
 And never to be recreant for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
 So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
 Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew;
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leavës small
 Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
 At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smyl-
 ing hew.

36 Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
 And Calidore betooke him to depart,
 Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
 On his adventure, vowing not to start,
 But wayt on him in every place and part:
 Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
 And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
 In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
 Yet for the time this answere he to him behight¹:

37 "Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
 To have thy presence in my present quest,
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
 And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
 But I am bound by vow, which I profest
 To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
 That in atchievement of her high behest
 I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
 Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

¹ *Behight*, committed, returned.

38 "But since this ladie is all desolate,
 And needeth safegard now upon her way,
 Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
 To succour her from daunger of dismay,
 That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
 The noble ympe,¹ of such new service fayne,²
 It gladly did accept, as he did say :
 So, taking courteous leave, they parted twayne ;
 And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.³

39 But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
 Of all those goodly implements⁴ of prayse,
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
 Of the bright mettall shyning like sunne rayes ;
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes :
 And, after having them upon him dight,
 He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
 Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight :
 So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.⁵

40 There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
 And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore ;
 Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
 Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
 This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
 Another knight in his despiteous pryde ;
 There he that Knight found lying on the flore,⁶
 With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
 That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde :

¹ *Ympe*, youth.

² *Fayne*, glad.

³ *Payne*, labor.

⁴ I. e. his arms.

⁵ *Behight*, command.

⁶ *Flore*, ground.

41 And there beside him sate upon the ground
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
 With loud laments that most unluckie stound,¹
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
 To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning:
 Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
 With heauey eyne from teares uneath² refrayning,
 His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,³
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42 Then, speaking to the ladie, thus he sayd:
 "Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieffe empeach⁴
 To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd⁵
 This knight unarm'd with so unknighly breach
 Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may avenge him of so foule despight."
 The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her sory hart few heauey words forth
 sight:

43 In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight
 Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
 Ioying together in unblam'd delight;
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reave⁶
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound:

¹ *Stound*, time, condition of things.

² *Uneath*, hardly.

³ *Can rew*, began to pity.

⁴ *Empeach*, prevent.

⁵ *Arayd*, put into this condition.

⁶ *Reave*, take.

Yet, when she fled into that covert greave,¹
 He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did
 leave.

44 When Calidore this ruefull storie had
 Well understood, he gan of her demand,
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
 She then, like as she best could understand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

45 Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
 By many signes which she described had,
 That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
 And to her said : " Dame, be no longer sad ;
 For he, that hath your knight so ill bestad,²
 Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight ;
 These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
 The meede of his desert for that despight
 Which to yourselfe he wrought, and to your loved
 knight.

46 " Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
 Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
 For that displeasure ; and thinke what reliefe
 Were best devise for this your lovers smart ;
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part,

¹ *Greave*, grove.

² *Ill bestad*, put into so ill a condition.

Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courtéous care which he did beare
Both to her Love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.¹

47 Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convay him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd, he thus bespake:
"Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

48 So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare²;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne:
Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne³:
Where what ensu'd shall in next canto be begonne.

¹ *Dreare*, affliction.

² *Beare*, bier.

³ *Wonne*, dwell.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
 Pursues the Blatant Beast:
 Saves Sérena, whilest Calepine
 By Turpine is opprest.

1 TRUE is, that whilome that good poet sayd,
 The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
 For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
 As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
 Of what degree and what race he is growne:
 For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
 An ambling colt, that is his proper owne:
 So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
 Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

2 But evermore contráry hath bene tryde,¹
 That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
 As well may be in Calidore descryde,
 By late ensample of that courteous deed
 Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
 Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought

¹ *Tryde*, experienced.

I. 1. — *That good poet.*] Probably Chaucer. Cant. Tales, v
 6752:

“That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.”

Unto the castle where they had decreed :
 There of the knight, the which that castle ought,¹
 To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

3 He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
 That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
 And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares ;
 But now weake age had dimd his candlelight :
 Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
 And loved all that did to armes incline ;
 And was the father of that wounded knight,
 Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine² ;
 And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes, Aladine.

4 Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
 With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
 By a faire lady and a straunger knight,
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,³
 That he these words burst forth : " Ah ! sory⁴ boy !
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 Thou brings ? aie me ! is this the timely ioy,
 Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy ?

5 " Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope ;
 So tickle⁵ is the state of earthly things ;
 That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,⁶
 They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
 And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,

1 *Ought*, owned.

2 *Chine*, back.

3 *Dreare*, affliction.

4 *Sory*, sad, unhappy.

5 *Tickle*, uncertain.

6 *Aymed scope*, mark aimed at.

In stead of comfort which we should embrace :
 This is the state of keasars¹ and of kings !
 Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case !”

6 So well and wisely did that good old knight
 Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
 To cheare his guests whom he had stayd² that night,
 And make their welcome to them well appeare :
 That to Sir Calidore was easie geare³ ;
 But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought
 With thinking to what case her name should now be
 brought :

7 For she was daughter to a noble lord
 Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy⁴
 To a great pere ; but she did disaccord,
 Ne could her liking to his love apply,
 But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ny,
 The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
 And of lesse livelood⁵ and hability,
 Yet full of valour the which did adorne
 His meanesse⁶ much, and make her th' others riches
 scorne.

8 So, having both found fit occasion,
 They met together in that luckelesse glade ;

¹ *Keasars*, emperors.

⁴ *Affy*, affiance.

² *Stayd*, caused to stay.

⁵ *Livelood*, livelihood.

³ *Easie geare*, an easy matter.

⁶ *Meanesse*, humble birth.

Where that proud knight in his presumption
 The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
 Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
 Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize¹
 How great a hazard she at earst had made
 Of her good fame; and further gan devise
 How she the blame might salve with coloured disguise.

9 But Calidore with all good courtesie
 Fain'd² her to frolicke, and to put away
 The pensive fit of her melánocholie;
 And that old knight by all meanes did assay
 To make them both as merry as he may.
 So they the evening past till time of rest;
 When Calidore in seemly good array
 Unto his bowre³ was brought, and there undrest
 Did sleepe all night through weary travell⁴ of his
 quest.

10 But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
 But by her wounded Love did watch all night,
 And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
 And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
 So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
 That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
 He drenched was, she at the length dispatcht him,
 And drove away the stound⁵ which mortally attacht
 him.

¹ Advize, perceive.

² Fain'd, desired.

³ Bowre, chamber.

⁴ Travell, toil.

⁵ Stound, exigency, peril.

11 The morrow *next*, when day gan to uplooke,
 He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke :
 Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
 He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
 To thinke of this ill state in which she stood ;
 To which she for his sake had weetingly
 Now brought herselfe, and blam'd¹ her noble blood :
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

12 Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
 His care² more then her owne compassionate,
 Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares :
 So both conspiring gan to intimate³
 Each others grieve with zeale affectionate,
 And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
 How to save whole her hazarded estate ;
 For which the onely helpe now left them last
 Seem'd to be Calidore : all other helpes were past.

13 Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
 A courteous knight and full of faithfull trust ;
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
 Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth burst⁴
 Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
 All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
 Calidore rising up as fresh as day
 Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

¹ *Blam'd*, brought reproach upon.

² *Care*, trouble.

³ *Intimate*, disclose, impart.

⁴ *Burst*, burst.

14 But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
 To visite, after this nights perillous passe ;
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,
 And eke that lady, his faire, lovely lasse.
 There he him found much better then he was ;
 And moved speach to him of things of course,
 The anguish of his paine to over-passe :
 Mongst which he namely¹ did to him discourse
 Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

15 Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
 And all his disadvantages² to unfold ;
 That Calidore it dearly deepe did move :
 In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
 He him by all the bands of love besought,
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
 To safe conduct his Love, and not for ought
 To leave, till to her fathers house he had her
 brought.

16 Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
 It to performe : so after little stay,
 That she herselfe had to the iourney dight,
 He passed forth with her in faire array,
 Fearelesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from
 wite³ :
 So, as they past together on their way,

¹ *Namely*, particularly.

² *Disadvantages*, misfortunes.

³ *Wite*, blame.

He can devise this counter-cast of slight,¹
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

17 Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
(The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by iust avengement
Of noble Tristram,) where it did remaine ;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies fathers house he came ;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe
became.

18 There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous knight, who her had reft
And by outrageous force away did beare :
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne² for vengeance of his theft.

19 Most ioyfull man her sire was, her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce ;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld ; ne lesse the lady did advaunce.³

¹ I. e. ingenious counter-project.

³ *Advaunce*, profess.

² *Forlorne*, lost.

Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply.

20 So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly Knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight:
And eke the lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

21 To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

22 With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate¹:

23 Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust² after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

24 All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde ;
Who with the horroure of her haplesse care³
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

25 The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her ; when Calidore,

¹ *Debate*, contention.

³ *Care*, distress, disaster.

² *Lust*, inclination.

XXIII. 5. — *Distinct with rare delight.*] Flowers of such variety (perhaps of such diversity of colors) as to afford rare pleasure. C.

Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race ;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight ;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

26 Who nathëlesse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight :
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould¹ let him breath nor gather spright,²
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

27 And now by this, Sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound :
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

28 So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke³ againe

¹ *Nould*, would not.

² *Spright*, breath.

³ *Revoke*, call back.

To her fraile mansion of mortality :
 Then up he tooke her twixt his armēs twaine,
 And setting on his steede her did sustaine
 With carefull hands, soft footing her beside ;
 Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
 Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
 Till she recured were of those her woundēs wide.

29 Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine
 Unto his inne¹ began to draw apace ;
 Tho, waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
 In travelling on foote so long a space,
 Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace²;
 Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
 He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
 To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
 In hope there for his Love some succour to pro-
 vyde.

30 But, comming to the rivers side, he found
 That hardly passable on foote it was ;
 Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,³
 Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas :
 Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
 Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
 An armed Knight approaching to the place
 With a faire Lady lincked by his side,
 The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to
 ride.

¹ I. e. resting-place.

² Trace, walk.

³ Stound, perplexity, amazement.

31 Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perillous foord with better
 heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed :
To whom that other did this taunt returne :
“ Perdy, thou peasant Knight, mightst rightly reed ¹
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

32 “ But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne ² with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne.”
With which rude speach his Lady much dis-
 pleased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eased
For pittie of his dame whom she saw so diseased. ³

33 Sir Calepine her thanckt ; yet, inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for knight ;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused.

¹ *Reed*, conceive.

² *Forlorne*, lost.

³ *Diseased*, suffering.

With speare in th' one hand stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staide his lady up with steddý might.

34 And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him ;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But when as Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage¹ past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle² with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and
fell :

35 "Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe ! I defie thee ; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

36 The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall³ ;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,

¹ *Carriage*, burden.

² *Carle*, churl.

³ *Thrall*, slave.

That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

37 But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid,
Where was his won¹; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging for her did beseeke.

38 But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,²
And humb'ly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unlesse that with his lord he formerly³ did fight.

39 "Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at earst
When day is spent,⁴ and rest us needeth most,
And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo⁵ the ghost;

¹ *Won*, dwelling.

⁵ *Forgo*, give up.

² *Base*, humble.

³ *Formerly*, beforehand.

⁴ *I. e.* for the present, when day is just spent.

Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
 That should to me such curtesie afford,
 Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
 But yet aread¹ to me how hight thy lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the castle of the ford."

40 "His name," quoth he, "if that thou list to learne,
 Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
 In all assaies,² to every errant knight,
 Because of one that wrought him fowle despight."
 "Ill seemes," sayd he, "if he so valiaunt be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
 For seldome yet did living creature see
 That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

41 "But go thy waies to him, and fro me say
 That here is at his gate an errant knight,
 That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t' assay
 The prooffe of battell now in doubtfull night,
 Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
 Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
 And tell withall the lamentable plight
 In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
 That pittie craves, as he of woman was yborne."

42 The groome³ went streightway in, and to his lord
 Declar'd the message which that knight did move⁴;
 Who, sitting with his lady then at bord,
 Not onely did not his demaund approve,

¹ *Aread*, explain.

² *Assaies*, trials (of arms).

³ *Groome*, servant.

⁴ *Move*, send.

But both himselfe revil'd and eke his Love ;
 Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
 Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

43 Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
 Ne from his currish will a whit reclame.¹
 Which answer when the groome returning brought
 To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
 That he could not thereof avenged bee :
 But most for pittie of his dearest dame,
 Whom now in deadly daunger he did see ;
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.²

44 But all in vaine ; for why ? no remedy
 He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
 But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
 Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.³
 So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
 And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
 Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse ;
 Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
 And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

45 The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
 Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
 Serena full of dolorous dismay,
 Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,

¹ *Reclame*, withdraw.

² *Glee*, mirth, relief.

³ *Addresse*, prepare.

Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
 Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
 And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
 Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
 To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

46 He goth on foote all armed by her side,
 Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
 Being unhable else alone to ride ;
 So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede :
 Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
 He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speede ;
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
 That meant to make advantage of his misery.

47 Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
 To weet what issue would thereof betyde :
 Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
 By certaine signes he plainely him descryde
 To be the man that with such scornefull pryde
 Had him abusde and shamed yesterday ;
 Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

48 By this the other came in place likewise,
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,

XLVIII. 2. — *And all his powre.*] *And* here is apparently a misprint for *with*.

He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure¹
 Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure²
 Of the lewd³ words and deedes which he had done :
 With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
 His life attonce ; who nought could do but shun
 The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

49 Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill,
 And like a wilde goate round about did chace
 Flying the fury of his bloody will :
 But his best succour and refúge was still
 Behinde his ladies backe ; who to him cryde,
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
 As ever he to lady was affyde,⁴
 To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde :

50 But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd ;
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
 He over-raught him, having long eschew'd⁵
 His violence in vaine ; and with his spere
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
 In great aboundance, as a well it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

51 Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chaste him still for all his ladies cry ;

¹ *Stoure*, assault.

² *Avoure*, defence.

³ *Lewd*, evil.

⁴ *Affyde*, affianced.

⁵ *Eschew'd*, avoided.

Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously ;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany :
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought !
That in another canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a Salvage Man
 From Turpine reskewed is;
 And, whylest an Infant from a beare
 He saves, his Love doth misse.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
 Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,¹
 Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
 At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
 That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
 Such was the state of this most courteous knight,
 Being oppressed by that faytour² bold,
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,
 And his sad ladie left in pitifull affright:

² Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
 A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,³
 Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shrigh⁴,
 Toward the same incessantly did runne
 To understand what there was to be donne:
 There he this most discourteous craven found,
 As fiercely yet as when he first begonne

¹ *Groundhold*, ground-tackle.

² *Faytour*, villain.

³ *Wonne*, dwell.

⁴ *Shright*, shriek.

Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

3 The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew ;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

4 Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite ;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents¹ :
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.²

5 He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest³
Upon him ran ; who being well prepar'd
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare

¹ *Bents*, blades of coarse grass.

² *Leare*, lore, art.

³ *Infest*, hostile.

Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare ;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6 With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay :
The salvage nation doth all dread despize :
Tho on his shield he griple¹ hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

7 Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine ;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld² and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe :
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse
were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

8 But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with impórtune speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chace ;
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,

¹ *Griple*, tenacious.

² *Hayld*, hauled.

He had him overtaken in his flight.
 Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,¹
 Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
 And shrieked out ; a thing uncomely for a knight.

9 But when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
 In following of him that fled so fast,
 He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
 With speede unto the place whereas he last
 Had left that couple, nere their utmost cast² :
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
 And eke the ladie fearefully aghast,
 Both for the perill of the present stound,³
 And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound :

10 For though she were right glad so rid to bee
 From that vile lozell⁴ which her late offended ;
 Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
 And perill, by this salvage man pretended⁵ ;
 Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
 By reason that her knight was wounded sore :
 Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
 To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
 To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.⁶

11 But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
 Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
 And by rude tokens made to her appeare

¹ *Succeed*, approach.

² *Cast*, shift.

³ *Stound*, moment, emergency.

⁴ *Lozell*, worthless fellow.

⁵ *Pretended*, offered, presented.

⁶ *Forlore*, deprived.

His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,¹
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
 For other language had he none nor speech,
 But a soft murmure and confused sound
 Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach
 T' expresse his passions, — which his reason did em-
 peach.²

12 And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
 When he beheld the streames of purple blood
 Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
 He made great mone after his salvage mood;
 And, running streight into the thickest wood,
 A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
 Whose vertue he by use well understood;
 The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched
 thought.

13 Then taking up that recreants shield and speare,
 Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
 With him to wend unto his winning³ neare;
 To which he easily did them perswade.
 Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
 Covered with mossie shrubs, which, spredding brode,
 Did underneath them make a gloomy shade;
 Where foot of living creature never trode,
 Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this
 wights abode.

¹ *Stound*, situation.

² *Empeach*, impeach.

³ *Winning*, dwelling.

14 Thether he brought these unacquainted guests ;
 To whom faire semblance,¹ as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests² :
 But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
 Must be their bed ; their pillow was unsowed³ ;
 And the frutes of the forrest was their feast :
 For their bad stuard⁴ neither plough'd nor sowed,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
 Did taste the bloud, obaying Natures first beheast.

15 Yet, howsoever base⁵ and meane it were,
 They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
 And sav'd from being to that Caytive thrall.
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small ;
 That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

16 During which time that wyld man did apply
 His best endeavour and his daily paine
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
 For herbes to dresse their wounds ; still seeming
 faine,⁶
 When ought he did that did their lyking gaine.
 So as ere long he had that Knightes wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe :

¹ I. e. show of kindness.

² *Gests*, actions.

³ I. e. not made with a needle.

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⁴ I. e. *improvident* steward.

⁵ *Base*, humble.

⁶ *Faine*, glad.

But that same ladies hurt no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

17 Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast¹ abroad to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end ; —
A cruell beare, the which an infant bore,
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinckled all with gore.

18 The litle babe did loudly srike² and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill ;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill :
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

19 Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach³ his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant :
For having long time, as his daily weed,⁴
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,

¹ *Cast*, formed a plan.

² *Srike*, screech.

³ *Empeach*, hinder.

⁴ *Weed*, dress.

That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
 From bels and iesses which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

20 So well he sped him, that the wearie beare
 Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay ;
 And, without weapon him assayling neare,
 Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
 Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
 Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
 And furie, to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
 To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

21 But the bold Knight, no whit thereat dismayd,
 But, catching up in hand a ragged stone
 Which lay thereby, (so fortune him did ayde,)
 Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
 And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone ;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

22 Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
 Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
 Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,

XIX. 8. — *Iesses.*] Short straps of leather tied round the legs of a hawk, in which were fixed little rings of silver, and to these a long strap, which the falconer twisted round his hand.
 NARES.

That, wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast ;
 And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,¹
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre
 to straine.

23 Then tooke he up betwixt his armēs twaine
 The litle Babe, sweet relickes of his pray ;
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray² ;
 And every litle limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh ; but whole them all he found.

24 So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe ;
 But when he lookt about on every syde,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine³
 To bring him to the place where he would faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
 Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme,⁴
 For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25 Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take : now west he went awhile,

¹ *Utmost blast*, last breath.

² *Ray*, soil.

³ *Entertaine*, take.

⁴ *Ayme*, conjecture.

Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
 So up and downe he wandred many a mile
 With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
 Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
 And evermore his lovely litle spoile
 Crying for food did greatly him offend¹:
 So all that day, in wandring vainely, he did spend.

26 At last, about the setting of the sunne,
 Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
 And by good fortune the plaine champion² wonne:
 Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,
 At length he heard under the forrests syde
 A voice, that seemed of some womankynd,
 Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde,
 And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

27 To whom approching, when as she perceived
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
 As if she doubted³ to have bene deceived,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
 Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
 He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:
 "What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
 And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent."

28 To whom she thus: "What need me, Sir, to tell
 That which yourselfe have earst ared so right?"

¹ *Offend*, grieve.

³ *Doubted*, feared.

² *Champion*, champaign.

A wofull dame ye have me termed well ;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight ! ”
“ Nathlesse,” quoth he, “ if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright :
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd.”

29 Then thus began the lamentable Dame :
“ Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I hoord,
I am th’ unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is lord
Of all this land, late conquer’d by his sword
From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord ;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30 “ So is my lord now seiz’d of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate¹ :
But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath ioyn’d one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate ;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

31 “ For th’ heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine

¹ *Debate*, contend.

The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
 Which we might see after ourselves remaine
 In th' heritage of our unhappie paine :
 So that for want of heires it to defend,
 All is in time like to returne againe
 To that foule Feend, who dayly doth attend
 To leape into the same after our livës end.

32 " But most my lord is grieved herewithall,
 And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
 That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
 For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,¹
 That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.²
 Yet was it sayd, *there should to him a sonne*
Be gotten, not begotten ; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that Feend should be for-
*donne.*³

33 " Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
 That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
 The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
 And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
 Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
 The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares ;
 Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.

¹ Swinke, toil.

³ Fordonne, undone.

² Forthinke, repent.

XXXI. 5. — *Our unhappie paine.*] To inherit our *unsuccessful* labor, the fruits of exertions which have been to no purpose since we are without children. C.

Lo ! this my cause of griefe to you appeares ;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth cease-
lesse teares."

34 Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth¹ for her unworthy² griefe ;
And, when he had devized³ of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe :
And, having cheared her, thus said : " Faire Dame,
In evils, counsell is the comfort chiefe ;
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe⁴ it without blame.

35 " If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo ! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace⁵
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace ;
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or nourisle⁶ up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

36 " And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have raysed beene
(As their victorious deedes have often shoven,

¹ *Ruth*, pity.

² *Unworthy*, undeserved.

³ *Devized*, considered.

⁴ I. e. *deign to receive*. (?)

⁵ *Enchace*, encase, inclose.

⁶ *Nourisle*, nurse.

Being with fame through many nations blowen)
 Then those which have bene dandled in the lap.
 Therefore some thought that those brave imps were
 sowen

Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
 That made them grow so high t' all honorable hap."

37 The ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
 Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,¹
 Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach :
 Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place and season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her owne by liverey and seisin²;
 And, having over it a litle wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

38 Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
 Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought ;
 Ne she lesse glad ; for she so wisely did,
 And with her husband under hand so wrought,
 That, when that infant unto him she brought,
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne ;
 And it in goodly thewes³ so well upbrought,
 That it became a famous knight well knowne,
 And did right noble deedes ; the which elsewhere are
 showne.

39 But Calepine, now being left alone
 Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,

¹ *Geason*, uncommon.

³ *Thewes*, habits.

² I. e. by delivery and possession ; a law phrase.

Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight; —
Albe that dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankd her as a frend; —

40 And, for exceeding grieve which inly grew,
That he his Love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre,¹ himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig² in ease embost,³
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

¹ *Maugre*, in spite or vexation.

³ *Embost*, wrapt.

² *Lig*, lie.

CANTO V.

The Salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his Squyre,
With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

1 O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man, being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt;
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

2 That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,¹
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

¹ *Good*, good manners, as in the phrase *know his good*, stanza 36.

3 Who, whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayed,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd ;
And, leaving there this ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleepe were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde :
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he
spyde.

4 Tho, backe returning to that sorie dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament :
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

5 Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlessse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life :
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay :
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.¹

¹ *Dolorous assay*, grievous attack.

6 Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
 And sought, by all the meanes that he could best,
 Her to recure out of that stony swound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound :
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
 Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,¹
 But day and night did vexee her carefull thought,
 And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7 At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case :
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
 Well as she could she got, and did bedight²;
 And, being thereon mounted, forth did pace
 Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8 Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
 Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
 Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats³ bare,
 But without sword upon his thigh to sit ;
 Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

¹ *Stound*, (mood of) trouble, distress. ³ *Curats*, cuirass.

² *Bedight*, make ready.

9 So forth they traveld, an uneven¹ payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced² aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

10 Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident;
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome; which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed;
And, in his homely wize, began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

11 Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo! where a Knight, together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance³ and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get:
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasiön, that here needs forth be set.

¹ *Uneven*, ill-matched.

² *Purchaced*, acquired.

³ *Portance*, bearing.

- 12 After that Timias had againe recured
 The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,
 To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
 Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard,
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
 And with uniust detraction him did beard ;
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her souveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.
- 13 But, of them all which did his ruine seeke,
 Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
 Three mightie ones, and cruell-minded eeke,
 That him not onely sought by open might
 To overthrow, but to supplant by slight :
 The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight ;
 The second, not so strong, but wise, Decetto ;
 The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, De-
 fetto.
- 14 Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
 And several deceipts, but all in vaine ;
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine :
 Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compound :

XII. 1. — *Timias had againe recured.*] When Sir Walter Raleigh had recovered again the favor of Queen Elizabeth. Book IV. Canto VIII. UPRON.

XIII. 9. — These three enemies are Malice, Deceit, and Detraction. C.

Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
 The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
 To worke his utter shame, and throughly¹ him con-
 found.

15 Upon a day, as they the time did waite
 When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
 They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
 To draw him from his deare beloved dame,
 Unwares, into the daunger of defame :
 For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in forrest, wylde or tame,
 Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the prey oftymes out of their greedy hould.

16 The hardy boy, as they devised had,
 Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
 Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy²;
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That, his great force unable to endure,
 He forced was to turne from him and fly :
 Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
 Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.³

17 Securely he did after him pursew,
 Thinking by speed to overtake his flight ;
 Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers
 him drew,

¹ *Thoroughly*, thoroughly.

³ *Secure*, careless, unheeding.

² I. e. nor aware of the uncommon danger.

To weary him the more and waste his spight,
 So that he now has almost spent his spright¹:
 Till that at length unto a woody glade
 He came, whose covert stopt his further sight;
 There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull shade,
 Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

18 Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,
 And heaped strokes did round about him haile
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
 Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
 Yet he them all so warily did ward,
 That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
 And all the while his backe for best safegard
 He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

19 Like a wylde bull, that, being at a bay,
 Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
 And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
 On every side, and beat about him round;
 But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
 And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
 That in his chauffe² he digs the trampled ground,
 And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:

So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

20 Him well behoved so; for his three foes
 Sought to encompassse him on every side,

¹ *Spright*, breath.

² *Chauffe*, chafe.

And dangerously did round about enclose :
 But, most of all, Defetto him annoyde,
 Creeping behinde, him still to have destroyde ;
 So did Decetto eke him circumvent ;
 But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
 Did front him, face to face against him bent :
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21 Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
 He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
 Full like ere long to have escaped hard ;
 Whenas unwares he in the forrest heard
 A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
 Did warne his rider be uppon his gard ;
 With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
 Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

22 Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching nye ;
 Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
 Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hye
 To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
 For pittie so to see him overset¹ :
 Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
 They fled, and fast into the wood did get :
 Him booted not to thinke them to pursew ;
 The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

23 Then, turning to that swaine, him well he knew
 To be his Timias, his owne true squire ;

¹ *Overset*, set upon by superior numbers.

Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
 And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
 Him thus bespake : " My lief¹, my lifes desire,
 Why have ye me alone thus long yleft ?
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft ;
 Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where
 bene weft² ? "

24 With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne³ :
 To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
 But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
 His deare affect⁴ with silence did restraine,
 And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
 There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,
 As to them seemed fit time to entertaine :
 After all which up to their steedes they went,
 And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

25 So now they be arrived both in sight
 Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
 About the sad Serena things to dight,
 With those brave armours lying on the ground,
 That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
 Thinking to take them from that hylding⁵ hound ;
 But he, it seeing, lightly to him lept,
 And sternely with strong hand it from his handling
 kept :

¹ *Liefe*, dear.

² *Weft*, tossed about.

³ *Tyne*, sorrow.

⁴ *Affect*, emotion.

⁵ *Hylding*, crouching, base.

26 Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
 And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
 Him with his fist unwares upon th' head he strooke,
 That made him downe unto the earth encline ;
 Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,¹
 And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
 Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine ;
 Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
 And, greedily him griping, his avengement stayd.

27 With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
 Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine :
 Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
 And did from further violence restraine,
 Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
 Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
 What and from whence she was ; and by what traine
 She fell into that salvage villaines hand ;
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28 To whom she thus : " I am, as now ye see,
 The wretchedst dame that live this day on ground,
 Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
 And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
 That hath me driven to this drery stound.²
 I was erewhile the Love of Calepine ;
 Who whether he alive be to be found,
 Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,³
 Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.⁴

¹ *Repine*, to be indignant.

² *Stound*, plight.

³ *Pine*, (here) mortal pain, death.

⁴ *Define*, say with certainty.

29 "In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead¹
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

30 "Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake :
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so
weake !"

With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

31 So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede ;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede ;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed :
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed
has.

¹ *Stead*, place, situation.

32 So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some
ease

To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe :
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent ;
Somewhile with merry purpose,¹ fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

33 Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discour'tsies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts :
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary knight.

34 Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoud
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shamefull knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way ;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

¹ *Purpose*, converse.

35 And nigh thereto a little chappel stoode,
 Which being all with yvy overspred
 Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,¹
 Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
 In streight observaunce of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres² and holy things to bed³;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these knights arriv'd, they wist not where
 nor how.

36 They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas:
 Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
 From his devotion streight he troubled was;
 Which breaking of, he toward them did pace
 With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
 For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
 Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
 That could his good⁴ to all, and well did weene⁵
 How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene⁶:

37 And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had bene a man of mickle name,
 Renowmed much in armes and derring doe⁷:
 But being aged now, and weary to⁸
 Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,

¹ *Roode*, crucifix.

² *Howres*, prayers (at stated hours).

³ *Bed*, bid, pray.

⁴ *Could his good*, understood good manners.

⁵ *Weene*, judge, know.

⁷ *Derring doe*, daring deed.

⁶ *Well beseene*, well becoming.

⁸ *To*, too.

The name of knighthood he did disavow ;
 And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe
 assoyle.¹

38 He thence them led into his hermitage,
 Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene ;
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,
 For his owne turne ; yet inly neate and clene,
 Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay be-
 seene² :

Therein he them full faire did entertaine
 Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
 For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
 But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

39 Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did use his feeble body to sustaine ;
 The which full gladly they did take in gree,³
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But, being well suffiz'd, them rested faine⁴ :
 But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
 Had given them, whose grieffe through suffraunce⁵
 sore increast.

40 So all that night they past in great disease,⁶
 Till that the morning, bringing earely light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,

¹ *Assoyle*, absolve.

² *Gay besene*, gay to look upon.

³ *In gree*, graciously, as a favor.

⁴ *Faine*, gladly.

⁵ I. e. neglect.

⁶ *Disease*, uneasiness.

And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their iourney ; but that squire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame¹ :
Their hearts were sicke ; their sides were sore ; their
feete were lame.

41 Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Salvage (that whyleare,
Seeing his royall usage and array,
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart ; as shall declared be elsewhere.

¹ I. e. *do* one foot of walking.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and Dame
 Of their sore maladies;
 He Turpine doth defeate and shame
 For his late villanies.

1 No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
 As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
 For by no art, nor any leaches might,
 It ever can recured be againe;
 Ne all the skill which that immortall spright
 Of Podalyrius did in it retaine
 Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

2 Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
 Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
 And, being such, were now much more increast
 For want of taking heede unto the same,
 That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
 Howbe that carefull hermite did his best,

Arg. 3. — *He, &c.*] Prince Arthur.

I. 8. — *Of Podalyrius.*] He was the son of Æsculapius, and a celebrated physician. H.

With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
 The poysnous humour which did most infest
 Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely
 drest.

3 For he right well in leaches craft was seene¹;
 And, through the long experience of his dayes,
 Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
 And past through many perillous assayes,
 He knew the diverse went² of mortall wayes,
 And in the mindes of men had great insight;
 Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
 He could enforme,³ and them reduce aright;
 And al the passions heale, which wound the weaker
 spright.

4 For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
 As any one that lived in his daies,
 And proved oft in many perillous fight,
 Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
 And in all battels bore away the baies:
 But being now attacht⁴ with timely age,
 And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,

¹ *Seene*, skilled.

² *Went*, course.

³ *Enforme*, frame or fashion.

⁴ *Attacht*, attacked.

II. 9. — In this account of Timias and Serena going to the hermit's cell to be cured of the wounds they had received from the *Blatant Beast*, or *Detraction*, Upton discovers an allusion to the temporary retirement from court of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lady Elizabeth Throgmorton, to escape from the shame which they had brought upon themselves by their misconduct. H.

He tooke himselfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

5 One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily;
And, ranckling inward with unruly stounds,¹
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be discipline
With holesome reede² of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

6 So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same:
And thus he to them sayd: "Faire Daughter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came;
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

7 "For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward sences to refraine

¹ *Stounds*, moments, paroxysms of violence.

² *Reede*, counsel.

From things that stirre up fraile affection¹;
 Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk re-
 straine

From that they most affect, and in due termes con-
 taine.²

8 “ For from those outward sences, ill affected,
 The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
 Which at the first, before it had infected,
 Mote easie be supprest with little thing :
 But, being growen strong, it forth doth bring
 Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
 In th’ inner parts ; and lastly, scattering
 Contagious poyson close³ through every vaine,
 It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

9 “ For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
 Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
 Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
 That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene
 With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
 It ever to amend : ne marvaile ought ;
 For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,⁴
 And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
 Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

10 “ Echidna is a monster, direfull dred,
 Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see ;
 So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,

¹ *Affection*, passion.

² I. e. keep within due bounds.

³ *Close*, secretly.

⁴ *Strene*, strain, race.

That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee :
 Yet did her face and former¹ parts professe²
 A faire young mayden, full of comely glee ;
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 A monstrous dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse.

11 "To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
 In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie
 And from the earth, appointed have her place
 Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth
 lie

In hideous horroure and obscurity,
 Wasting the strength of her immortall age :
 There did Typhaon with her company ;
 Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
 Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes
 asswage.

12 "Of that commixtion they did then beget
 This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast ;
 A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
 Gainst all, both good and bad, both most³ and
 least,

And poures his poysnous gall forth to infest
 The noblest wights with notable defame :
 Ne ever knight that bore so lofty creast,
 Ne ever lady of so honest name,
 But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

¹ Former, front.

³ Most, greatest.

² Professe, present the appearance of.

13 "In vaine therefore it were with medicine
 To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,
 That rather needes wise read and discipline
 Then outward salves that may augment it more."
 "Aye me!" sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
 "What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
 If that no salves may us to health restore!"
 "But sith we need good counsell," sayd the swaine,
 "Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sus-
 taine."

14 "The best," sayd he, "that I can you advize,
 Is, to avoide the occasion of the ill:
 For when the cause whence evill doth arize
 Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
 Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will;
 Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
 Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill;
 Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
 So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."

15 Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
 And kept so well his wise commaundements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull beast
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did per-
 ceave
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincrease,
 Of that good hermite both they tooke their leave,
 And went both on their way, ne ech would other
 leave: 2.

16 But each the other vow'd t' accompany :
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity ;
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need.
 So both together traveld, till they met
 With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Upon a mangy iade unmeetely set,
 And a lewd¹ Foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17 But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell ;
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
 Pursuing that proud knight,² the which whileare
 Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight ;
 And eke his lady, though she sickely were,
 So lewdly³ had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

18 The Prince, according to the former token,
 Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
 Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken⁴
 Of all the vile demeane⁵ and usage bad,
 With which he had those two so ill bestad⁶ :
 Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
 But that wylde man ; whom though he oft forbad,

¹ *Lewd*, ignorant or stupid.

² I. e. Sir Turpine.

³ *Lewdly*, vilely.

⁴ *Ywroken*, avenged.

⁵ *Demeane*, demeanor.

⁶ I. e. put into so ill a plight.

Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,¹
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

19 Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

20 Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,²
Mylde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

21 But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby³; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;

¹ *Shent*, reprovèd.

³ *Aby*, abide.

² I. e. to humble himself.

And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

22 Which when the Salvage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

23 Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

24 Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tidings to their lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where, whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same knight
And salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,

He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on
hight¹:

25 "Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaïne my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dis-
honor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her."
With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26 With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse:
And evermore that craven cowherd knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27 Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,²

¹ *On hight*, in a loud voice.

² *Ment*, mingled.

Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement :
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28 Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease,¹ there thinking him to
hyde :

But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde ;
But, ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay ;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

29 But, when his foe he still so eger saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw :
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace ;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

30 At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his Love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone

¹ *Prease*, press.

Crying in vaine to her him to bemone ;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone :
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan¹ byte.

31 Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright
She, starting up, began to shrieke aloud ;
And, with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud ;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd ;
That, with the ruth² of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

32 Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover ;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did despize ;
And eke his dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare :
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

33 Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd :
“ Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,

¹ *Braynepan*, skull.

² *Ruth*, pity.



That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,
That both thy Love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knight-
lesse part.

34 " Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare :
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost reare ;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare :
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evill use, thy foes thereby to foile.

35 " And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame ; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight ;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldës sight :
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong
then right.

36 " Yet, since thy life unto this ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne !
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe ; for shame is to adorne

With so brave badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath,¹ sith that I did forgive²!”
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

37 There whilest he thus was setting things above,
Atwene that ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

38 There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

39 Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who them perceiving, streight to him obeyd,

¹ *Breath*, breathe.

² *Forgive*, concede.

As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his heasts¹ bene trayned.
 Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
 Into the chamber, where that dame remayned
 With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

40 Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
 Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
 He well remembred that the same was hee
 Which lately sought his lord for to displease :
 Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
 As if he would in peeces him have rent ;
 And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him unrent :
 But streight he held his hand at his commaundē-
 ment.

41 Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest ;
 Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
 The which for him she could imagine best :
 For well she knew the wayes to win good will
 Of every wight, that were not too infest,²
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,
 Through tempering of her words and lookes by won-
 drous skill.

42 Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
 To some hid end to make more easie way,

¹ *Heasts*, commands.

² *Infest*, hostile.

Or to allure such fondlings,¹ whom she trayned²
 Into her trap, unto their owne decay :
 Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
 And when her listed she could fawne and flatter ;
 Now smyling smoothly like to sommers day,
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter ;
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares
 but water.

43 Whether such grace were given her by kynd,³
 As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd :
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
 The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands
 peace :

Who nathëlesse, not therewith satisfyde,
 His rancorous despight did not releasse
 Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse :

44 For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
 He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,⁴
 Willing to worke his villenous intent
 On him, that had so shamefully him shent⁵ :
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
 The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
 And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

¹ *Fondlings*, fools.

² *Trayned*, allured.

³ *Kynd*, nature.

⁴ *Prest*, ready.

⁵ *Shent*, disgraced.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two Knights
 Doe gaine their treasons meed.
 Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
 For Loves disdaine decreed.

1 LIKE as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
 In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
 Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
 In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
 For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
 Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;
 Which what it dare not doe by open might
 To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
 By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

2 That well appeares in this discourteous knight,
 The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
 Who notwithstanding that in former fight
 He of the Prince his life received late,
 Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
 He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
 For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
 Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
 Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Arg. 1.—*Turpine is baffuld.*] Degraded from knighthood:
 hung up by the heels, &c. See St. 27, and Book V. Canto III.
 37. C.

3 Well did he tract¹ his steps as he did ryde,
 Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,
 But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
 Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
 Where he mote worke him scath² and villeny.
 At last he met two Knights to him unknowne,
 The which were armed both agreeably,³
 And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne,
 Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

4 To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
 To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
 Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
 Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
 Had doen to him, and his deare ladie shent⁴;
 Which if they would afford him ayde at need
 For to avenge in time convenient,
 They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
 And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

5 The Knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew ;
 And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
 Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
 In which they mote make triall of their might, —
 Which never yet they had approv'd in fight, —
 And eke desirous of the offred meed.
 Said then the one of them : “ Where is that wight,
 The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
 That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed ? ”

¹ *Tract*, track.

² *Scath*, injury.

³ *Agreeably*, alike.

⁴ *Shent*, insulted.

6 "He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
 With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
 That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
 Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.¹"
 Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
 And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
 The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,²
 Devizing³ of his Love more then of daunger drad.

7 Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
 Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,
 Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
 With that they both at once with equall spight
 Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
 Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
 And being carried with his force forthright,
 Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke,
 Which, glyding through the ayre, lights all the heav-
 ens darke.

8 But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
 Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
 That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
 And, scattered all about, fell on the flowre⁴:
 But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre,⁵
 Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
 That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre

¹ *Timely tyde*, seasonable time.

² *Portance sad*, grave bearing.

³ *Devizing*, thinking.

⁴ *Flowre*, floor, ground.

⁵ *Stowre*, assault.

His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore :

9 As when a cast¹ of faulcons make their flight
At an hernesshaw,² that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring ;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,³
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing ;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and, passing by, doth hurt no more.

10 By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight ;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight ;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight :
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But, glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

11 Not so the Prince ; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe,
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,

¹ *Cast*, couple.

³ *Engore*, pierce.

² *Hernesshaw*, heron.

And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

12 The fearefull swayne, beholding death so nie,
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to save ;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie¹
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.²
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he : " There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

13 The Prince much mused³ at such villenie,
And sayd : " Now sure ye well have earn'd your
meed ;
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him whereso he were would
seeke.

14 So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore⁴ ;
There he him found in great astonishment,

¹ *Describe*, reveal.

² *Reave*, take.

³ *Mused*, wondered.

⁴ *Lore*, lost, left.

To see him so bedight¹ with bloodie gore
 And griesly wounds, that him appalled sore.
 Yet thus at length he said: "How now, Sir Knight?
 What meaneth this which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
 So different from that which earst ye seem'd in
 sight?"

15 "Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell,
 That ever I for meed did undertake
 So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
 The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
 Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
 Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
 My due reward, the which right well I deeme
 I yearned² have, that life so dearely did redeeme."

16 "But where then is," quoth he, halfe wrothfully,
 "Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
 That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
 And where is eke your friend which halfe it
 ought³?"
 "He lyes," said he, "upon the cold, bare ground,
 Slayne of that errant knight with whom he
 fought;
 Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.⁴"

¹ *Bedight*, covered.

² *Yearned*, earned.

³ *Ought*, owed, owned.

⁴ *Stound*, time, due time.

17 Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him streight to the place would
 ryde,
 Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
 For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
 So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
 With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
 Ere long they came whereas in evill tyde¹
 That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18 Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
 And, him bewayling with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
 For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.²
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
 Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in
 swound.

19 Wearie of travell³ in his former fight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 Having his armes and warlike things undight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,⁴
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing, that seemed to him best;

¹ *Tyde*, time.

² *Mone*, sorrow.

³ *Travell*, toil.

⁴ *Prest*, ready at hand.

The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

20 Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely¹ layd,
He weened well that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But, when he nigh approacht, he mote aread²
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat, much griev'd against that straunger
knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despyght.

21 But that same knight would not once let him start;
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischief and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world, whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

22 He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrelly³ prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine⁴
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:

¹ *Loosely*, carelessly.

² *Aread*, perceive.

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³ *Entyrelly*, earnestly, with all entreaty.

⁴ *Traine*, artifice.

Yet rather counseld him contrárywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

23 Nathelesse, for all his speach, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie :
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd !
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his lord he sleeping
vew'd.

24 There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee ;
And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root ; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

25 Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up ; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,

And his left hand upon his collar layd.
 Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
 But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

26 But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
 Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
 He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.¹

27 And after all, for greater infamie,
 He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
 And baffuld² so, that all which passed by
 The picture of his punishment might see,
 And by the like ensample warned bee,
 However they through treason doe trespásse.
 But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
 Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
 Led by a carle and foole which by her side did passe.

¹ *Bannerall*, pennon.

² *Baffuld*, disgraced.

XXVII. 8. — *Whom late we left, &c.*] See the sixteenth stanza of the preceding canto. There can hardly be a doubt that in *Mirabella* reappears the *Rosalind* of Spenser's earlier poems. This passage seems to be meant as a satire on her married life and some ridiculous foibles in her husband. The point is most cleverly argued in the *Atlantic Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 683. C.

28 She was a ladie of great dignitie,
 And lifted up to honorable place,
 Famous through all the land of Faërie :
 Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
 That all men did her person much admire,
 And praise the feature of her goodly face ;
 The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire¹
 In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle
 squire :

29 But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthie thought to be her fere,²
 But scornd them all that love unto her ment ;
 Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere :
 Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
 That could not weigh of worthinesse aright :
 For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
 And noblest she that served is of noblest knight

30 But this coy damzell thought contráriwize,
 That such proud looks would make her prayسد
 more ;
 And that, the more she did all love despize,
 The more would wretched lovers her adore.
 What cared she who sighed for her sore,
 Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night ?
 Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore ;
 She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
 And so would ever live, and love her owne delight.

¹ *Lovely fire*, fire of love.

² *Fere*, companion, husband.

81 Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard
hart,

Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die :
Whylest she, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such souveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill¹ whom she would hight² :
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more aright ?

32 But loe ! the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride ;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide³ :
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make
report,

33 It fortun'd then, that when the roules⁴ were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing ; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxed wroth ;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguyled,

¹ *Spill*, destroy.

² *Hight*, ordain.

³ *Mercifide*, compassionate.

⁴ *Roules*, rolls.

He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34 Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a iurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conveyd:
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And mured cruelly by a rebellious mayd.

35 Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A baylieffe-errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore¹ did call;
He which doth summon lovers to Loves iudgement
hall.

36 The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre, whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto nould² plead, nor answere ought,
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned:
So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like: which when at last she saw,

¹ Portamore, Love's Messenger.

² Nould, would not.

Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
 Gan stoupe ; and, falling downe with humble awe,
 Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

37 The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,¹
 But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
 Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse ;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathëllesse
 He unto her a penance did impose,
 Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
 She wander should in companie of those,²
 Till she had sav'd so many Loves as she did lose.

38 So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
 Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace ;
 Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
 Saved but two ; yet in two yeares before,
 Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt
 place,³
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.
 Aie me, how could her love make half amends there-
 fore !

39 And now she was uppon the weary way,
 Whenas the gentle Squire,⁴ with faire Serene,
 Met her in such misseeming foule array ;

¹ *Kynd*, nature.

² I. e. the churl and fool.

³ I. e. in her heart.

⁴ I. e. Timias.

The whiles that mighty man¹ did her demeane²
 With all the evill termes and cruell meane³
 That he could make; and eeke that angry foole
 Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole⁴
 Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her
 doole.⁵

40 Ne ought it mote availe her, to entreat
 The one or th' other better her to use;
 For both so wilfull were and obstinate
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
 But most the former villaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling⁶ iade, was bent her to abuse;
 Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

41 For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
 And eeke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
 And rather like a gyant monstrous:
 For sooth he was descended of the hous
 Of those old gyants, which did warres darraine⁷
 Against the Heaven in order battailous;
 And sib⁸ to great Orgolio, which was slaine
 By Arthure, whenas Unas knight he did maintaine.⁹

¹ I. e. the churl.

² Demeane, treat.

³ Meane, means.

⁴ I. e. whip.

⁵ Doole, pain.

⁶ Tyreling, weary: or, hack(?).

⁷ Darraine, wage.

⁸ Sib, akin.

⁹ Maintaine, defend, rescue.

42 His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
 Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorned in his overweening pryde ;
 And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde
 At every step uppon the tiptoes hie ;
 And all the way he went, on every syde
 He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43 He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any living wight ;
 But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
 Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight ;
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,¹
 Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
 Were bound about and voyded² from before ;
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

44 This was Disdaine, who led that ladies horse
 Through thick and thin, through mountains and
 through plains,
 Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines :
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,

¹ *Plight*, folded.

² *Voyded*, removed.

XLIII. 4. — *Upon checklaton*.] *Ciclaton*, in old poetry, means both a garment of rich stuff and the stuff itself. Spenser, however, means by it a kind of gilt leather, as appears from his *View of the State of Ireland*, p. 390 (Todd's ed.). C.

Was Scorne; who, having in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks¹; and still, when she com-
 plaines,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,²
 To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

45 Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no lenger beare so great abuse
 As such a lady so to beate and bruse;
 But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
 And, maugre all his might, backe to relent:
 Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.³

46 The Villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
 Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton⁴ which he bore
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constraine
 To give him ground, and shift to every side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
 For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
 So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

47 Like as a mastiffe, having at a bay
 A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
 Desperate daunger if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,

¹ *Yirks*, jerks, lashes.

² *Quip*, cuttingly mock, jeer.

³ *Shent*, disgraced.

⁴ *Batton*, club.

To spy where he may some advauntage get,
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore ;
 So did the Squire, the whiles the carle did fret
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

48 Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
 That at advantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd,)
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke ;
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
 Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
 And bound him fast : tho, when he up did looke
 And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49 Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
 Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd ;
 Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
 But with his whip, him following behynd,
 Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd :
 And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes¹
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
 Was much more grievous then the others blowes :
 Words sharpely wound, but greatest grieve of scorn-
 ing growes.

¹ *Mowes*, mouths, grimaces.

XLVII. 9. — *By Turmagant and Mahound swore.*] The Crusaders, and those who celebrated them, confounded Mahometans with Pagans, and supposed Mahomet, or Mahound, to be one of their deities, and Tervagant, or Termagant, another. NARES.

50 The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:
The which discourse, as now, I must delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

1 YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

2 And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,¹
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

¹ *Kynde*, nature.

3 Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
 Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
 Was touched with compassion entire,¹
 And much lamented his calamity,
 That for her sake fell into misery;
 Which bootéd nought for prayers nor for threat
 To hope for to release or mollify;
 For aye the more that she did them entreat,
 The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

4 So as they forward on their way did pas,
 Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias
 (That was that courteous knight, whom he before
 Having subdew'd yet did to life restore);
 To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement;
 As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

5 The Squire himselfe, when as he saw his lord
 The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
 Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
 He like a dog was led in captive case,
 And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,²
 As loth to see or to be seene at all;
 Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias

¹ *Entire*, sincere.

² *Abase*, hang down.

IV. 4. — *That was that courteous knight, &c.*] See the twelfth stanza of the preceding canto. H.

Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmowed therewithall;

6 And to the Prince thus sayd: " See you, Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond lady and her squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pittie or of awe!
See! how they doe that squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave a while,
I will them soone acquite,¹ and both of blame assoile.²

7 The Prince assented; and then he, streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say:
" Abide,³ ye caytive treachetours⁴ untrew,
That have with treason thrall'd unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew:
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death that hard before you stands."

8 The Villaine stayd not aunswer to invent;
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky:

¹ *Acquite*, deliver.

² I. e. free from disgrace.

³ *Abide*, stop.

⁴ *Treachetours*, traitors.

Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death ; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny :

9 And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the carle with paine
Saved himselfe but that he there him slew ;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory :
Who, therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainly
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

10 But fortune aunswerd not unto his call ;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The Villaine met him in the middle fall ¹
And with his club bet backe his brond-yrón ² bright
So forcibly, that, with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight ;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

11 With that the Foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in ; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld ³ him any way :

¹ I. e. the midst of the fall.

² *Brond-yrón*, brand, sword.

³ *Weld*, wield, turn.

The whiles that other villaine went about
 Him to have bound and thrald without delay,
 The whiles the Foole did him revile and flout,
 Threatning to yoke them two¹ and tame their corage
 stout.

12 As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde²
 By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
 Till they him force the buxome³ yoke to beare :
 So did these two this knight oft tug and teare.
 Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
 He left his lofty steede to aide him neare ;
 And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
 Upon that carle, to save his friend from ieopardy.

13 The Villaine, leaving him unto his mate
 To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
 Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,⁴
 And with his club him all about so blist,⁵
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist :
 Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
 Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist ;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
 Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

14 But yet the Prince so well enured⁶ was
 With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,

¹ I. e. Enias and Timias.

² *Hynde*, farm-servant.

³ *Buxome*, obedient.

⁴ *Debate*, contest.

⁵ *Blist*, waved, brandished.

⁶ *Enured*, accustomed, familiar.

That way to them he gave forth right to pas ;
 Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
 But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
 At last the caytive, after long discourse,¹
 When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
 Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
 And make one end of him without ruth² or remorse.

15 His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
 Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre ;
 But fortune did not with his will conspire :
 For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
 The noble childe, preventing³ his desire,
 Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

16 It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow ;
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,
 It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
 So as it was unable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,⁴
 But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt ;
 Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his
 hurt.

¹ *Discourse*, (literally,) running about.

² *Ruth*, pity.

³ *Preventing*, anticipating.

⁴ *Geare*, thing, affair, apparatus.

17 Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimble stept,
 And, least he should recover foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:
 Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine¹:
 “Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God abstaine
 From that unwares ye weetlesse² doe intend;
 Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slaine;
 For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
 My life will by his death have lamentable end.”

18 He staide his hand according³ her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
 But, still suppressing,⁴ gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those uncouth⁵ words com-
 prize,
 That in that villaines health her safety lies,
 That, were no might in man, nor heart in knights,
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
 Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
 Would for itselſe redresse, and punish such de-
 spights.

19 Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
 Like many water-streames, a while she stayd;
 Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd:
 “Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wretched
 mayd,
 Deliver from the doome of my desart,

¹ *Amaine*, aloud.

² *Weetlesse*, unknowing.

³ *According*, according to.

⁴ *Suppressing*, keeping down.

⁵ *Uncouth*, strange.

The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
 And damned¹ to endure this direfull smart,
 For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20 " In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme² delight,
 And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
 Of all her gifts, that pleasse each living sight,
 I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
 And sude and sought with all the service dew :
 Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 Complayning *out on me* that would not on them
 rew.³

21 " But let them love that list, or live or die ;
 Me list not die for any lovers doole⁴ :
 Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 To pittie him that list to play the foole :
 To love myselfe I learned had in schoole.
 Thus I triúmphed long in lovers paine,
 And, sitting carelesse on the scornors stoole,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine :
 But all is now repayd with interest againe.

22 " For loe ! the winged god, that woundeth harts,
 Causde me be called to accompt therefore ;
 And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,

¹ *Damned*, condemned.

² *Bloosme*, blossom.

³ *Rew*, take pity.

⁴ *Doole*, grief.

Addeem'd¹ me to endure this penaunce sore ;
 That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
 With these two lewd² companions, and no more,
 Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should
 stray,
 Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay."

23 " Certes," sayd then the Prince, " the god is iust,
 That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile :
 For were no law in love, but all that lust³
 Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
 His kingdome would continue but a while.
 But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,⁴
 That for these carles to carry much more comely
 were? "

24 " Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd,
 " I put the teares of my contrition,
 Till to the brim I have it full defrayd :
 And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
 I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
 Yet is the bottle leake,⁵ and bag so torne,
 That all which I put in fals out anon,
 And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
 Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more
 mourn."

¹ *Addeem'd*, adjudged.

² *Lewd*, vile, rude.

³ *Lust*, list, please.

⁴ *Arreare*, behind.

⁵ *Leake*, leaky.

25 The infant¹ hearkned wisely² to her tale,
 And wondred much at Cupids iudg'ment wise,
 That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,³
 And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
 Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
 Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
 By meanes⁴ his leg, through his late luckelesse
 prise,⁵

Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare⁶
 Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

26 But being up he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he never had received fall;
 And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
 As if he would have daunted him withall:
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
 As if such pride the other could apall;
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,
 That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

27 Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to have unwound;
 But when approching neare he plainly found
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
 He thereat wext exceedingly astound,

¹ *Infant*, youth.

² *Wisely*, considerately.

³ *Avale*, bow down.

⁴ *By meanes*, because.

⁵ *Prise*, enterprise, adventure.

⁶ *Feare*, companion.

And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,¹
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

28 Meane while the Salvage Man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th' other knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

29 And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abstaine streightway
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say:
"Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines
lose.²"

30 "Ah! nay, Sir Knight," sayd she, "it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enioyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill:
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside:

¹ *Admire*, wonder at.

² *Lose*, loose.

But Arthure with the rest went onward still
 On his first quest, in which did him betide
 A great adventure, which did him from them deuide.

31 But first it falleth me by course to tell
 Of faire Serena; who, as earst¹ you heard,
 When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
 With those two carles, fled fast away, afeard
 Of villany to be to her inferd²:
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
 That every foote did tremble which did tread,
 And every body two, and two she foure did read.³

32 Through hils and dales, through bushes and through
 breres,
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Herselfe now past the perill of her feares:
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought
 Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
 And, sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
 Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
 And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

33 And evermore she blamed Calepine,
 The good Sir Calepine, her owne true knight,

¹ *Earst*, before.

² *Inferd*, offered.

³ *Read*, imagine.

As th' onely author of her wofull tine,¹
 For being of his love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
 Yet never turtle truer to his make,²
 Then he was tride unto his lady bright:
 Who all this while endured for her sake
 Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

34 Tho when as all her complaints she had displayd,
 And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
 Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd;
 Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
 With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
 There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
 Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
 False Fortune did her safëty betray
 Unto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.³

35 In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
 Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode⁴
 Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
 Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
 The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
 Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)
 But on the labours of poore men to feed,
 And serve their owne necessities with others need.

36 " Thereto they usde one most accursed order,⁵
 To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,

1 *Tine*, suffering.

3 *Decay*, destruction.

5 *Order*, custom.

2 *Make*, mate.

4 *Rode*, inroad.

And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
 Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde :
 A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde ¹ !
 They, towards evening wandring every way
 To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
 Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
 Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse
 lay.

37 Soone as they spide her, lord ! what gladfull glee
 They made amongst themselves ! but when her face
 Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
 Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
 For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
 Then gan they to devise what course to take ;
 Whether to slay her there upon the place,
 Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
 And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

38 The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
 Sleepe out her fill without encomberment ;
 For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill ²
 better :
 Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
 That, since by grace of God she there was sent,
 Unto their god they would her sacrifice,
 Whose share her guiltlesse bloud they would pre-
 sent :
 But of her dainty flesh they did devise
 To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

¹ *Kynde*, nature.

² *Battill*, grow fat.

39 So round about her they themselves did place
 Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
 Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose ;
 Some praise her paps ; some praise her lips and
 nose ;

Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare :
 The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
 Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
 His bloody vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

40 The Damzell wakes ; then all attonce upstart,
 And round about her flocke, like many flies,
 Whooping and hallowing on every part,
 As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
 Which when she sees with ghastly grieffful¹ eies,
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
 Benumbes her cheekes : then out aloud she cries,
 Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,²
 And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.³

41 But all bootes not ; they hands upon her lay ;
 And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
 And afterwards of all her rich array ;
 The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
 And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
 Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
 The goodly treasures of natúre appeare :

¹ *Grieffful*, full of grief.

² *Rew*, pity.

³ *Embrew*, by license for *embrews*, stains with blood.

Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes :—

42 Her yvorie necke ; her alablaster brest ;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest ;
Her tender sides ; her bellie white and clere, .
Which like an altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon ;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel
won.

43 Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes ;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure :
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure
Vow'd to the gods : Religion held even theeves in
measure.

44 So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens
wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned

For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde :
 Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,¹
 And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand
 obtayned.

45 Tho, when as all things readie were aright,
 The Damzell was before the altar set,
 Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright :
 To whom the Priest with naked armes full net ²
 Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
 Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
 With other divelish ceremonies met ³ :
 Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

46 Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill
 And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce :
 The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
 Now mote ye understand that to this grove
 Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
 The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
 As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

47 Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
 Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
 Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
 Ne ought was feared of⁴ his certaine harmes :

¹ *Fayned*, imitated, counterfeited.

² *Net*, neat, clean.

³ *Met*, joined.

⁴ *Feared of*, frightened by.

And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
 In which his Love was lost, he slept full fast ;
 Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
 He lightly started up like one aghast,
 And, catching up his arms, streight to the noise forth
 past.

48 There by th' uncertaine glims¹ of starry night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
 He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
 Of all which there was doing in that quire² :
 Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
 He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strife,
 And groning sore from grieved hart entire³ :
 Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
 Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

49 With that he thrusts into the thickest throng ;
 And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
 He him preventing⁴ layes on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends :
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends ;
 Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,⁵
 That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends :
 The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

50 From them returning to that ladie backe,
 Whom by the altar he doth sitting find

¹ *Glims*, gleams.

² *Quire*, company.

³ *Entire*, within.

⁴ *Preventing*, anticipating.

⁵ *Hew*, hewing.

Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,¹
 He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
 And then to question of her present woe,
 And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind :
 But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
 One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

51 So inward shame of her uncomely case
 She did conceive, through care of womanhood,²
 That though the night did cover her disgrace,
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood :
 So all that night to him unknownen she past :
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,
 Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last :
 The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.³

¹ *Kind*, nature.

³ *Cast*, opportunity, or (like *throw*) time.

² I. e. regard for womanly feeling.

LI. 9. — *Untill another cast.*] We hear no more of Calepine
 and Serena. H.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes ¹ with Melibœ,
 And loves fayre Pastorell:
 Coridon envies him, yet he,
 For ill, rewards him well.

- ¹ Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly swayne,
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
 I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
 Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft;
 Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,²
 As I it past, that were too great a shame,
 That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to Calidores immortal name.
- ² Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last
 Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
 To finish then, for other present hast.
 Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
 Through hils, through dales, through forests, and
 through plaines,

¹ *Hostes*, takes up his abode.

² *Eft*, too.

In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

3 So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,¹
If he for slouth forslackt² so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he
scorsed.³

4 From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardees were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing, to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heat :
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

5 There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort⁴ of shepheard groomes
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes

¹ *Redrest*, made amends for.

² *Forslackt*, procrastinated.

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³ *Scorsed*, forced to change.

⁴ *Sort*, company.

Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes ;
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought :
 To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

6 They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
 Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
 Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw ;
 But if that such there were, (as none they kend,¹)
 They prayd High God them farre from them to
 send :

Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
 Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
 And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

7 The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And tooke their gentle offer : so adowne
 They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
 Such homely what² as serves the simple clowne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne :
 Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
 Saw a faire Damzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
 Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had
 dyde.

8 Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
 Higher then all the rest and round about

¹ *Kend*, knew.

² *What*, anything.

Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 Of lovely lasses; and them all without
 The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,¹
 The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
 And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 As if some miracle of heavenly hew²
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

9 And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
 Which she did more augment with modest grace
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
 Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their souveraine goddesses her esteeme,
 And, caroling her name both day and night,
 The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.³

10 Ne was there heard,⁴ ne was there shepherds
 swayne,
 But her did honour; and eke many a one
 Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
 But most of all the shepheard Coridon
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
 Yet neither she for him nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

¹ *Rout*, company.

² *Hew*, form.

³ *Hight*, call.

⁴ *Heard*, herdsman.

11 Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
 And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
 So farre the meane¹ of shepheards to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
 To be a princes paragone² esteemed,
 He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
 Of the Blynd Boy; ne thence could be redeemed
 By any skill out of his cruell hands;
 Caught like the bird³ which gazing still on others stands.

12 So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to move away,
 Although his quest⁴ were farre afore him gon:
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay
 And sate there still, untill the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
 Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
 And evermore his speach he did apply
 To th' heards, but meant them to the Damzels fantazy.

13 By this the moystie night approaching fast
 Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
 That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
 For feare of wetting them before their bed:
 Then came to them a good old aged Syre,
 Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
 With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
 That wil'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

¹ *Meane*, measure.

⁴ I. e. the object of his pursuit.

² *Paragone*, mate.

³ I. e. the lark, which was caught with a mirror, a hawk, &c.

14 He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed
 The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
 And of herselfe in very deede so deemed ;
 Yet was not so ; but, as old stories tell,
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
 In th' open fields an infant left alone ;
 And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
 As his owne chyld ; for other he had none ;
 That she in tract ¹ of time accompted was his owne.

15 She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight unto her litle flocke did fare :
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
 Gathered together, and them homeward bare :
 Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
 Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
 To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
 Her fleecie flocke ; but Coridon most helpe did
 give.

16 But Melibœe, (so hight that good old man,)
 Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
 And night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto his simple home ;
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,²
 And all things therein meane, yet better so
 To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
 (Being his harts owne wish,) and home with him did go.

¹ *Tract*, course.

² I. e. covered with clay.

17 There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde;
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave, contented to abyde.¹

18 Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And, drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead, without debate² or bitter
strife.

19 "How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease³;
Where warres and wreckes and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease!
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie!"

¹ I. e. to be satiated.

³ Disease, uneasiness.

² Debate, contention.

20 "Surely, my sonne," then answer'd he againe,
 "If happie, then it is in this intent,¹
 That, having small,² yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe myselfe, with that I have, content ;
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need
 Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment :
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed !
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

21 "Therefore I doe not any one envý,
 Nor am envýde of any one therefore :
 They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
 And store of cares doth follow riches store.
 The litle that I have growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend it ;
 My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth
 send it !

22 "To them that list, the worlds gay shoves I leave,
 And to great ones such follies doe forgive³ ;
 Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
 And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve ;
 But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
 And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

¹ *Intent*, sense.

² *Small*, little.

³ *Forgive*, make over.

23 " Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away ;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convey ;
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle ;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle ;
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte
doth boyle.

24 " The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepherds base attire ;
For further fortune then I would inquire :
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought :
There I beheld such vaineresse as I never thought.

25 " With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them¹ doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare :
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

¹ I. e. courtiers.

26 Whylest thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare
 Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
 Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
 That he was rapt with double ravishment,
 Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,
 And also of the obiect of his vew,
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
 That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,¹
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced grew.

27 Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
 And to insinuate his harts desire,
 He thus replyde: "Now surely, Syre, I find,
 That all this worlds gay shoves, which we ad-
 mire,
 Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre²
 Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
 Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
 Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
 The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.

28 "That even I, which daily doe behold
 The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,³
 And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
 In this small plot of your dominion,
 Now loath great lordship and ambition;
 And wish the heavens so much had graced mee,
 As graunt me live in like condition;
 Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
 From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

¹ *Hew*, form.² *Retyre*, retirement.³ *Won*, dwell.

29 "In vaine," said then old Melibœ, "doe men
 The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
 Sith they know best what is the best for them:
 For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
 As they doe know each can most aptly use.
 For not that, which men covet most, is best;
 Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his
 brest.

30 "It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
 For some,¹ that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
 And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
 But in that litle is both rich and wise;
 For wisdom is most² riches: fooles therefore
 They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devise³;
 Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.⁴"

31 "Since then in each mans self," said Calidore,
 "It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
 Give leave awhyle, good Father, in this shore
 To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
 With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
 In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
 That, whether quite from them for to retrate
 I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
 I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine.

¹ *Some*, one.

² *Most*, greatest.

³ I. e. devise to attain.

⁴ *Fortunize*, make fortunate.

32 "Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
 For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
 And this your cabin both my bowre¹ and hall:
 Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you safer live."
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.²

33 But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake: "Sir Knight, your bounteous
 proffer
 Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,³
 That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread:
 But, if ye algates⁴ covet to assay
 This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe aread."

34 So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
 During which time he did her entertaine
 With all kind courtesies he could invent;

¹ *Bowre*, chamber.

³ *Decay*, ruin.

² *Drive*, driv, pushed.

⁴ *Algates*, by all means.

XXXIII. 9. — *Our rudenesse to yourselfe aread.*] Teach yourself our simple habits of life.

And every day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went, he with her went:
 So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

35 But she that never had acquainted beene
 With such quaint¹ usage, fit for queenes and kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
 But, being bred under base shepherds wings,
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
 But cared more for Colins carolings
 Then all that he could doe, or e'er devise;
 His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

36 Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
 To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke,
 And, doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest²
 In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
 Instead of steele-head speare, a shepherds hooke;
 That who had seene him then would have bethought
 On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
 When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
 What time the Golden Apple was unto him brought.

37 So being clad, unto the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day,

¹ *Queint*, rare, elegant.

² *Addrest*, dressed.

XXXVI. 8. — *Fayre Oenone*.] All the old editions absurdly print *Benone*. The poet has spelt the name rightly in another place, and the story was extremely well known. It is very likely that *Plexippus brooke* (a stream unknown to ancient geography), was derived from some recent fiction upon this popular subject. C.

And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
 The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
 And every evening helping them to fold:
 And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to presse the milke: love so much
 could.

38 Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
 Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
 And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
 That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
 Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,
 That she did love a stranger swayne then him more
 dere.

39 And ever, when he came in companie
 Where Calidore was present, he would loure
 And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
 Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
 Impatient of any paramoure¹:
 Who on the other side did seeme so farre
 From malicing,² or grudging his good houre,³
 That all he could he graced him with her,
 Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

¹ *Paramoure*, rival lover.

² *Malicing*, bearing malice.

³ *Good houre*, good fortune.

40 And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
 Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
 Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
 Or other daintie thing for her addrest,¹
 He would commend his guift, and make the best :
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
 Ne him could find to fancie in her brest :
 This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
 Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

41 One day, when as the shepheard swaynes together
 Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
 As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
 The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee ;
 They fell to daunce. Then did they all agree
 That Colin Clout² should pipe, as one most fit ;
 And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
 That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit :
 Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

42 But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
 Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
 That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion ;
 For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace³ ;
 And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
 Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
 And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
 And did it put on Coridons in stead :
 Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

¹ *Addrest*, prepared.

² I. e. Spenser himself.

³ I. e. gracefully step.

43 Another time, when as they did dispose
 To practise games, and maisteries¹ to try,
 They for their iudge did Pastorella chose;
 A garland was the meed of victory:
 There Coridon, forth stepping, openly
 Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
 For he, through long and perfect industry,
 Therein well practisd was, and in the same
 Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe
 great shame.

44 But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
 For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,²
 That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
 And, had he not upon him fallen light,
 His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
 Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
 Given to Calidore as his due right;
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,
 Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

45 Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare³
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
 That even they the which his rivals were
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
 For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
 Good will and favour: So it surely wrought
 With this faire mayd, and in her mynde the
 seeds

¹ *Maisteries*, contests of superiority.

² *Stiffe pight*, firmly fixed (on his legs).

³ *Abeare*, bear, conduct.

Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
 The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely
 bought.

46 Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
 To winne the love of the faire Pastorell ;
 Which having got, he used without crime
 Or blamefull blot ; but menaged so well,
 That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
 Was favoured and to her grace commended :
 But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
 Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

XLVI. 1, 2.—“Pastorella in this episode is Frances Walsingham, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, whom Sir Philip Sidney, who is Calidore, married. Sir Francis Walsingham appears as Melibœ in another of Spenser's poems, *The Ruins of Time*. The character here given to the old shepherd is exactly suitable to Sir Francis, who, for all his great employments, died (6th April, 1590) so poor that his friends had to bury him privately in the night, to prevent his body being seized by his creditors. This daughter and only child, two or three years after Sidney's death, became the wife of the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's celebrated favorite, who was thought in marrying her to descend below his rank. Accordingly, she is here represented as of an apparently humble condition, though, as we shall find, it is afterwards made to appear that she is really of high descent. This is the poet's way of hinting that, as the daughter of Walsingham, although he was only a simple knight, she was a match for any nobleman. Her name, Pastorella, carries an obvious allusion to the *Arcadia*.” CRAIK'S *Spenser and his Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 74. C.

CANTO X.

Candore sees the Graces daunce
 To Colins melody:
 The whiles his Pastorell is led
 Into captivity.

¹ WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
 Whilest Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
 Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
 Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
 That he should never leave, nor be delayd
 From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
 But now, entrapt of Love which him betrayd,
 He mindeth more how he may be relieved
 With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore
 engrieved.

² That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew ¹
 His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
 Another quest, another game in vew
 He hath, the guerdon of his Love to gaine;
 With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
 And set his rest ² amongst the rusticke sort,
 Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
 Of courtly favour, fed with light report
 Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.³

¹ Sew, follow.

² Set his rest, make his abode (a metaphor from primero).

³ I. e. never arriving at his desired object.

3 Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
 From so high step to stoupe unto so low ;
 For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
 The happy peace which there doth overflow,
 And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
 Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
 Would never more delight in painted show
 Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales¹
 T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

4 For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
 Like to one sight which Calidore did vew ?
 The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would
 daze,²
 That never more they should endure the shew
 Of that shunne-shine, that makes them looke askew :
 Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
 (Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
 To which what can compare?) can it compare,³
 The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

5 One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
 Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
 He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,⁴
 Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
 To passe all others on the earth which were :
 For all that ever was by Natures skill
 Devized to worke delight was gathered there ;
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.⁵

¹ *Stales*, lures.

² *Daze*, dazzle.

³ *Compare*, compete with.

⁴ *Troad*, tread.

⁵ *Pill*, rob.

6 It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
 That round about was bordered with a wood
 Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to dis-
 daine;

In which all trees of honour stately stood,
 And did all winter as in sommer bud,
 Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,¹
 Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
 And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
 Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre:

7 And at the fōote thereof a gentle flud
 His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
 Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
 Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
 Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
 But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
 In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,
 And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8 And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
 Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
 Either to daunce, when they to daunce would
 faine,²
 Or else to course-about their bases³ light;
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale⁴:
 So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight

¹ *Bowre*, lodge.

³ I. e. races (from the game of prison-base).

² *Faine*, desire.

⁴ *Bale*, sorrow.

Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped¹ was Mount Acidale.

9 They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court
And in her souveraine maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

10 Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,²
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

11 He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,

¹ *Cleeped*, called.

² *Hight*, high.

IX. 6. — *Cytheron*.] The similarity of the names Cythera and Cithæron led our old poets into the mistake of supposing this mountain to be a favorite haunt of Venus. C.

Beholding all, yet of them unespide:
 There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
 That even he himselfe his eyes envýde,
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white
 All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

12 All they without were raunged in a ring,
 And daunced round; but in the midst of them
 Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
 The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
 And like a girlond did in compasse stemme¹:
 And in the midst of those same three was placed
 Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
 Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
 That with her goodly presence all the rest much
 graced.

13 Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
 Upon her yvory forehead that same day
 That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
 When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
 With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,²
 Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
 And is unto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her move in order excellent.

¹ I. e. confine them in a circle.

² *Dismay*, defeat.

XIII. 4. — *When the bold Centaures, &c.*] It was at the wedding of Pirithous, and not of Theseus, that the Centaurs and Lapithæ quarrelled. H.

14 Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
 But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
 Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
 Did her beseeme: and ever, as the crew
 About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
 And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
 But, most of all, those Three did her with gifts endew.

15 Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night.
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
 And all that Venus in herselfe doth vaunt
 Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,¹
 Was she to whom that Shepheard pypt alone;
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

16 She was, to weete, that iolly Shepheards lasse,
 Which piped there unto that merry rout;
 That iolly Shepheard which there piped was
 Poore Colin Clout. (Who knowes not Colin
 Clout?)
 He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
 Pype, iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
 Unto thy Love, that made thee low to lout²;

¹ *Paravaunt*, in front.

² *Lout*, bow.

XVI. 4. — *Poore Colin Clout.*] Colin Clout is Spenser, and the fair lass his wife.

Thy Love is present there with thee in place;
Thy Love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

17 Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of Beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

18 But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the Shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote
learne:

19 And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake:
“Haile, iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote these dainty damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
playes:

Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see !
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ?”

20 “ Not I so happy,” answerd then that swaine,
“ As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe ;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselves list so to grace.”
“ Right sorry I,” saide then Sir Calidore,
“ That my ill fortune did them hence displace :
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues
so sore.”

21 Tho gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate :
“ Then wote, thou Shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
That all those ladies which thou sawest late
Are Venus damzels, all within her fee,¹
But differing in honour and degree :
They all are Graces which on her depend ;
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend ;
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her attend.

22 “ They are the daughters of sky-ruling Iove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,²
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.

¹ *Fee*, pay or service.

² I. e. Æacides, Peleus.

The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
 Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry ;
 Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth do
 cherry¹!

23 “ These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 To make them lovely or well-favoured show ;
 As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 Sweete semblaunt,² friendly offices that bynde,
 And all the complements of curtesie.
 They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
 We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
 To friends, to foes ; which skill men call Civility.

24 “ Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be ;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see
 Simple and true, from covert malice free ;
 And eeke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
 That two of them still froward³ seem'd to bee,
 But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore ;
 That good should from us goe, then come, in greater
 store.

¹ *Cherry*, cherish.

³ *Froward*, from-ward, turning away.

² *Semblaunt*, appearance, manners.

XXIV. 9. — *That good should, &c.*] Thereby intimating that good should go from us in greater store than come to us; that we should give more than we receive. H.

25 "Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them
traced,¹

Who can aread² what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced³!
But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

26 "So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue, that beseemes her well,
Doth she excede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

27 "Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree⁴;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

¹ *Traced*, stepped, danced.

² *Aread*, guess.

³ *Enraced*, implanted.

⁴ I. e. the measure of her rank.

- 28 "Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Maiesty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime¹ of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"
- 29 When thus that shepherd ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore: "Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.
- 30 In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,²
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,³
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling
share.

¹ I. e. one very little song.

² Red, spoke.

³ Fare, go.

31 But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
 His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
 And to renue the rigour of his smart;
 Which to recure, no skill of leaches art
 Mote him availe, but to returne againe
 To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
 Dinting¹ his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
 Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the
 maine.

32 So, taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
 His backe returned to his rusticke wonne,²
 Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
 To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,
 He daily did apply himselfe to donne³
 All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
 By which he might her to his love allure,
 And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

33 And evermore the shepherd Coridon,
 Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,⁴
 Did strive to match with strong contention,
 And all his paines did closely emulate;
 Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
 Or to present her with their labours late;
 Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
 To him, the shepherd streight with iealousie did frize.⁵

¹ *Dinting*, denting, piercing.

² *Wonne*, dwelling.

³ *Donne*, do.

⁴ *Aggrate*, gratify.

⁵ *Frize*, freeze.

- 34 One day, as they all three together went
 To the greene wood to gather strawberries,
 There chaunst to them a dangerous accident :
 A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
 That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
 And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
 Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize ;
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
 Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her¹ all to late.
- 35 Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast
 To reskue her ; but, when he saw the feend,
 Through cowerd feare he fled away as fast,
 Ne durst abide the daunger of the end ;
 His life he steemed dearer then his frend :
 But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend
 His Loves deare spoile, in which his heart was
 prayde,²
 He ran at him enraged, in stead of being frayde.
- 36 He had no weapon but his shepherds hooke
 To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will ;
 With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
 That to the ground astonished he fell ;
 Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,³
 And, hewing off his head, [he] it presented
 Before the feete of the faire Pastorell ;
 Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
 A thousand times him thank't that had her death pre-
 vented.

¹ Drayton suggested, with great probability, *ere*. COLLIER.

² I. e. of which his own heart was the prey. ³ *Quell*, kill.

37 From that day forth she gan him to affect,
 And daily more her favour to augment;
 But Coridon for cowherdize reiect,
 Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
 The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.¹
 Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
 But usde him friendly for further intent,
 That by his fellowship he colour might
 Both his estate and love from skill² of any wight.

38 So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
 With humble service, and with daily sute,
 That at the last unto his will he brought her;
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
 That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
 And ioyed long in close³ felicity:
 Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
 That envies lovers long prosperity,
 Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

39 It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
 Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
 A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
 That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
 But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
 Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
 The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
 And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
 And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

¹ *Disparagement*, unequal or unworthy match.

² *Skill*, knowledge.

³ *Close*, secret.

40 Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,¹
 They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
 And all his people captive led away ;
 Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
 Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
 Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,²
 Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
 That ever liv'd, and th' onely ³ glory of his might.

41 With them also was taken Coridon,
 And carried captive by those theeves away ;
 Who in the covert of the night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
 Unto their dwelling did them close convey.
 Their dwelling in a little island was,
 Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
 Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
 Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras :

42 For underneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
 For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
 From view of living wight and covered over ;
 But darknesse dred and daily ⁴ night did hover
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt ;
 Ne lightned was the window, nor with lover,⁵
 But with continuall candlelight, which delt
 A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

¹ *Pray*, plunder.

² *Sight*, sighed.

³ I. e. chief.

⁴ I. e. in the daytime.

⁵ *Lover*, opening (in the roof).

43 Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward ;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in dark-
nesse dwell.

44 But for to tell the dolefull dreriment¹
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade² —
But what befell her in that theevish wonne,³
Will in an other canto better be begonne.

¹ *Dreriment*, sorrow.

² *Glade*, gladden.

³ *Wonne*, dwelling.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
 Whilest Melibee is slain:
 Her Calidore from them redeemes,
 And bringeth backe againe.

1 THE ioyes of love, if they should ever last
 Without affliction or disquietnesse
 That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse
 Likier to heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
 Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
 To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2 Like as is now befallne to this faire mayd,
 Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
 Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage
 strong
 Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
 That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew¹
 And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt
 hew.

¹ Rew, lament.

3 Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
 It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
 That he which was their capitaine profest,
 And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
 One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
 With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
 Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
 Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

4 At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
 And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,¹
 That her alone he for his part desired
 Of all the other pray which they had got,
 And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
 From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
 And sought her love by all the meanes he mote ;
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,²
 And mixed threats among, and much unto her
 vowed.

5 But all that ever he could do or say
 Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
 Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
 To graunt him favour or afford him love :
 Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behove ;
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

¹ *Whot*, hot.

² *Wowed*, wooed.

6 At last, when him she so impórtune¹ saw,
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
 Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,²
 She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
 Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall :
 A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7 So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
 With better tearmes she did him entertaine,³
 Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
 That he in time her ioyaunce should obtaine :
 But when she saw, through that small favours gaine,
 That further then she willing was he prest ;
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
 A sodaine sicknesse which her sore opprest,
 And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

8 By meanes whereof she would not him permit
 Once to approch to her in privity,
 But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,
 And seeking all things meete for remedy :
 But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
 Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde :
 Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the mynde.

¹ *Impórtune*, importunate.

³ *Entertaine*, receive.

² I. e. to act to her as foe or friend.

9 During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
 It chaunst a sort¹ of merchants, which were wount
 To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
 And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
 Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,²
 T' inquire for slaves; where, being readie met
 By some of these same theeves, at the instant
 brunt,³

Were brought unto their captaine, who was set
 By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10 To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
 Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
 And therefore prayd that those same captives there
 Mote to them for their most commodity⁴
 Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
 This their request the Captaine much appalled;
 Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
 And willed streight the slaves should forth be
 called,

And sold for most advantage, not to be forstalled.⁵

11 Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought,
 And Coridon, with many other moe,
 Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
 All which he to the marchants sale did shoue:
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
 Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,

¹ *Sort*, company.

² *Blunt*, rude, wild.

³ I. e. first encounter.

⁴ *Commodity*, advantage.

⁵ I. e. without reserve.

Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
 The more t' augment her price through praise of
 comlinesse.

12 To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
 Made answer, that the mayd of whom they spake
 Was his owne purchase¹ and his onely prize;
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
 Little for him to have one silly² lasse;
 Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
 That nothing meet in marchandise to passe:
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake
 she was.

13 The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
 And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
 Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,³
 In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, and what through de-
 light,
 A while on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

14 At last, when all the rest them offred were,
 And prises⁴ to them placed at their pleasure,

¹ *Purchase*, booty.

³ *Regard*, estimation, worth.

² *Silly*, simple.

⁴ *Prises*, prices.

They all refused in regard of her ;
 Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
 Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold :
 But then the Captaine, fraught with more displeasure,
 Bad them be still ; his Love should not be sold ;
 The rest take if they would ; he her to him would
 hold.

15 Therewith some other of the chieftest theeves
 Boldly him bad him such iniurie forbear ;
 For that same mayd, however it him greeves,
 Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
 To make the prises of the rest more deare.
 That with great rage he stoutly doth denay¹ ;
 And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
 That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
 It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell² pay.

16 Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
 They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
 And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
 Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
 But making way for death at large to walke ;

¹ *Denay*, refuse.

² *Handsell*, earnest.

XVI. 4. — *Ne leaving any balke.*] That is, leaving no space untouched; unrelentingly. A *balk* is a strip of greensward left unploughed, either accidentally, or to serve as a boundary between different occupancies in a common field. C.

Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
stalke,

And makes huge havocke ; whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no skill¹ nor difference of wight.

17 Like as a sort² of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray ;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,³
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and
teare,
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare :
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

18 But, first of all, their captives they doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will :
Old Melibœ is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide⁴ ;
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

19 But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,

¹ *Skill*, discrimination.

³ I. e. attack each other.

² *Sort*, company.

⁴ *Wide*, extensively.

Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
 His target alwayes over her pretended¹;
 By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
 Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
 Launcht through the arme fell down with him in
 drierie swound.

20 There lay she covered with confused preasse²
 Of carcasses, which dying on her fell.
 Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease;
 And each to other calling did compell
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all were gone.
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well;
 And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

21 Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
 Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds uphild³;
 Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
 With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
 Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
 Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
 And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
 To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie
 night.

¹ *Pretended*, stretched over.

² *Preasse*, press.

³ *Uphild*, upheld.

22 But, when they mov'd the carcasses aside,
 They found that life did yet in her remaine.
 Then all their helps they busily applyde
 To call the soule backe to her home againe ;
 And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
 That they to life recovered her at last :
 Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
 Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,¹
 With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

23 There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
 Of those, that, having saved her from dying,
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
 What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying !
 Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
 Albe with all their might those Brigants her did
 keepe.

24 But when they saw her now reliv'd ² againe,
 They left her so, in charge of one, the best
 Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
 And cruell rigour her did much molest ;
 Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
 And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
 That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
 So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
 And turne we backe to Calidore, where we him found.

¹ *Brast*, burst, broken.

² *Reliv'd*, brought to life.

25 Who when he backe returned from the wood,
 And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
 And his Love reft away, he wexed wood¹
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
 That even his hart, for very fell despight,
 And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
 He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,²
 And fared³ like a furious wyld beare,
 Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other-
 where.

26 Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
 Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
 That more increast the anguish of his paine.
 He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
 He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
 The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
 The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
 Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
 found.

27 At last, as there he romed up and downe,
 He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
 With ragged weedes,⁴ and lockes upstaring hye,
 As if he did from some late daunger fly,
 And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
 Who as he unto him approached nye,

¹ Wood, frantic.

² Sight, sighed.

³ Fared, acted.

⁴ Weedes, clothes.

He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly¹ shepherds hynd.²

28 Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt, where were the rest,
Where Pastorell. Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew;
Where was his Pastorell; where all the other crew.

29 "Ah! well away," sayd he, then sighing sore,
"That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye!"
"Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the death dare ever her to quell³!
But read,⁴ thou shepheard, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and
tell."

30 Tho, when the shepheard breathed had a whyle,
He thus began: "Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyled all our cots, and caried us from hence;

¹ *Silly*, simple.

² *Hynd*, servant.

³ *Quell*, kill.

⁴ *Read*, explain.

Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
 To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
 Or how those theeves, whilst one sought her to hold,
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31 "In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
 This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
 Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
 First all the captives, which they here had hent,¹
 Were by them slaine by generall consent;
 Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
 These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
 But when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
 Their captaine long withstood, and did her death
 forstall.²

32 "But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
 It could not boot; needs mote she die at last!
 I onely scapt through great confusione
 Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
 In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast,
 That better were with them to have bene dead
 Then here to see all desolate and wast,
 Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead,³
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to
 lead."

33 When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,⁴
 His heart quite deaded was with anguish great,

¹ *Hent*, taken.

² *Forstall*, prevent.

³ *Iollyhead*, merriment.

⁴ *Raught*, reached, received.

And all his wits with doole¹ were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death itselſe unto himſelſe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft, that he were preſent there
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had bene to her ſuccour nere.

34 But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent itselſe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt
How he might ſave her life, if life did laſt;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to
breake.

35 Tho Coridon he prayd, ſith he well knew
The readie way unto that theeviſh wonne,²
To wend with him, and be his conduct³ trew
Unto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne:
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late for-
donne,⁴
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did ſhonne:
Yet Calidore ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

¹ *Doole*, grief.

² *Wonne*, dwelling.

³ *Conduct*, conductor.

⁴ I. e. whoſe courage was deſtroyed.

- 36 So forth they goe together, God before,¹
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,²
And both with shepheards hookes; but Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best
assay.
- 37 There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flocks the which those theeves had
reft
From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare;
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards,³ themselves then
kept:
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But, when he saw the theeves which did them
keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.
- 38 But Calidore, recomforting his grieve,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare disswade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade;
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade

¹ I. e. with the favor of God.

³ *Heards*, herdsmen.

² *Agreeably*, alike.

Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
 But he, that in his mind had closely¹ made
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,
 But, gently waking them, gave them the time of day.²

39 Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
 Of sundrie things he purpose³ gan to faine,
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene
 Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine :
 Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
 What mister men,⁴ and eke from whence they were.
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,⁵
 That they were poore heardgroomes, the which
 whylere
 Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre
 elsewhere.

40 Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
 To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe :
 For they themselves were evill⁶ groomes, they sayd,
 Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
 But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
 Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
 To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe;
 For they for better hyre did shortly looke :
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky for
 sooke.

¹ *Closely*, secretly.

² *I. e.* a salutation appropriate to the time of day.

³ *Purpose*, conversation.

⁴ *Mister men*, sort of men.

⁵ *I. e.* as suited their appearance.

⁶ *I. e.* unskilful.

41 Tho, when as towards darksome night it drew,
 Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought;
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
 And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
 There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
 That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
 Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
 Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
 But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most possest.

42 At length, when they occasion fittest found,
 In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
 After a late forray, and slept full sound,
 Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
 Having of late by diligent inquest
 Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
 With which he streight went to the Captaines
 nest:
 But Coridon durst not with him consort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.¹

43 When to the cave they came, they found it fast:
 But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
 The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast²:
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light³
 Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight,
 Encountring him, with small resistance slew:
 The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new⁴
 Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew

¹ *Effort*, struggle.

² *Upbrast*, burst open.

³ *Light*, easily.

⁴ *Of new*, anew, again.

44 But when as Calidore was comen in,
 And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
 Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,¹
 She sudden was revived therewithall,
 And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall.²
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
 At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
 On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be
 lost.

45 Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
 Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
 Like lyfull³ heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feele that long for death had sought:
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
 When he her found; but, like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand morc.

46 But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
 The hue and cry was raysed all about;
 And all the Brigants, flocking in great store,
 Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
 But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
 And, entertayning⁴ them with courage stout,
 Still slew the formost that came first to hand;
 So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

¹ *Sin*, since.³ *Lyfull*, life-full.² *Thrall*, captive, dejected.⁴ *Entertayning*, receiving.

47 Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcasses he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,¹
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assaying him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48 How many flyes in whottest sommers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare²;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth
wide.

49 Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choycest pray,
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That, none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

¹ Say, assay, temper.

² I. e. deal.

50 Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speeches and with lovely¹ cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath² at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

51 This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and treasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent:
But Fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his Love betake³;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,⁴
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

¹ *Lovely*, loving.

² *Uneath*, with difficulty.

³ *Betake*, deliver to.

⁴ *Make*, mate.

CANTO .XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
 Her parents understands.
 Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
 Subdew, and bynd in bands.

¹ LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
 Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
 With which her winged speed is let¹ and crost
 And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
 Yet, making many a borde² and many a bay,
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,
 Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

² For all that hetherto hath long delayd
 This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
 To shew the courtesie by him profest
 Even unto the lowest and the least.
 But now I come into my course againe,
 To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
 Who all this while at will did range and raine,
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

¹ *Let*, hindered.

² I. e. tack.

3 Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught¹
 Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
 Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
 Whereof was lord the good Sir Bellamoure ;
 Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
 A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
 And had endured many a dreadfull stoure²
 In bloudy battell for a ladie deare,
 The fayrest ladie then of all that living were :

4 Her name was Claribell ; whose father hight
 The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
 For his great riches and his greater might :
 He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
 This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
 Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere ;
 But she, whose sides before with secret wound
 Of love to Bellamoure empierced were.
 By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.³

¹ *Raught*, reached, rescued.

³ *Fere*, mate.

² *Stoure*, struggle.

III. 3. — *The Castle of Belgard.*] Upton has ingeniously suggested that the Castle of Belgard is meant for Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Rutland, and that the name of Sir Bellamoure may contain an allusion to the real name of the lords of the castle, Mannors (*Mœurs*). The descent of this noble family from the royal house of York might then be signified by the description of Claribel's father in the beginning of the fourth stanza, and we should infer from the sixth verse that the lady whom Claribel would represent (a sister of King Edward IV.) had been intended for the king of Scotland. C.

5 And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few :
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw ;
Yet did so streightly them a sunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

6 Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his Love sometimes he came in place ;
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought :
Which she streightway (for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge at-
tyre.

7 The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight :
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,¹
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

¹ *Mold*, mole.

8 Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case ;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place ;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet¹ what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde ;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

9 At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place ; where when he wrapped
found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound ;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound ;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst and named evermore.

10 Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands ; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all :
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

¹ Weet, know.

11 Both whom they goodly well did entertaine ;
 For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
 And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field : als ¹ Claribell
 No lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
 Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
 There they a while together thus did dwell
 In much delight, and many ioyes among,
 Untill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

12 Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize ²
 Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
 Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forslacked ³ had so sore ;
 That much he feared least reprochfull blame
 With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore ;
 Besides the losse of so much loos ⁴ and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

13 Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
 Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
 To leave his Love, now perill being past,
 With Claribell ; whylest he that monster sought
 Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
 So, taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
 Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him be-
 fell.

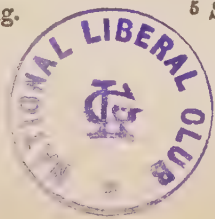
¹ *Als*, also.

² *Advize*, bethink.

³ *Forslacked*, procrastinated.

⁴ *Loos*, praise.

- 14 But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
 In this exploite, me needeth to declare
 What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
 During his absence left in heavy care,
 Through daily morning and nightly misfare¹:
 Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
 To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
 And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.
- 15 Who in a morning, when this mayden faire
 Was dighting² her, having her snowy brest
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
 Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
 The rosie marke, which she remembred well
 That litle infant had, which forth she kest,³
 The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
 The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.
- 16 Which well avizing,⁴ streight she gan to cast
 In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
 Was that same Infant which, so long sith⁵ past,
 She in the open fields had loosely layd
 To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
 So, full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast
 Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
 To tell her how the heavens had her graste,
 To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was
 plaste.

¹ *Misfare*, mishap.² *Dighting*, dressing.³ *Kest*, cast.⁴ *Avizing*, considering.⁵ *Sith*, time, since.

17 The sober mother, seeing such her mood,
 Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,¹
 Askt her how mote her words be understood,
 And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
 "My liefе,²" sayd she, "ye know that long ygo,
 Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 A little mayde, the which ye chylded³ tho;
 The same againe if now ye list to have,
 The same is yonder lady, whom High God did save."

18 Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
 And gan to question streight how she it knew.
 "Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it teach;
 For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
 The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
 Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
 Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,⁴
 Matched with equall years,⁵ do surely priue
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet
 doth live."

19 The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the straunger mayd;
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainely saw displayd:
 Then, her embracing twixt her armēs twaine,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd:

¹ *Thro*, emotion.

³ *Chylded*, gave birth to.

² *Liefe*, dear.

⁴ I. e. her form (or appearance) resembling yours.

⁵ I. e. corresponding with the distance of time.

“And livest thou, my Daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine¹?”

20 Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young mayd, whom chance to her pre-
sents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

21 Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde²
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy describe³:
For other none such passion can contrive⁴
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was; that nigh she swelt⁵
For passing ioy, which did all into pittie melt.

22 Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.

¹ *Faine*, imagine.

² *Fylde*, recorded, stored up.

³ *Describe*, describe.

⁴ *Contrive*, conceive.

⁵ *Swelt*, died.

There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
 Of Calidore ; who, seeking all this while
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
 Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
 Him follow'd by the tract¹ of his outrageous spoile.

23 Through all estates² he found that he had past,
 In which he many massacres had left,
 And to the Clergy now was come at last ;
 In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
 He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
 Who now no place besides unsought had left,
 At length into a monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoyling all with maine and
 might.

24 Into their cloysters now he broken had,
 Through which the monckes he chaced here and
 there,
 And them pursu'd into their dortours³ sad,
 And searched all their cels and secrets neare ;
 In which what filth and ordure did appeare
 Were yrkesome to report ; yet that foule Beast,

¹ *Tract*, trace.

³ *Dortours*, dormitories.

² *Estates*, ranks of life.

XXIII. 9. — *Where he him found despoyling, &c.*] The Blatant Beast, in general, represents Calumny or Slander; but here the poet seems to allude to the outrages committed upon monasteries and religious houses by the Puritans, in the early stages of the Reformation. H.

Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
 And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
 Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.¹

25 From thence into the sacred church he broke,
 And robd the chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
 And altars fouled, and blasphemý spoke,
 And th' images, for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew²;
 So all confounded and disordered there:
 But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
 Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
 But he, him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

26 Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
 And, fierce assailing, forst him turne againe:
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
 With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
 With open mouth, that seemed to containe
 A full good pecke within the utmost³ brim,
 All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
 That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim:

27 And therein were a thousand tongs empight⁴
 Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;

¹ *Heast*, command.

² *Rew*, pity, lament.

³ *Utmost*, outmost.

⁴ *Empight*, placed.

And some of cats, that wrawling¹ still did cry;
 And some of beares, that groynd² continually;
 And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren³
 And snar⁴ at all that ever passed by:
 But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
 Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor
 when.

28 And them amongst were mingled here and there
 The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
 That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,⁵
 At all that came within his ravenings;
 And spake licentious words and hatefull things
 Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
 Ne kesars⁶ spared he a whit, nor kings;
 But either blotted them with infamie,
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

29 But Calidore, thereof no whit afraid,
 Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
 That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
 And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
 And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
 That fomed all about his bloody iawes:
 Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
 He rampt⁷ upon him with his ravenous pawes,
 As if he would have rent him with his cruell
 clawes:

¹ *Wrawling*, wauling.

² *Groynd*, grunted, growled.

³ *Gren*, grin.

⁴ *Snar*, snarl.

⁵ *Gere*, stuff.

⁶ *Kesars*, emperors.

⁷ *Rampt*, leaped.

30 But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that, in bloody stall,
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31 Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloody gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himselfe upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
And fared¹ like a feend right horrible in hew:

32 Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

¹ *Fared*, acted.

33 Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
 By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
 And sharpely at him to revile and raile
 With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
 Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
 Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
 Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
 Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
 But strained him so streightly¹ that he chokt him
 neare.

34 At last, when as he found his force to shrincke
 And rage to quaille, he took a muzzell strong
 Of surest yron made with many a lincke;
 Therewith he mured² up his mouth along,
 And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
 For³ never more defaming gentle knight,
 Or unto lovely lady doing wrong:
 And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,⁴
 With which he drew him forth, even in his own de-
 spight.

35 Like as whylóme that strong Tirynthian swaine
 Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell
 Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
 And roring horribly did him compell
 To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell

¹ *Streightly*, closely.

² *Mured*, closed.

³ I. e. to prevent, &c.

⁴ *Tight*, tied.

XXXV. 1. — *Like as*, &c.] The reference is of course to the legend of Hercules and Cerberus.

To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
 And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
 For aye in darknesse which day-light doth shonne :
 So led this knight his captyve with like conquest
 wonne.

36 Yet greatly did the Beast repine¹ at those
 Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
 Ne ever any durst till then impose ;
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
 Him liberty was left aloud to rore :
 Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
 The proved powre of noble Calidore ;
 But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
 And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

37 Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had obedience long,
 That all the people, whereso he did go,
 Out of their townes did round about him throng,
 To see him leade that beast in bondage strong,
 And, seeing it, much wondred at the sight ;
 And all such persons as he earst did wrong
 Reioyced much to see his captive plight,
 And much admyr'd² the Beast, but more admyr'd² the
 Knight.

38 Thus was this monster, by the maystring³ might
 Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,
 That never more he mote endammadge wight

¹ *Repine*, fret.

³ *Maystring*, mastering.

² *Admyr'd*, wondered at.

With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
 And many causelesse caused to be blamed :
 So did he eeke long after this remaine,
 Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
 Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

39 Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath¹ he
 wrought

To mortall men then he had done before ;
 Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
 Into like bands, ne maystred any more :
 Albe that, long time after Calidore,
 The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
 And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
 And all his brethren borne in Britaine land ;
 Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

40 So now he raungeth through the world againe,
 And rageth sore in each degree and state ;
 Ne any is that may him now restraine,
 He growen is so great and strong of late,
 Barking and biting all that him doe bate,²
 Albe they³ worthy blame, or cleare of crime ;
 Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
 Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime ;
 But rends, without regard of person or of time.

41 Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venemous despite,

¹ *Scath*, injury.

³ *Albe they*, whether they be.

² *Bate*, bait.

More then my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,¹
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.²

Therfore do you, my rimes, keep better measure.
And seeke to please ; that now is counted wisemens
threasure.

¹ *Wite*, blame.

² *Endite*, indict, accuse.

XLI. 6. — *Mighty Peres displeasure.*] This is probably the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who is well known to have been unfriendly to the poet. He is supposed to have been offended with Spenser's satire upon Bishop Aylmer (Ellmor), under the name of Morell, in the seventh eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar. H.

TWO CANTOS
OF MUTABILITIE:
WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE
PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.*

CANTO VI.

Proud Change, not pleas'd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne,
Pretends as well of gods as men
To be the soveraine.

- ¹ WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay¹?

¹ *Decay*, destruction.

* These two cantos, and the fragment of the third, were not published during Spenser's life. They appeared for the first time in the folio edition of the *Faerie Queene*, published in 1609, without any further preface or explanation than is given above. H.

Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought from them
to beare.

2 But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment¹;
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

3 And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority:
As Hecatè, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her
pride.

4 So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine;
That as a goddesse men might her admire,

¹ *Regiment*, government.

And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine :
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine ;
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed),
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

5 For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet
durst
Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

6 Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie ;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie :
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,
By which we all are subiect to that curse,
And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our nurse !

7 And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,

And Iove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
 And first, she past the region of the ayre
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,¹
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

8 Thence to the circle of the Moone she clambe,
 Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
 All fairely deckt with heavens goodly story;
 Whose silver gates, by which there sat an hory
 Old aged sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
 Hight Tyme, she entred, were he lief or sory²;
 Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,³
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

9 Her sitting on an ivory throne shee found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
 white,
 Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
 That duly her attended day and night;
 And by her side there ran her page, that hight
 Vesper, whom we the evening starre intend⁴;
 That with his torche, still twinkling like twylight,
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
 And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

10 That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
 The goodly building of her palace bright,

¹ *Contraire*, withstand.

² I. e. willing or unwilling.

³ *Scand*, climbed up to.

⁴ *Intend*, understand to be.

Made of the heavens substance, and upheld
 With thousand crystall pillors of huge hight;
 Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
 And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned.
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious¹, might
 Her to displace, and to herselfe to have gained
 The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.²

11 Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
 And let herselfe into that ivory throne;
 For shee herselfe more worthy thereof wend,³
 And better able it to guide alone;
 Whether to men whose fall she did bemone,
 Or unto gods whose state she did maligne,
 Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
 Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
 Herselfe of all that rule shee deemed most con-
 digne.⁴

12 But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
 By highest Iove assign'd, therein to beare
 Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
 Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
 But, with sterne countenance and disdainfull
 cheare
 Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
 And, boldly blaming her for comming there,
 Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,
 Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

¹ *Tortious*, wrongful.

² *Wained*, waned, decreased.

³ *Wend*, weened.

⁴ *Condigne*, worthy.

13 Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare ;
 But, boldly preacing¹ on, raught² forth her hand
 To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire ;
 And, therewith lifting up her golden wand,
 Threatned to strike her if she did withstand :
 Whereat the Starres, which round about her blazed,
 And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
 All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
 And on her uncouth³ habit and sterne looke still
 gazed.

14 Meane while the lower world, which nothing knew
 Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite ;
 And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
 Of happy wights, now unpurvaide⁴ of light,
 Were much afraid and wondred at that sight ;
 Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
 And brought againe on them eternall night ;
 But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
 Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to plaine.

15 All ran together with a great out-cry
 To Ioves faire palace fixt in heavens hight ;
 And, beating at his gates full earnestly,

¹ *Preacing*, pressing.

² *Raught*, reached.

³ *Uncouth*, strange.

⁴ *Unpurvaide*, unprovided.

XIV. 8. — *But chiefly Mercury, &c.*] According to the Ptolemaic system, Mercury was the planet nearest to the moon, and therefore might be supposed first to have discovered this disturbance in that region; and he was the most proper person (as messenger of the gods) to carry the intelligence to Jupiter. CHURCH.

Gan call to him aloud, with all their might,
 To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
 The father of the gods, when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
 Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
 Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.¹

16 Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
 Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
 The cause of this so strange astonishment,
 And why shee did her wonted course forslowe²;
 And, if that any were on earth belowe
 That did with charmes or magick her molest,
 Him to attache,³ and downe to hell to throwe;
 But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
 The author, and him bring before his presence prest.⁴

17 The wingd-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
 That soone he came whereas the Titanesse
 Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
 At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
 Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
 At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse,
 Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
 Or come before high Iove her dooings to discharge.⁵

18 And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
 His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power

¹ *Fear'd*, frightened.

² *Forslowe*, delay.

³ *Attache*, attack.

⁴ *Prest*, quickly.

⁵ *Discharge*, clear from blame.

Doth make both gods and hellish fiends affraid :
Whereat the Titanesse did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Iove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthias silver bower ;
Sith shee his Iove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's selfe ; but all their kingdoms
sought.

19 The heavens herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord ; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregate :
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,¹
Save Iove ; who, changing nought his count'nance
bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise un-
fold :

20 " Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers :
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed ;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite ;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despise.

¹ *Amate*, confound.

21 "Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
 That now with bold presumption doth aspire
 To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
 And eke ourselves from heavens high empire,
 If that her might were match to her desire:
 Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
 What way is best to drive her to retire;
 Whether by open force or counsell wise:
 Areed,¹ ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise."

22 So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
 Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
 And even the highest powers of heaven to check)
 Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
 Who straight gan cast² their counsell grave and
 wise.

Meanwhile th' Earths daughter, thogh she nought
 did reck

Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
 What course were best to take in this hot bold em-
 prize.

23 Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the gods
 (After returne of Hermes embassie)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods;
 Before they could new counsels re-allie,³
 To set upon them in that extasie,
 And take what fortune time and place would lend:
 So forth she rose, and through the purest sky

¹ *Areed*, declare.

³ *Re-allie*, rally, re-collect.

² *Cast*, consider.

To Ioves high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot : good onset boads good end.

24 Shee, there arriving, boldly in did pass ;
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose :
But Iove, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby¹ ;
And in his souveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

25 That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All² were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld ;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience ;
Untill that Iove himselfe herselfe bespake :
“ Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence ;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now
make ?
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake ? ”

26 Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund :
“ I am a daughter, by the mothers side,

¹ *Aby*, abide.

² *All*, although.

Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
 Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child :
 But by the fathers, (be it not envide,)
 I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
 Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven
 exil'd.

27 " For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
 Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right ;
 Both sonnes of Uranus ; but by uniust
 And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,¹
 The younger thrust the elder from his right :
 Since which thou, Ioue, iniuriously hast held
 The heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might ;
 And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld :
 Witnesse, ye heavens, the truth of all that I have
 teld ² ! "

28 Whil'st she thus spake, the gods, that gave good eare
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
 (Beeing of stature tall as any there
 Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
 As any of the goddesses in place,)
 Stood all astonied ; like a sort³ of steeres,
 Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race

¹ *Slight*, trick.

² *Teld*, told.

³ *Sort*, herd.

XXVII. 1. — *For Titan, &c.*] Titan was the elder brother of Saturn, but permitted him to occupy the throne of heaven, provided he reared no male children. The birth of Jupiter was concealed from his father, Saturn, and he was secretly brought up by the Corybantes. H.

Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres,
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29 Till, having pauz'd awhile, Iove thus bespake.
" Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine:

30 " But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge¹ th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that, he shooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft² his burning levin-brond³ in hand he tooke.

31 But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,

¹ *Challenge*, claim.

³ *Levin-brond*, thunderbolt.

² *Eft*, quickly.

XXIX. 5. — *Procrustes hire*.] The example of Procrustes is not to the purpose, since he neither offended particularly against Jupiter, nor was punished by him. He was slain by Theseus.
JORTIN.

That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
 (Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare,)
 He staide his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
 He thus againe in milder wise began:
 "But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,¹
 Then shortly should the progeny of man
 Be rooted out, if Iove should doe still what he can!

32 "But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
 Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
 To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
 Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
 Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,²
 Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power be-
 lowe,
 Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
 To bandie crownes, and kingdomes to bestowe;—
 And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to
 showe.

33 "But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
 That not the worth of any living wight
 May challenge ought in heavens interesse³;
 Much lesse the title of old Titans right:
 For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
 And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
 Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright;
 Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
 Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

¹ *Yfere*, together.

² *Spight*, envy.

³ *Interesse*, interest.

34 "Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle;
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
 That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
 Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine,¹
 Have Iove thy gracious lord and soveraigne."
 So having said, she thus to him replide:
 "Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
 Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy side,
 For to betray my right before I have it tride.

35 "But thee, O Iove, no equall² iudge I deeme
 Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
 That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
 But to the highest him, that is behight³
 Father of gods and men by equall might,
 To weet, the god of Nature, I appeale."
 Thereat Iove waxed wroth, and in his spright
 Did inly grudge,⁴ yet did it well conceale;
 And bade Dan Phœbus, Scribe, her appellation seale.

36 Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
 Before great Natures presence should appeare,
 For triall of their titles and best rights:
 That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
 Of Arlo-hill, (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)

¹ *Faine*, desire.

² *Equall*, impartial.

³ *Behight*, called.

⁴ *Grudge*, fret.

XXXVI. 6. — *Of Arlo-hill.*] Arlow, or Arlo, is understood to be what is now called Galtee More, the loftiest of the eastern range of the Ballyhowra Hills, called by Spenser the Mountains of Mole,
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That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

37 And, were it not ill fitting for this file¹
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and
knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds² to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this holy islands highs,)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

38 Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on
ground:

¹ I. e. the thread of this narrative (?). ² *Stounds*, times, scenes.

forming the northern boundary of his estate of Kilcolman in the county of Cork. One of the defiles of Galtee More is still called the Glen of Aharlow. The Mulla is a stream vulgarly called the Awbeg, which flows from the Ballyhowra Hills. CRAIK'S *Spenser and his Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 104. . C.

39 But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
 (Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
 Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus flame,
 Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe
 Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,)
 She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
 With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
 With whom the woody gods did oft consort;
 For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and
 sport:

40 Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
 Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,
 And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
 Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
 That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
 And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
 But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
 Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

41 For, first, she springs out of two marble rocks,
 On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
 That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
 Of som faire bride, brought forth with pompous
 shoves
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
 So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe

XL. 4. — *False Bregog, &c.*] Bregog is another stream flowing from the Ballyhowra hills. See the story in *Colin Clouts come Home againe*, v. 116 - 155. — The Molanna is the Brack-bawn: it flows into the Funcheon, a tributary of the Black-water. C.

Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shee doth
drowne.

42 In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilesome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may:
For much she hated sight of living eye.
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privity.

43 No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady see
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret
bee.

44 Thereto hee promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit¹ her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,

¹ *Quit*, requite.

That he would undertake for this to get her
 To be his Love, and of him liked well :
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell ;
 The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

45 The simple maid did yield to him anone ;
 And eft¹ him placed where he close might view
 That never any saw, save onely one,²
 Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,³
 Was of his hounds devour'd in hunters hew.⁴
 Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
 Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
 To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her array,
 She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Iove a likely ⁵ pray.

46 There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
 That, for great ioy of somewhat he did spy,
 He could him not containe in silent rest ;
 But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
 His foolish thought. A foolish Faune indeed,
 That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
 But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed !⁶
 Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

47 The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke ;
 And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,

¹ *Eft*, at once.

² I. e. Actæon.

³ I. e. due to one so fool-hardy.

⁴ *Hew*, shape.

⁵ I. e. proper.

⁶ *Areed*, utter.

Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare;
But, hanging downe his head, did like a mome¹ ap-
peare.

50 At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would
spill²

The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive,³
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deares skin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how
hee might.

51 But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,⁴
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 't was Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

52 But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast

¹ *Mome*, blockhead.

³ *Drive*, driv, driven.

² *Spill*, spoil.

⁴ *Close consort*, secret accomplice.

Then any deere; so sore him dread aghast.¹
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have brast²;
 That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
 Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

53 So they him follow'd till they weary were;
 When, back returning to Molann' againe,
 They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
 Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus, for her paine,
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
 That her he would receive unto his bed.
 So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
 Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed,
 And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river
 spred.

54 Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
 Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke;
 In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
 All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
 And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
 The richest champion that may else be rid³;
 And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons
 bred.

55 Them all, and all that she so deare did way,⁴
 Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,

¹ *Aghast*, frightened.

² *Brast*, burst, split.

³ *Rid*, conceived.

⁴ *Way*, weigh, esteem.

Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,¹
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast around.
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have
found!

¹ *Space*, roam.

CANTO VII.

Pealing¹ from Iove to Natur's bar,
 Bold Alteration pleades
 Large evidence: but Nature soone
 Her righteous doome areads.²

¹ AH! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,³
 Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
 And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
 This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
 Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens king
 (Thy souveraine sire) his fortunate successe;
 And victory in bigger noates to sing,
 Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
 That him of heavens empire sought to dispossesse?

² Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
 Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
 Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire
 Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
 That art yborne of heaven and heavenly sire,
 Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
 So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

¹ *Pealing*, appealing.

² *Areads*, declares.

³ I. e. Clio.

3 Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo hill ;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will :
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare ;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare¹ ;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

4 And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features ;
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe ;
So full they filled every hill and plaine :
And had not Natures sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

5 Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great Dame
Nature,
With goodly port and gracious maiesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie ;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,²
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry ;
For, with a veile that wimpled³ every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

¹ I. e. keep in awe.

³ *Wimpled*, gathered close.

² *Physnomy*, physiognomy.

6 That, some doe say, was so by skill devized,
 To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized¹;
 For that her face did like a lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not indure to view.
 But others tell that it so beautilous was,
 And round about such beames of splendor threw,
 That it the sunne a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.²

7 That well may seemen true; for well I weene
 That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
 That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
 As those three sacred saints, though else most
 wise,
 Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze³ their
 eyes.

8 In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
 She placed was in a pavilion;
 Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
 Are wont for princes states⁴ to fashion;
 But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
 Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,

¹ *Agrized*, terrified.

² I. e. only by reflection.

³ *Daze*, dazzle.

⁴ *States*, canopies.

Did seeme to bow their bloosming¹ heads full
 lowe
 For homage unto her, and like a throne did shew.

9 So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright,
 The pure well-head of poesie did dwell,
 In his *Foules Parley* durst not with it mel,²
 But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of Kinde* describ'd it well:
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

10 And all the earth far underneath her feete
 Was dight³ with flowres, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
 Tenne thousand mores⁴ of sundry sent and hew,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view,
 The which the nymphes from all the brooks
 thereby
 Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
 That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

¹ *Bloosming*, blooming.

² *Mel*, meddle.

³ *Dight*, covered.

⁴ *Mores*, roots, plants.

IX. 5.—*Foules Parley*.] The seventh and eighth stanzas are in imitation of a passage in Chaucer's *Assembly of Foules* (v. 298–305).

IX. 7.—*Plaint of Kinde*.] A treatise *De Planctu Naturæ*, by Alanus de Insulis, a poet and divine of the twelfth century.

11 And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire ;
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an oaken girland now did tire,
 As if the love of some new nymph late seene
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene :
 Ah ! gentle Mole, such ioyance hath thee well be-
 seene.¹

12 Was never so great ioyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
 Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed² there ;
 Where Phœbus self, that god of poets hight,
 They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
 That all the gods were ravisht with delight
 Of his celestiall song and musicks wondrous might.

13 This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld³ ;
 Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted⁴ ;
 Unseene of any, yet of all beheld ;
 Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
 Before her came Dame Mutabilitie ;

¹ *Beseene*, become.

² *Pointed*, appointed.

³ *Eld*, age.

⁴ *Sted*, place.

And, being lowe before her presence feld,¹
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplife:—

14 “To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat,
Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning² all wrong and tortious³ iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
(Oppressing them with power unequally,)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:

15 “To thee therefore of this same Iove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds
raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee⁴:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

16 “Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse, by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:

¹ *Feld*, prostrated.

² *Damning*, condemning.

³ *Tortious*, unjust.

⁴ *Fee*, property.

As for the gods owne principality,¹
 Which Iove usurpes uniustly, that to be
 My heritage, Iove's self cannot deny,
 From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
 Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

17 " Yet mauger Iove, and all his gods beside,
 I doe possesse the worlds most regiment²;
 As, if ye please it into parts divide,
 And every parts inholders³ to convent,⁴
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
 And first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
 That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
 And unto Mutability not thrall,
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall :

18 " For all that from her springs and is ybredde,
 However fayre it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
 To turne again unto their earthly slime.
 Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,⁵
 We daily see new creatures to arize,
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,⁶
 Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise :
 So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

19 " As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
 The beasts we daily see massácred dy

¹ *Principality*, supremacy.

² *Most regiment*, chief government.

³ I. e. that death which is their defect.

⁴ *Prime*, Spring.

⁵ *Inholders*, inhabitants.

⁶ *Convent*, convene.

As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts ;
 And men themselves doe change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all :
 Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly ;
 But eeke their minds, which they immortall call,
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions
 fall.

20 " Ne is the Water in more constant case ;
 Whether those same on high, or these belowe :
 For th' ocean moveth stil from place to place ;
 And every river still doth ebbe and flowe ;
 Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe,
 Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
 When any winde doth under heaven blowe ;
 With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
 Now like great hills ; and streight, like sluces, them
 unfold.

21 " So likewise are all watry living wights
 Still tost and turned with continuall change,
 Never abyding in their stedfast plights.
 The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,
 And never rest, but evermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them
 carrie :
 Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange¹
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
 But fitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

¹ I. e. dwelling-place.

22 "Next is the Ayre : which who feeles not by sense
 (For of all sense it is the middle meane¹)
 To flit still, and with subtile influence
 Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
 In state of life ? O weake life ! that does leane
 On thing so tickle² as th' unsteady ayre,
 Which every howre is chang'd, and altdred cleane
 With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire :
 The faire doth it prolong ; the fowle doth it impaire.

23 "Therein the changes infinite beholde,
 Which to her creatures every minute chaunce ;
 Now boyling hot ; streight friezing deadly cold ;
 Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce ;
 Streight bitter storms, and balefull countenance,
 That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
 Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
 And dreadfull thunder-claps, that make them quake,
 With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
 make.

24 "Last is the Fire ; which, though it live for ever,
 Ne can be quenched quite, yet, every day,
 Wee see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
 To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;
 So makes himself his owne consuming pray :
 Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
 But all that are of others bredd doth slay,
 And with their death his cruell life dooth feed ;
 Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

¹ I. e. the medium.

² *Tickle*, unstable.

25 "Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork
bee

Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subiect see :
Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous slights
Into themselves, and lose their native might ;
The fire to aire, and th' ayre to water sheere,¹
And water into earth ; yet water fights
With fire, and aire with earth, approaching neere ;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26 "So in them all raignes Mutabilitie ;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and soverainty ;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall ;
Vulcan of this with us so usuall ;
Ops, of the earth, and Iuno, of the ayre ;
Neptune, of seas, and nymphes, of rivers all :
For all those rivers to me subiect are ;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

27 "Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddess, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold ;
As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall :
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or iudge thyselfe, by verdict of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all."
Nature did yeeld thereto ; and by-and-by²
Bade Order call them all before her Maiesty.

¹ *Sheere*, clear.

² *By-and-by*, at once.

28 So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare :

First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres,
That freshly budded and new bloosomes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures¹)
A guilt, engraven morion² he did weare ;
That, as some did him love, so others did him
feare.

29 Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight

In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light :
And on his head a girlond well beseene³
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed⁴ been,
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard⁵ or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated
sore.

30 Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,

As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore :
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolld

¹ *Stoures*, contentions.

² *Morion*, steel cap.

³ *Beseene*, looking.

⁴ *Chauffed*, chafed, heated.

⁵ *Libbard*, leopard.

With eares of corne of every sort, he bore ;
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had
 yold.¹

31 Lastly came Winter cloathed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
 Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
 And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill²
 As from a limbeck did adown distill :
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;
 That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.³

32 These, marching softly, thus in order went.
 And after them the Monthes all riding came :
 First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
 The same which over Hellespontus swam ;
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,⁴
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,⁵
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

¹ *Yold*, yielded.

² *Bill*, nose.

³ *Weld*, wield, move.

⁴ *Hent*, (here,) held.

⁵ *Ysame*, together.

XXXII. 3. — *First, sturdy March.*] March first, because the legal year, at the time of the poet, began with the twenty-fifth of that month C.

33 Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds :
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds ;
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth ; and wet he seem'd
in sight

With waves, through which he waded for his Loves
delight.

34 Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around :
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda ; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their souveraine queene :
Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene !
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

35 And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were ;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well ap-
peare :

Upon a crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode,¹ as bargemen wont to fare,

¹ Yode, went.

Bending their force contráry to their face ;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest
grace.

36 Then came hot Iuly boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away :
Upon a lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay :
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Némæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array :)
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

37 The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground :
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found :
That was the righteous virgin¹ which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
But, after wrong was lov'd and iustice solde,²
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven
extold.²

38 Next him September marched eeke on foote ;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle

¹ I. e. Astræa.

² *Extold*, raised up.

XXXV. 9. — *Like that ungracious crew.*] Warton thinks that this is meant for a stroke against the Puritans, but they certainly feigned no grace at all. It may possibly allude to an affected manner of retiring from a room without turning the back. C.

Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,¹
 And him enricht with bounty of the soyle :
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle²
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equall gave to each as iustice duly scann'd.

39 Then came October full of merry glee ;
 For yet his noule was totty³ of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,⁴
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust⁵
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust⁶ :
 Upon a dreadfull scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Dianaes doom uniust
 Slew great Orion ; and eeke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

40 Next was November ; he full grosse and fat,
 As fed with lard,⁷ and that right well might seeme ;
 For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem⁸ ;

¹ *Boot*, booty.

² *Assoyle*, decide.

³ I. e. his head was unsteady.

⁴ *See*, sea.

⁵ *Gust*, taste.

⁶ *Lust*, enjoyment.

⁷ *Lard*, bacon.

⁸ *Breem*, fierce, severe.

XXXIX. 7. — *Dianaes doom uniust.*] There are several accounts of the death of Orion. According to one, he boasted to Latona and Diana that he could kill anything that came from the earth. Offended at his presumption, they sent a scorpion to him, which stung him so that he died. C.

In planting eeke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

41 And after him came next the chill December :
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad :
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rade,
The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan mayd ;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42 Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds¹ to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,²
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may ;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray³ :
Upon an huge great earth-pot steane⁴ he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Ro-
mane floud.⁵

43 And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,

¹ Weeds, clothes.

² Quell, perish.

³ Spray, twig.

⁴ Earth-pot steane, earthen jar.

⁵ I. e. the Eridanus.

Which through the flood before did softly slyde
 And swim away ; yet had he by his side
 His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime¹ did make them burgein² round.
 So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places
 found.

44 And after these there came the Day and Night,
 Riding together both with equall pase ;
 Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white :
 But Night had covered her uncomely face
 With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
 On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,³
 And Sleep and Darknesse round about did trace⁴ :
 But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
 The goodly sun encompass all with beamës bright.

45 Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
 And timely Night ; the which were all endowed
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love ;
 But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
 That might forslack⁵ the charge to them fore-
 shewed⁶
 By mighty Iove ; who did them porters make
 Of heavens gate, whence all the gods issued,
 Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
 By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

¹ *Prime*, Spring.

² *Burgein*, burgeon, bud.

³ *Pight*, placed.

⁴ *Trace*, move.

⁵ *Forslack*, delay.

⁶ *Foreshewed*, appointed.

46 And after all came Life ; and lastly Death :
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath ;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene :
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to employ.

47 When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse :
“ Lo ! mighty Mother, now be iudge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
Change doth not raign and beare the greatest sway :
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray ?
But times do change and move continually :
So nothing here long standeth in one stay :
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie ? ”

48 Then thus gan Iove : “ Right true it is, that these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise ¹
Of being : but who is it, to me tell,
That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
To keepe his course ? Is not that namely wee,
Which poure that virtue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be ?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.”

¹ *Disseise*, dispossess.

49 To whom thus Mutability: "The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subiect unto
mee?

50 "And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia, whom so much ye
make
Loves dearest darling; she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake¹:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry forms partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and
gray;
So that *as changefull as the moone* men use to say.

51 "Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
Yet he his course doth altar every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
And Phœbus self, who lightsome is alone,

¹ *Crake*, boast.

Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

52 "Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare;
That even these star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and daime their lying bookes:
So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks¹ these have, so many crookes.

53 "But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subiect eeke to this misfare²?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame:
Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by
name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment³ the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; ne other can ap-
peare.

54 "Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me;
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be:
Besides, that power and vertue, which ye spake

¹ *Cranks*, bends, devious courses.

² *Misfare*, going astray: or, misfortune.

³ *Comment*, expound; (perhaps) feign.

That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
 And your owne natures change: for each of you,
 That vertue have or this or that to make,
 Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
 By others opposition or obliquid¹ view.

55 "Besides, the sundry motions of your spheares,
 So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes² faine,
 Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
 What is the same but Alteration plaine?
 Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
 Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
 And even itself is mov'd, as wizards saine³:
 But all that moveth doth Mutation love:
 Therefore both you and them to me I subiect prove.

56 "Then since within this wide great universe
 Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
 But all things tost and turned by transverse;
 What then should let, but I aloft should reare
 My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
 Now iudge then, O thou greatest Goddesses trew,
 According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
 And unto me addoom⁴ that is my dew;
 That is, the rule of all; all being rul'd by you."

57 So having ended, silence long ensewed;
 Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
 But, with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.
 Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,

¹ *Obliquid*, oblique.

² *Clerkes*, learned men.

³ *Wizards saine*, wise ones say.

⁴ *Addoom*, adjudge.

Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the soveraigne place :
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches
few :

58 " I well consider all that ye have sayd ;
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be ; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate ;
But by their change their being doe dilate ;
And, turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate :
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne :
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states
maintaine.

59 " Cease therefore, Daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me :
For thy decay¹ thou seekst by thy desire :
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall
see ! "

So was the Titaness put downe and whist,²
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

¹ Decay, destruction.

² Whist, silenced.

THE VIII. CANTO, UNPERFITE.

1 WHEN I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
 Of Mutability, and well it way;
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the heav'ns rule, yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
 Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
 And love of things so vaine to cast away;
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming
 sickle!

2 Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
 Of that same time when no more change shall be,
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
 Upon the pillours of eternity,
 That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
 For all that moveth doth in change delight:
 But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
 O that great Sabbaoth God graunt me that Sabaoths
 sight!

II. 9. — Spenser confounds *Sabaoth* (hosts) with *Sabbath* (rest). He obviously means the latter only: all things are to "rest eternally with him that is the God of Rest." (v. 7, 8). C.

MISCELLANIES.

VOL. IV.

17



THE
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN,
MOST WORTHY OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF
LEARNING AND CHEVALRIE,

M. PHILIP SIDNEY.

AT LONDON:

Printed by HUGH SINGLETON, dwelling in Creede Lane, neere
unto Ludgate, at the signe of the Gylden Tunne,
and are there to be solde.

1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little Booke, thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,¹
To him that is the president ²
Of noblesse and of chevalree :
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing ;
And, askéd who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his Honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame ;
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeoparddee,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

¹ *Unkent*, unknown.

² *President*, precedent, pattern.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,
BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,
MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E. K.
COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS HIS
LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF
THE NEW POETE.

UNCOUTHE, unkiste,¹ sayde the old famous poete
Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull
skil in making,² his scholler Lidgate, a worthy schol-
ler of so excellent a maister, calleth the loadstarre
of our language: and whom our Colin Clout in his
æglogue calleth Tityrus the god of shepheards, com-
paring hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus,
Virgile. Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma.
Harvey, as in that good old poete it served well Pan-
dares purpose for the bolstering of his baudie brocage,³
so very well taketh place in this our new poete, who,
for that hee is uncouthe, (as said Chaucer,) is unkist,
and unknown to most men, is regarded but of few.
But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into
the knowledg of men, and his woorthines bee sounded

¹ I. e. unknown, unwelcomed.

³ *Brocage*, procuring.

² *Making*, poetry.

in the tromp of Fame, but that hee shall bee not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, imbraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenes, his morall wisenesse, his dewe observing of decorum everye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach; and generally, in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matters, and framing his words: the which, of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the wordes them selves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole periode and compasse of speech so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent authours and most famous poetes. In whom, when as this our poet hath bene much traveiled and thoroughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy oratour sayde,) but that walking in the sonne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those auncient poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical; or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not

amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Saluste, that with overmuch studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importaunce. For, if my memory faile not, Tullie, in that booke wherein he endevoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect oratour, sayth that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray heares, for a certein religious regard which we have of old age. Yet nether every where must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that, as in olde buildings, it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall — for oftentimes we fynde our selves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order — even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightness of brave and glorious wordes. So, ofentimes a

dischorde in musick maketh a comely concordance : so, great delight tooke the worthy poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and unwonted wordes, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning ; for, not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast : for in my opinion it is one speciall praise, of many whych are dew to this poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words as have ben long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the only cause that our mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endevoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine ; not weighing how il those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours : so now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some, not so wel seene¹ in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, crye out straightway that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such as in olde time Evanders mother spake : whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed in their own mother

¹ *Seene*, skilled.

tonge straungers to bee counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they streight way deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to be understode. Much like to the mole in Æsopes fable, that, being blynd herselfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their nourses milke they sucked, they have so base regard & bastard judgement, that they will not onely themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock that so faine would feede: whose currish kinde, though [it] cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke¹ that they refrain from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joynts and members therof, & for al the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnes, such indeede as may be perceyved of the leaste, understoode of the most, but judged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters useth to be loose, and as it were ungyrt,² in this authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spue out the rake-hellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some

¹ I. e. feel gratitude to them.

² I. e. slipshod.

instinct of poetically spirite had newly ravished them above the meannesse of common capacitie. And being, in the midst of all their braverie, suddenly either for want of matter or rhyme, or having forgotten their former conceit, they seeme to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance as it were a woman in childebirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her: "*Os rabidum fera corda domans,*" &c.

Nethelasse, let them a Gods name feede on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, under whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth,

"Of Muses, Hobbin, I conne no skill,"

and

"Enough is me to paint out my unrest," &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly, then, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in æglogues then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most aunient poetes, which devised this kinde of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities, and, as young birdes that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove their tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceive

he was allreadie full fledged. So flewe Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane, as not being full somd.¹ So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diverse other excellent both Italian and French poetes, whose foting this author every where followeth: yet so as few, but they be wel sented, can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new poete, as a birde whose principals² be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Nowe, as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to say much, him selfe laboring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his unstayed yough had long wandred in the common labyrinth of Love; in which time, to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheards, as his equalls and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these xij *Æglogues*, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij monethes, he termeth the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an olde name³ to a new worke. Hereunto have I added a certaine glosse, or scholion,* for the exposition of olde wordes and harder phrases; which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, wil seeme straunge and rare in our tongue: yet, for somuch as I knewe many excellent

¹ *Somd*, summed (a term in falconry), having all the feathers complete.

² *Principals*, two longest feathers.

³ It was the name of a popular almanac.

* Here omitted, it being sometimes incorrect, often insufficient, and very often superfluous. C.

and proper devises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as unknown, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his: which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his frendship, him selfe being for long time furre estraunged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth diverse other excellent works of his which slepe in silence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and sondry others, whose commendation to set out were verye vaine, the things, though worthie of many, yet beeing knowen to fewe. These my present paynes, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine owne good Maister Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwyse upon some particular and special considerations, voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends poetrie; himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, Sir, if envie shall stur up any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mightie rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and

outrage of so many enemies as I know will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good frend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singuler account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuicion of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,
E. K.*

POST SCR.

Now I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your speciall frends and fellow poets doings, or els for envie of so many unworthy quidams, which catch at the garlond which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknesse those so many excellent English poemes of yours which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already done of your Latine poemes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good Mayster Harvey. From my lodging at London, this 10 of Aprill, 1579.

* In all probability one Edward Kirke, who was of the same college as Spenser.

THE
G E N E R A L L A R G U M E N T
OF THE
W H O L E B O O K E .

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of Æglogues, having already touched the same. But, for the worde Æglogues, I know, is unknownen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they think,) I wyll say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Æglogai*, as it were αἰγῶν, or αἰγονόμων λόγοι, that is, Goteheards tales.* For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more shepheards then goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and well-spring, the whole invention of his Æglogues, maketh goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleieve that they

* A mistaken etymology; and derived from Petrarch. WAR-
TON.

are more rightly termed *Eclogai*; as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition, albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the worde. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sentence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede fewe goteheards have to doe herein, nethesse doubteth not to cal them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij *Æglogues*, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monethes, may be well divided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as al those bee which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or Morall, which for the most part be mixed with some satyrical bitterness, — namely, the second, of reverence dewe to olde age; the fift, of coloured deceit; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours; the tenth, of contempt of poetrie and pleasant wits. And to this division may every thing herein bee reasonably applyed; a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these xij *Æglogues*. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie: wherein to some hee may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth

which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutly mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter, now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maynteine the olde astrologers and philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his Holydayes of Saturne; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, wee mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth January uppon a more speciall cause then the heathen philosophers ever coulde conceyve, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour and eternall Redeemer, the L. Christ, who, as then renewing the state of the decayed worlde, and returning the compasse of expyred yeares to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also uppon good prooffe of speciall judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same, God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Jewes to count the moneth *Abib*, that which wee call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of

the land of Ægipt, yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of mightiest realmes. For from Julius Cæsar, who first observed the leape yeare, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odde wandering dayes which of the Greekes were called *ὑπερβαίνοντες*, of the Romans *intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the tearmes of the learned,) the monethes have beene numbred xij, which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but ccciiij dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne nor of the moone, thereunto added two monethes, January and February; wherein it seemeth that wise king minded, upon good reason, to begin the yeare at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam janua anni*, the gate and entraunce of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued: notwithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture selfe, God made the worlde in that moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of

Pavilions in the ende of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of commen understanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene¹ in matter of so deepe insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

¹ *Seene*, skilled.

THE
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.*

IN this first Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
When winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent :

* Colin Clout is Spenser himself: see p. 266. The name is derived from a well-known poem of Skelton's. Rosalinde is the poet's first love. C.

So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde, 5
That now unnethes¹ their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wannie he was, alas the while!
May seeme he lov'd, or els some care he tooke;
Well couth² hee tune his pipe and frame his stile: 10
Tho³ to a hill his faynting flocke hee ledde,
And thus him playnde, the while his shepe there
fedde:

"Yee Gods of love, that pitie lovers paine,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine, 15
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie.
And, Pan, thou shepheards god, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

"Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath
wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight: 20
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with daffadillies dight⁴;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart, 25
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures⁵ do breede my balefull smart,

¹ *Unnethes*, hardly.

² *Couth*, could.

³ *Tho*, then.

⁴ *Dight*, adorned.

⁵ *Stoures*, commotions.

As if my yeare were wast and woxen¹ old;
 And yet, alas ! but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas ! yt is already donne. 30

“ You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
 Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
 And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
 In stede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre ;
 I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
 Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine. 36

“ All so my lustfull² leafe is drye and sere,
 My timely buds with wayling all are wasted ;
 The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
 With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted ; 40
 And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
 As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

“ Thou, feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
 Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
 Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill government, 45
 Thy maysters mind is overcome with care :
 Thou weake, I wanne ; thou leane, I quite forlorne :
 With mourning pyne I ; you with pynning mourne.

“ A thousand sithes³ I curse that carefull hower
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see ; 50
 And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure⁴
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee :

¹ *Woxen*, grown.

² *Lustfull*, lusty.

³ *Sithes*, times.

⁴ *Stoure*, (agitated moment,) time.

Yet all for naught : such sight hath bred my bane :
 Ah, God ! that love should breede both joy and
 payne!

“ It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine, 55
 Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit ;
 His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
 Ah, foolish Hobbinol ! thy gyfts bene vayne ;
 Colin them gives to Rosalind againe. 60

“ I love thilke¹ lasse ; alas ! why doe I love ?
 And am forlorne ; alas ! why am I lorne ?
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
 Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake, 65
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

“ Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
 And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
 My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should, 70
 Both pype and Muse shall sore the while aby² : —
 So broke his oaten pype, and down dyd lye.

By that, the welked³ Phœbus gan availe⁴
 His wearie waine ; and now the frosty Night

¹ *Thilke*, this same.

⁴ *Availe*, lower, sink.

² *Abye*, suffer.

³ *Welked*, having completed his revolution, dimmed.

Ver. 55, 56. — *Hobbinol*.] *Hobbinol* is our author's friend Gabriel Harvey.

Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile¹: 75
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case
to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

*Anchora speme.**

¹ *Overhaile*, draw over.

* *Anchora* (*āncora*) is undoubtedly a misprint for *ancōra*. This motto is meant to correspond with that of June, — “*Gid speme spenta.*” C.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall then bent to anie secrete or particular purpose. It speciallie conteyneth a discourse of olde age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde shepheard, who, for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy¹ heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and, as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CUDDIE, THENOT.

CUDDIE.

AH for pittie! will rancke winters rage
 These bitter blasts never ginne t' asswage?
 The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
 All as I were through the body gryde²:
 My ragged rontes³ all shiver and shake,
 As doen high towers in an earthquake:

¹ *Unhappy*, ill-conditioned, saucy. ³ *Rontes*, young bullocks.

² *Gryde*, pierced.

They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles
Perke¹ as a peacock ; but nowe it auales.²

THE. Lewdly³ complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of winters wracke for making thee sadde. 10
Must not the worlde wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall ?⁴
Who will not suffer the stormy time, 15
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime ?⁵
Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of sommers flame, nor of winters threat, 20
Ne ever was to fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came :
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care ;
Winter or sommer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare 25
Cherefully the winters wrathfull cheare ;
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold ; this crooked, that wrye ;
And as the lowring wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like Good Fryday⁶ to frowne : 30
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THE. The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe :
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,⁷ 35

¹ *Perke*, pert, brisk.

² *Auales*, sinks.

³ *Lewdly*, foolishly.

⁴ *Fall*, case, condition.

⁵ *Prime*, spring.

⁶ I. e. as a day of general mourning.

⁷ *Heardgroomes*, heardsmen.

Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes ;
 And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
 You deemen the spring is come attonce.
 Tho gynne you, fond flies ! the cold to scorne,
 And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne, 40
 You thinken to be lords of the yeare ;
 But eft,¹ when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme² winter with chamfred³ browes,
 Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
 Drerily shooting his stormy darte, 45
 Which cruddles⁴ the bloud and pricks the harte :
 Then is your carelesse corage accoied,⁵
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied :
 Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,⁶
 With weeping, and wayling, and misery. 50
 CUD. Ah, foolish old man ! I scorne thy skill,
 That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil :
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee
 Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee ;
 Or sicker⁷ thy head veray tottie⁸ is, 55
 So on thy corbe⁹ shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp¹⁰ and topp,
 Als¹¹ my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp ;
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would encline : 60
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of love,
 And hery¹² with hymnes thy lasses glove ;

¹ *Eft*, soon after.² *Breme*, sharp.³ *Chamfred*, channelled.⁴ *Cruddles*, curdles.⁵ *Accoied*, subdued.⁶ *Surquedrie*, pride.⁷ *Sicker*, sure.⁸ *Tottie*, unsteady.⁹ *Corbe*, crooked.¹⁰ *Lopp*, bough.¹¹ *Als*, also.¹² *Hery*, extol.

Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse;
 But Phyllis is myne for many dayes.
 I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,¹
 Embost with buegle about the belt:
 Such an one shepeheardes woulde make full faine²;
 Such an one would make thee younge againe.

65

THE. Thou art a fon,³ of thy love to boste;
 All that is lent to love wyll be lost.

70

CUD. Seest howe brag⁴ yond bullocke beares,
 So smirke,⁵ so smoothe, his pricked eares?
 His hornes bene as broade as rainebowe bent,
 His dewelap as lythe⁶ as lasse of Kent.
 See how he venteth⁷ into the wynd;
 Weenest of love is not his mynd?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,⁸
 So lustlesse⁹ bene they, so weake, so wan;
 Clothed with cold, and hoarie wyth frost,
 Thy flockes father his corage hath lost.
 Thy ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags¹⁰;
 The rather¹¹ lambes bene starved with cold,
 All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

75

80

THE. Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,¹²
 So vainely tadvaunce thy headlessehood¹³;
 For youngth¹⁴ is a bubble blowne up with breath,
 Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne penaunce,

85

¹ *Gelt*, gilt.² *Faine*, glad.³ *Fon*, fool.⁴ *Brag*, proudly.⁵ *Smirke*, trim.⁶ *Lythe*, soft.⁷ *Venteth*, snuffeth.⁸ *Can*, know.⁹ *Lustlesse*, listless.¹⁰ *Crags*, necks.¹¹ *Rather*, earlier.¹² I. e. good manners.¹³ *Headlessehood*, heedlessness.¹⁴ *Youngth*, youth.

And stoope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Greevaunce.
 But shall I tel thee a tale of truth, 91
 Which I cond¹ of Tityrus in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CUD. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent,
 Then to heare novells of his devise; 95
 They bene so well thewed,² and so wise,
 What ever that good old man bespake.

THE. Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
 But none fitter then this to applie. 100
 Now listen a while and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged tree on the greene:
 A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displayd,
 But of their leaves they were disarayde: 105
 The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,³
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
 Whilome had bene the king of the field,
 And mochell⁴ mast to the husband did yielde,
 And with his nuts larded many swine: 110
 But now the gray mosse marred his rine⁵;
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
 His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
 His honour decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,⁶ 115

¹ *Cond*, learned.

² *Well thewed*, full of moral wisdom.

³ *Pight*, fixed.

⁴ *Mochell*, much.

⁵ *Rine*, rind.

⁶ *Brere*, brier.

Ver. 90. — *And stoope-gallaunt Age, &c.*] The tamer of whose
 gay gallantries is Old Age, the guest or companion of Misery.
 WARTON.

Ver. 92. — *Tityrus.*] Chaucer.

Which prowdly thrust into thelement,
 And seemed to threat the firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
 And thereto aye wonned¹ to repayre
 The shepheardes daughters to gather flowres, 120
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
 And in his small bushes used to shrowde
 The sweete nightingale singing so lowde;
 Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
 That on a time hee cast him to scold 125
 And snebbe² the good Oake, for hee was old.

“Why standst there,” quoth he, “thou brutish
 blocke?

Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy stocke.
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in lilly white and cremsin redde, 130
 With leaves engrained in lusty greene;
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden queene?
 Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks³ the beautie of my blossomes round:
 The mouldie mosse which thee accloieth⁴ 135
 My sinamon smell too much annoieth:
 Wherefore soone I rede⁵ thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.”
 So spake this bold Brere with great disdaine:
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe, 140
 But yeelded, with shame and grief adawed,⁶
 That of a weede he was overawed.⁷

¹ *Wonned*, wonted.

² *Snebbe*, snub.

³ *Dirks*, darkens.

⁴ *Accloieth*, encumbereth.

⁵ *Rede*, advise.

⁶ *Adawed*, confounded.

⁷ Later eds. *overcrawed*.

Yt chaunced after upon a day
 The husbandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to surwee his grownd, 145
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
 Him when the spitefull Brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complayned, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife :

“ O my liege lord, the god of my life ! 150
 Pleaseth you ponder your suppliants plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint
 Which I your poore vassall dayly endure ;
 And, but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole¹ to dye, 155
 Through felonous force of mine enemie.”

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
 With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede 160
 (As most usen ambitious folke)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

“ Ah, my soveraigne, lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand, 165
 To be the primrose² of all thy land ;
 With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
 And scarlot berries in sommer time?
 Howe falls it then that this faded Oake,
 Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke, 170
 Whose naked armes stretch unto the fyre,
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire ;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,

¹ *Doole*, grief.

² I. e. (here) chief flower.

And robbing mee of the sweete sonnes sight?
 So beate his old boughes my tender side, 173
 That oft the bloude springeth from woundës wyde;
 Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honor of your coronall:
 And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
 Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight; 180
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast.¹
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might, 185
 Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right;
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greivance."

To this the Oake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth²; but his enemye 190
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde³ stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
 His harmefull hatchet he hent⁴ in hand, 195
 (Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Ay little help to harme there needeth!)
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter⁵ his rage mought cooled bee; 200
 But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,
 And made many woundes in the wast Oake.

¹ *Defast*, defaced.⁴ *Hent*, took.² *Couth*, could.⁵ *Enaunter*, lest that.³ *Noulde*, would not.

The axes edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
 Semed the senselesse yron dyd feare, 205
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear:
 For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mysteree,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe,¹
 And often halowed with holy-water dewe. 210
 But sike² fancies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this misery;
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay,³
 For fiercely the goodman at him did laye.
 The blocke oft groned under the blow, 215
 And sighed to see his neare overthrow:
 In fine,⁴ the steele had pierced his pitth,
 Tho downe to the earth hee fell forthwith.
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
 Thearth shronke under him, and seemed to shake:—
 There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none! 221
 Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce.
 But all this glee had no continuaunce:
 For eftsones winter gan to approche; 225
 The blustering Boreas did encroche,
 And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
 For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
 Now gan he repent his pride to late;
 For, naked left and disconsolate, 230
 The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
 The watrie wette weighed downe his head,

¹ *Crewe*, holy-water pot.³ *Decay*, ruin.² *Sike*, such.⁴ *In fine*, at last.

And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
 That nowe upright hee can stand no more ;
 And, being downe, is trodde in the durt 235
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was thend of this ambitious Brere,
 For scorning eld —

CUD. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth :
 Here is a long tale, and little worth. 240
 So longe have I listened to thy speche,
 That graffed to the ground is my breche ;
 My hartblood is welnigh frorne,¹ I feele,
 And my galage² growne fast to my heele.
 But little ease of thy lewd³ tale I tasted : 245
 Hie the home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.*

*Iddio, perchè è vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

CUDDIES EMBLEME.†

*Niuno vecchio
 Spaventa Iddio.*

¹ *Frorne*, frozen.

³ *Lewd*, foolish.

² *Galage*, galoche, wooden shoe.

* God, because he is old,
 Makes his own like himself.

† No old man
 Fears God.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose¹ of love, and other pleasaunce which to spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is to give certaine markes and tokens to know Cupide, the poets god of Love. But more particularlye, I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrow.

WILLYE, THOMALIN.

WILLYE.

THOMALIN, why sitten we soe,
As weren overwent² with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge³ this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorow.

THO. Sicker,⁴ Willye, thou warnest well;
For winters wrath beginnes to quell,⁵
And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,

10

¹ *Purpose*, discourse.⁴ *Sicker*, surely.² I. e. as if we were overcome.⁵ *Quell*, abate.³ *Alegge*, allay.

The swallowe peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie welkin cleareth.

WIL. Seest not thilke¹ same hawthorne stude,²
How bragly³ it beginnes to budde,
And utter⁴ his tender head? 15

Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowre,
That newe is upryst⁵ from bedde.
Tho shall wee sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light, 20
That scornefully lookes askaunce;
Tho will wee little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THO. Willye, I wene thou bee assot⁶; 25
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WIL. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,
Or made previe to the same? 30

THO. No; but happely I him spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe;
And were not that my sheepe would stray,
The previe markes I would bewray, 35
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

WIL. Thomalin, have no care forthy⁷;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For als⁸ at home I have a syre, 40

¹ *Thilke*, this.

⁴ *Utter*, put forth.

⁷ *Forthy*, for that.

² *Studde*, stock.

⁵ *Upryst*, uprisen.

⁸ *Als*, also.

³ *Bragly*, proudly. ⁶ *Assot*, besotted.

A stepdame eke, as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes¹ counts mine.

THO. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischief: 45

For sithens² is but the third morowe
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with grieve;
The while thilke same unhappye ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe, 50
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene joynted attones!

She shoulde have neede no more spell.³
Th' elf was so wanton and so wood,⁴ 55
(But now I trowe can better good,⁵)

She mought ne gang on the greene.
WIL. Let be as may be that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seene. 60

THO. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han⁶ leave to play,
I cast to goe a shooting;
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts⁷ in either hand, 65
For birds in bushes tooting,⁸

¹ I. e. every day.

⁶ Han, have.

² Sithens, since.

⁷ Bolts, arrows.

³ Spell, charm (to preserve her from accidents).

⁴ Wood, mad.

⁸ Tooting, searching.

⁵ I. e. knows better manners.

Ver. 61. — *It was upon a holiday.*] What follows is an imitation of an Idyl of Bion, Ἰξευτὰς ἐστὶ κῶπος, κ. τ. λ. WARTON.

At length within the yvie todde,¹
 (There shrouded was the little god,)
 I heard a busie bustling.
 I bent my bolt against the bush, 70
 Listening if any thing did rushe,
 But then heard no more rustling :
 Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
 Might see the moving of some quicke,²
 Whose shape appeared not ; 75
 But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
 My courage earnd³ it to awake,
 And manfully thereat shotte.
 With that sprang forth a naked swayne,⁴
 With spotted winges, like peacocks trayne, 80
 And laughing lope⁵ to a tree ;
 His gylden quiver at his backe,
 And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
 Which lightly he bent at me.
 That seeing, I levelde againe, 85
 And shott at him with might and maine,
 As thicke as it had hayled.
 So long I shott that al was spent ;
 Tho pumie⁶ stones I hastily hent,
 And threw ; but nought availed : 90
 He was so wimble⁷ and so wight,⁸
 From bough to bough he lepped light,
 And oft the pumies latched.⁹
 Therewith affrayd, I ranne away ;

¹ *Todde*, thick bush.² *Some quicke*, some live thing.³ *Earnd*, yearned.⁴ *Swayne*, boy.⁵ *Lope*, leaped.⁶ *Pumie*, pumice.⁷ *Wimble*, nimble.⁸ *Wight*, active.⁹ *Latched*, caught.

But he, that earst seemd but to playe, 95
 A shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running in the heele.
 For then, I little smart did feele;
 But soone it sore encreased,
 And now it ranckleth more and more, 100
 And inwardly it festreth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.
 WIL. Thomalin, I pittie thy plight;
 Perdie,¹ with Love thou diddest fight;
 I know him by a token: 105
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he wilbe wroken,²)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion crowes had set 110
 That in our peere-tree haunted:
 Tho sayd he was a winged lad,
 But bowe and shafts as then none had,
 Els had he sore be daunted.
 But see, the welkin thicks apace, 115
 And stouping Phœbus steepes his face:
 Yts time to haste us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

*To be wise, and eke to love,
 Is graunted scarce to gods above.*

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

*Of honye and of gaule in love there is store;
 The honye is much, but the gaule is more.*

¹ Perdie, par dieu.² Wroken, avenged.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein bee Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in love; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawen not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasant pyping as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a song which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

THENOT, HOBBINOLL.

THENOT.

TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete¹?

What, hath some wolfe thy tender lambes ytorne?
Or is thy bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?

Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attemptred to the yeare, 5

Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teare

Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie payne.

¹ *Garres thee greete*, makes thee weep.

HOB. Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me
mourne,

But for the ladde whome long I lov'd so deare 10
Now loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne :

He, plongd in paine, his tressed locks dooth teare :
Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear ;

Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear 15

His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THE. What is he for a ladde you so lament ?

Ys love such pinching payne to them that prove ?
And hath he skill to make¹ so excellent,

Yet hath so little skill to brydle love ? 20

HOB. Colin thou kenst, the southerne shepheardes
boye ;

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte :
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,

Forcing² with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.
But now from me hys madding mynd is starte, 25

And woes the widdowes daughter of the glenne ;
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart ;

So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.³

THE. But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,⁴

I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde⁵ some one, 30

The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,

And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOB. Contented I: then will I singe his laye

Of fayre Elisa, queene of shepheardes all,

Which once he made as by a spring he laye, 35

And tuned it unto the waters fall.

¹ Make, versify.

² Forcing, striving.

³ Frenne, stranger.

⁴ Dight, composed.

⁵ Recorde, rehearse, sing.

“ Ye daynty Nymphs that in this blessed brooke
 Doe bathe your brest,
 Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
 At my request. 40

And eke you Virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
 Helpe me to blaze
 Her worthy praise
 Which in her sexe doth all excell. 45

“ Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
 That blessed wight,
 The flowre of virgins ; may shee florish long
 In princely plight !
 For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte, 50
 Which Pan, the shepheards god, of her begot :
 So sprong her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

“ See, where she sits upon the grassie greene, 55
 (O seemely sight !)
 Yclad in scarlot, like a mayden queene,
 And ermines white :
 Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
 With damaske roses and daffadillies set ; 60
 Bayleaves betweene,
 And primroses greene,
 Embellish the sweete violet.

“ Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
 Like Phœbe fayre ? 65

Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,

Can you well compare ?

The redde rose medled¹ with the white yfere,²

In either cheeke depeincten lively chere :

Her modest eye,

70

Her majestie,

Where have you seene the like, but there ?

“ I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,

Upon her to gaze ;

But, when he sawe howe broade her beames did

spredde,

75

It did him amaze.

He blusht to see another sunne belowe,

Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe.

Let him, if he dare,

His brightnesse compare

80

With hers, to have the overthrowe.

“ Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,

And be not abasht :

When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,

O how art thou dasht !

85

But I will not match her with Latonaes seede ;

Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede :

Now she is a stone,

And makes dayly mone,

Warning all other to take heede.

90

¹ *Medled*, mingled.

² *Yfere*, together.

Ver. 68. — *The redde rose medled with the white.*] An allusion, remarks E. K., (but probably without any reason,) to the union of the houses of Lancaster and York in the person of Elizabeth. C.

"Pan may bee proude that ever hee begot
Such a bellibone¹;

And Syrinx reyoyse, that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.

Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam, 95
To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb:

Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck² and forswatt³ I am.

"I see Calliope speede her to the place, 100
Where my goddesse shines,

And after her the other Muses trace,
With their violines.

Bene they not bay-braunches which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare? 105

So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

"Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the instrument: 110

They dauncen deffly,⁴ and singen soote,⁵
In their meriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my Lady bee yeven.⁶

She shalbe a Grace, 115
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

¹ *Bellibone*, (*belle et bonne*) fair lass.

² *Forswonck*, overworked.

³ *Forswatt*, sweated to death.

⁴ *Deffly*, deftly, trimly.

⁵ *Soote*, sweet.

⁶ *Yeven*, given.

" And whither rennes¹ this bevie of ladies bright,
 Raunged in a rowe?
 They bene all Ladyes of the Lake behight,² 120
 That unto her goe.
 Chloris, that is the chieftest nymph of al,
 Of olive braunches beares a coronall :
 Olives bene for peace,
 When wars doe surcease : 125
 Such for a princesse bene principall.³

" Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
 Hye you there apace :
 Let none come there but that virgins bene,
 To adorne her grace : 130
 And when you come whereas shee is in place,
 See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace
 Binde your fillets faste,
 And gird in your waste,
 For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace. 135

" Bring hether the pincke and purple cullambine,
 With gelliflowres ;
 Bring coronations,⁴ and sops in wine,⁵
 Worne of paramoures⁶ :
 Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies, 140
 And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies :

¹ *Rennes*, runs.

² *Behight*, called.

³ *Principall*, princely.

⁴ *Coronations*, carnations.

⁵ *Sops in wine*, pinks.

⁶ *Paramoures*, lovers.

Ver. 135. — *Tawdrie lace*.] Laces of a peculiar kind, such as were sold at the fair of St. Audrey (Etheldreda). C.

The pretie pawnce¹
 And the chevisaunce,²
 Shall match with the fayre flowre delice.

“ Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art 145
 In royall aray ;
 Any now ye daintie damsells may depart
 Echeone her way.
 I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe ;
 Let Dame Elisa thanke you for her song : 150
 And if you come hether
 When damsines I gether,
 I will part them all you among.”

THE. And was thilk same song of Colins owne making?
 Ah, foolish boy ! that is with love yblent³ ; 155
 Great pittie is hee be in such taking,
 For naught caren that⁴ bene so lewdly bent.
 HOB. Sicker⁵ I hold him for a greater fon,⁶
 That loves the thing he cannot purchase.⁷
 But let us homeward, for night draweth on, 160
 And twinckling starres the daylight hence chase.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem, Virgo !

HOBBINOLLS EMBLEME.

O Dea certe !

¹ Pawnce, pansies.

² Chevisaunce (achievement, &c.) seems to be also the name of a flower.

³ Yblent, blinded.

⁴ l. e. those that.

⁵ Sicker, surely.

⁶ Fon, fool.

⁷ Purchase, obtain.



MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fift Æglogue, under the person of two shepheards, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastoures or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feyned good will, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that, by such a counterpoynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE, PIERS.*

PALINODE.

Is not thilke¹ the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then we no merrier bene,

¹ *Thilke*, this same.

* The Vision of Piers Ploughman, after having been forgotten for a hundred years, was printed by the Reformers in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and at once regained the extraordinary popularity it had enjoyed in the fourteenth century. The poem was still in high favor when the Shepheards Calender was published, and in the religious tracts of the time Piers is very often, as here, made the mouthpiece of violent invective against corruption in the Church. C.

Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
 Our bloncket liveryes¹ bene all to sadde 5
 For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
 With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the wods
 With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
 Yougthes folke now flocken in every where,
 To gather May-buskets² and smelling brere; 10
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,
 And all the kirke-pillours eare³ day-light,
 With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and sopps in wine.⁴
 Such merimake holy saints doth queme,⁵ 15
 But wee here sitten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS. For younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
 But wee tway bene men of elder witt.

PAL. Sicker, this morrowe,⁶ no lenger agoe,
 I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe 20
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere:
 Before them yode⁷ a lusty tabrere,⁸
 That to the many⁹ a horne-pype playd,
 Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
 To see those folkes make such jouysaunce,¹⁰ 25
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
 Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
 To fetchen home May with their musicall¹¹;
 And home they bringen in a royall throne,

¹ *Bloncket liveryes*, gray coats.

² *May-buskets*, May-bushes (of hawthorn).

³ *Eare*, ere.

⁴ *Sopps in wine*, pinks.

⁵ *Queme*, please.

⁶ *Morrowe*, morning.

⁷ *Yode*, went.

⁸ *Tabrere*, taborer.

⁹ *Many*, company.

¹⁰ *Jouysaunce*, merriment.

¹¹ *Musicall*, music.

Crowned as king ; and his queene attone¹ 30
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend²
 Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,
 To helpen the ladyes their Maybush beare!
 Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke 35
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinck³?

PIERS. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
 That their fondnesse⁴ inly⁵ I pitie:
 Those faytours⁶ little regarden their charge,
 While they, letting their sheep runne at large, 40
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustihede⁷ and wanton meryment.
 Thilke same bene shepheardes for the devils stedde,
 That playen while their flockes be unfedde.
 Well it is seene theyr sheepe bene not their owne, 45
 That letten them runne at randon alone:
 But they bene hyred for little pay
 Of other, that caren as little as they
 What fallen⁸ the flocke, so they han⁹ the fleece,
 And get all the gayne, paying but a peece. 50
 I muse what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire which he doth take,
 And thother for leaving his lords taske,
 When great Pan account of shepherdes shall aske.

PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest somdele their delight. 56
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,

¹ *Attone*, at the same time.

² *Bend*, band.

³ *Swinck*, toil.

⁴ *Fondnesse*, folly.

⁵ *Inly*, entirely.

⁶ *Faytours*, do-noughts.

⁷ *Lustihede*, pleasure.

⁸ *Fallen*, befall.

⁹ *Han*, have.

All were it of my foe, then fonly ¹ pitied :
 And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
 Rather then other should scorne at me ; 60
 For pittied is mishap that nas ² remedie,
 But scorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.
 What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
 Then, sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure, 65
 The while they here liven, at ease and leasure ?
 For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe ³ :
 They sleepen in rest, well as other moe :
 Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behinde them is lost. 70
 Good is no good, but if it be spend ;
 God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS. Ah, Palinode, thou art a worldes child :
 Who touches pitch, mought needes be defilde :
 But shepheards (as Algrind used to say) 75
 Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.⁴
 With them it sits ⁵ to care for their heire,
 Enaunter ⁶ their heritage doe impaire :
 They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
 And to continue their wont countenaunce : 80
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike ⁷ worldly sovenance ⁸ he must foresay.⁹

¹ *Fonly*, foolishly.

² *Nas*, has not.

³ *Ygoe*, gone.

⁴ *Men of the laye*, laymen.

⁵ *Sits*, becomes.

⁶ *Enaunter*, lest.

⁷ *Sike*, such.

⁸ *Sovenance*, remembrance.

⁹ *Foresay*, renounce.

The sonne of his loines why should he regard
 To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
 Should not thilke God that gave him that good 85
 Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
 For if he mislive in leudnes and lust,
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust
 That his father left by inheritaunce;
 All will be soon wasted with misgovernance. 90
 But through this, and other their miscreaunce,¹
 They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,²
 Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
 The floddes whereof shall them overflowe.
 Sike mens follie I cannot compare 95
 Better then to the apes folish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such cause had she none,)
 That with her hard hold, and straight³ embracing,
 Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling. 100
 So often times, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath been beforen,)
 When shepeheardes had none inheritaunce, 105
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 Were it more or lesse, which they did keepe.
 Well ywis⁴ was it with shepheards thoe⁵:
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe: 110
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,

¹ *Miscreaunce*, misbelief, bad living.

² *Chevisaunce*, bargain.

³ *Straight*, close.

⁴ *Ywis*, truly.

⁵ *Thoe*, then.

And little them served for their mayntenaunce.
 The shephear[d]s God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided;
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay, 115
 And their flockes fleeces them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 (That nource of vice, this of insolencie,)
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That, not content with loyall obeysaunce, 120
 Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge¹ soft: 125
 Tho, under colour of shepeheards, somewhile
 There crept in wolves, ful of fraud and guile,
 That often devoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did hem² keepe.
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow, 130
 That now nill³ be quitt with baile nor borrowe.⁴

PAL. Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear is outragious:
 Wemen, that of loves longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must: 135
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage:
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offred bowle?
 But of all burdens that a man can beare, 140
 Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.

¹ *Ligge*, lie.² *Hem*, them.³ *Nill*, will not.⁴ *Borrowe*, pledge.

I wene the geaunt has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.
 Thou findest faulte where nys¹ to be found,
 And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground : 145
 Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
 And blamest hem much for small encheason.²
 How shoulde shepheardes live, if not so ?
 What³ should they pynen in payne and woe ?
 Nay, saye I thereto, by my deare borrowe,⁴ 150
 If I may rest, I nil live in sorrowe.

Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
 For he will come, without calling, anone.
 While times endure of tranquillitie,
 Usen we freely our felicitie ; 155
 For when approchen the stormie stowres,⁵
 We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
 showres.

And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
 That shepheardes so witen⁶ ech others life,
 And layen her⁷ faults the worlds beforne, 160
 The while their foes done eache of hem⁸ scorne.
 Let none mislike of that may not be mended ;
 So conteck⁹ soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS. Shepheard, I list no accordaunce make
 With shepheard that does the right way forsake ; 165
 And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
 Had lever¹⁰ my foe then my freend he be.

¹ *Nys*, is not.

² *Encheason*, occasion.

³ *What*, why.

⁴ *Borrowe*, surety, redeemer.

⁵ *Stowres*, troubles, storms.

⁶ *Witen*, blame.

⁷ *Her*, their.

⁸ *Hem*, them.

⁹ *Conteck*, contest.

¹⁰ *Lever*, rather.

For what concord han light and darke sam?¹
 Or what peace has the lion with the lambe?
 Such faitors,² when their false hearts bene hidde, 170
 Will doe as did the foxe by the kidde.

PAL. Now, Piers, of felowship, tell us that saying;
 For the ladde can keepe both our flockes from straying.

PEIRS. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
 Was too very foolish and unwise; 175

For on a tyme in sommer season,
 The Gate³ her dame, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what she thought good.
 But, for she had a motherly care 180

Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 She set her youngling before her knee,
 That was both fresh and lovely to see,
 And full of favour as kidde mought be.
 His vellet⁴ head began to shoote out 185

And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout;
 The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
 And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
 "My sonne," quoth she, (and with that gan weepe,
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe,) 190
 "God blesse thee, poore orphane, as he mought me,
 And send thee joy of thy jollitee.

Thy father," (that worde she spake with payne,
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine,)
 "Thy father, had he lived this day, 195
 To see the braunche of his body displaie,
 How would he have joyed at this sweete sight!

¹ *Sam*, together.

² *Faitors*, evil-doers.

³ *Gate*, Goat.

⁴ *Vellet*, velvet.

But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
 And cut of hys dayes with untimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traines of his foe. 200
 Now I, a wayfull widdowe behight,¹
 Of my olde age have this one delight,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
 And flourish in flowres of lustyhead;
 For even so thy father his head upheld, 205
 And so his hauty hornes did he weld."²
 Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
 And interrupted all her other speache
 With some old sorowe that made a newe breache : 210
 Seemed she sawe in her younglings face
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
 At last her solein silence she broke,
 And gan his newe budded beard to stroke.
 "Kiddie," quoth shee, "thou kenst the great care 215
 I have of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which many wyld beastes liggen³ in waite
 For to entrap in thy tender state :
 But most the Foxe, maister of collusion,
 For he has vouted thy last confusion.⁴ 220
 Forthy,⁵ my Kiddie, be rulde by mee,
 And never give trust to his trecheree ;
 And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,
 Sperre the yate⁶ fast, for fear of fraude ;
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best, 225
 Open the dore at his request."

¹ *Behight*, called.² *Weld*, wield, bear.³ *Liggen*, lie.⁴ *Confusion*, destruction.⁵ *Forthy*, therefore.⁶ I. e. bar the gate.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
 That answer'd his mother, all should be done.
 Tho went the pensife damme out of dore,
 And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore : 230
 Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
 (For such as signes of ill luck bene dispraised,)

Yet forth shee yode, thereat half aghast,
 And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
 It was not long after shee was gone, 235
 But the false Foxe came to the dore anone :
 Not as a foxe, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
 Bearing a trusse of tryfles at his backe,
 As bells, and babes, and glasses, in hys packe. 240
 A biggen¹ he had got about his brayne,
 For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne ;
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
 For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
 There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack, 245
 And layd him downe, and groned, " Alack ! alack !
 Ah, deare Lord ! and sweete Saint Charitee !
 That some good body woulde once pitie mee ! "

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
 And lengd² to know the cause of his complaint ; 250
 Tho, creeping close behinde the wickets clink,³
 Privilie he peeped out through a chinck,
 Yet not so privilie but the Foxe him spyed ;
 For deceitfull meaning is double-eyed.
 " Ah, good young maister ! " then gan he crye, 255

¹ *Biggen*, close cap.³ *Clink*, fastening.² *Lengd*, longed.

"Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds¹
That in my carrion carcas abounds."

The Kidd, pittying hys heavinesse,
Asked the cause of his distresse, 260
And also who and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,²
Thus medled³ his talke with many a teare :
"Sicke, sicke, alas ! and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead. 265

I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,⁴
For with long traveile I am brent in the sonne ;
And if that my grandsire me sayd be true,
Sicker,⁵ I am very sybbe⁶ to you ;
So be your goodlihead do not disdayne 270
The base kinred of so simple swaine.

Of mercy and favour then I you pray
With your ayd to forestall my neere decay."

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke, 275
He was so enamored with the newell,⁷
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame :
His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs twayne, 280
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.

¹ *Carefull stounds*, moments, fits of pain.

² I. e. studied his lesson.

³ *Medled*, mingled.

⁴ I. e. although my color be dun.

⁵ *Sicker*, surely.

⁶ *Sybbe*, akin.

⁷ *Newell*, novelty.

After his chere, the pedler can¹ chat,
 And tell many lesinges of this and that, 285
 And how he could shewe many a fine knack²:
 Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
 All save a bell, which he left behind
 In the basket for the Kidde to fynd;
 Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch, 290
 He popt him in, and his basket did latch;
 Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
 But ranne awaye with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull damme had her hyde,
 She mought see the dore stand open wyde. 295
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call
 Her Kidde; but he nould³ aunswere at all:
 Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
 Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise.
 What help? her Kidde she knewe well was gone: 300
 She weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
 Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
 Of craft coloured with simplicitie;
 And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne
 That of such falsers⁴ freendship bene fayne.⁵ 305

PAL. Truely, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
 Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
 Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
 For our Sir John⁶ to say to-morowe
 At the kerke, when it is holliday; 310
 For well he meanes, but little can say.

¹ Can, gan.⁴ Falsers, deceivers.² Knack, knick-knack.⁵ Fayne, glad, desirous.³ Nould, would not.⁶ Sir John, a contemptuous name for a priest.

But and if foxes bene so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS. Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright sunne gynneth to dismount; 315
And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Πᾶς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.¹

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστω;²

¹ The trustless are always mistrustful.

² But how can you trust the trustless?

Note to v. 69. — *Tho with them* doth imitate the epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, whych he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie:

Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relictæ.*

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Erle of Devonshire, which, though [it] much more wisdom bewraieth then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. The rimes be these:

Ho, ho! who lies here?
I the good Earle of Devonshire,
And Maulde my wife that was ful deare.
We lived togethir lv. yeare.
That we spent, we had:
That we gave, we have:
That we lefte, we lost. — *E. K.'s Glosse.*

* Translated in Spenser's letter to Harvey, Vol. V. p. 389.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOLL, COLIN CLOUT.

HOBBINOLL.

Lo! Collin, here the place whose plesaunt syte
 From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde:
 Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte?
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde; 5
 The grassye ground with daintye daysies dight,
 The bramble bush, where byrds of every kynde
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
 That Paradise hast founde whych Adam lost: 10
 Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,

Arg. — The person designated as Menalcas is now all but demonstrated to be John Florio, whose ridiculous *sobriquet* of "The Resolute" is very well thus translated (*μένος, ἀλκή*). See the Memoir prefixed to Vol. I. C.

Withouten dreade of wolves to bene ytost;
 Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste:
 But I, unhappy man! whom cruell Fate
 And angry gods pursue from coste to coste, 15
 Can no where fynd to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOB. Then if by me thou list advised be,
 Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch;
 Leave me those hilles¹ where harbrough nis² to see,
 Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche³; 20
 And to the dales⁴ resort, where shepheards ritch,
 And fruitfull flocks, bene every where to see.
 Here no night-ravens lodge, more black then pitche,
 Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee;

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces, 25
 And lightfote Nymphes, can chace the lingring night
 With heydeguyes⁵ and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst Systers Nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
 Doe make them musick for their more delight;
 And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall faces, 30
 Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:
 Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

COL. And I, whylst youth and course of carelesse
 yeeres
 Did let mee walke withouten lincks of love,

¹ I. e. the North Country. E. K.

² I. e. where there is no shelter.

³ *Witche*, the witchen, or low willow.

⁴ I. e. Kent. E. K.

⁵ *Heydeguyes*, a kind of rural dance.

In such delights did joy amongst my peeres ; 35
 But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove ;
 My fancy eke from former follies move
 To stayed steps ; for time in passing weares,
 As garments doen which wexen olde above,¹
 And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares. 40

Tho couth² I sing of love, and tune my pype
 Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made ;
 Tho would I seeke for queene-apples unrype,
 To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade
 Dight gaudy girlonds was my comen trade, 45
 To crowne her golden locks ; but yeeres more rype,
 And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
 Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

HOB. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
 Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to singe, 50
 I more delight then larke in sommer dayes,
 Whose echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring³
 Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
 Frame to thy songe their cheerefull cheriping, 55
 Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
 Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
 Theyr yvory luyts and tamburins forgoe,
 And from the fountaine, where they sat around, 60
 Renne⁴ after hastely thy silver sound ;

¹ *Above*, exceedingly.² *Couth*, could.³ I. e. the young growth.⁴ *Renne*, run.

But when they came where thou thy skill didst shoue,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see them in theyr arte outgoe.

COL. Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,¹ 65
For they bene daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hyll, 70
But, pyping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not² followe flying Fame, 75
But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fyttter they my carefull³ case to frame;
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore⁴ my piteous plaints out in the same. 80

The god of shepheards, Tityrus,⁵ is dead,
Who taught mee, homely as I can, to make:⁶
Hee, whilst hee lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepheards all that bene with love ytake:
Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake 85
The flames which love within his heart had bredd,

¹ I. e. have no knowledge.

² *Sittes not*, is not becoming.

³ *Carefull*, sorrowful.

⁴ I. e. pour.

⁵ I. e. Chaucer. E. K.

⁶ *Make*, versify.

And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead, 89
(O why should Death on hym such outrage shoue!)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe, 95
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causde of discourtesee,
As messengers of this my painfull plight,
Flye to my Love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,¹
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight. 101
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree
Didst underfong² my lasse to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not as I wishe I were, 105
Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede;
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth is turned to faithlesse fere,³ 110
That she the truest shepheards heart made bleede
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

¹ *Worthy wight*, (wite,) deserved blame.

³ *Fere*, mate.

² *Underfong*, seduce.

HOB. O carefull Colin! I lament thy case;
 Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe:
 Ah, faithless Rosalind, and voyde of grace, 115
 That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
 But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
 Then ryse, ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
 Least night with stealing steppes do you forsloe,¹
 And wett your tender lambes that by you trace. 120

COLINS EMBLEME.*

Già speme spenta!

¹ *Forsloe*, delay.

* Colin's motto at the end of the first eclogue expressed that he was not without hope of succeeding in his love for Rosalind. His emblem here (*spem' è spenta*) means that there is no longer any room for hope. H.

IULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious pastours: such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN, MORRELL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilke¹ same a goteheard prowde,

That sittes on yonder bancke,

Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde

Emong the bushes rancke?

MOR. What ho, thou jollye shepheards swayne, &

Come up the hill to me;

Better is then the lowly playne,

Als² for thy flocke and thee.

¹ *Thilke*, that.

² *Als*, also.

Arg. — *Such as Morrell, &c.*] Elmer, or Aylmer, Bishop of London, is supposed to be the person here described under the anagrammatic name of Morrell. TODD.

Ver. 1. — *A goteheard.*] By gotes in Scripture be represented the wicked and the reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such. E. K.

Ver. 6. — *Come up the hill.*] Elmer, it may be observed, was the leading prelate of the High-Church party, as Grindal was of the Low-Church. C.

THOM. Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
 And learne to looke alofte; 10
 This reede is ryfe,¹ that oftentime
 Great clymbers fall unsoft.
 In humble dales is footing fast,²
 The trode³ is not so tickle;⁴
 And though one fall through heedlesse hast, 15
 Yet is his misse not mickle.
 And now the sonne hath reared up
 His fierie-footed teme,
 Making his way between the Cuppe
 And golden Diademe; 20
 The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
 With dogge of noysome breath,
 Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
 Pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
 Agaynst his cruell scortching heate, 25
 Where hast thou coverture?
 The wastefull hylls unto his threate
 Is a playne overture⁵.
 But, if thee lust⁶ to holden chat
 With seely⁷ shepherds swayne, 30
 Come downe, and learne the little what⁸
 That Thomalin can sayne.
 MOR. Syker,⁹ thous but a laesie loord,¹⁰
 And rekes¹¹ much of thy swinck,¹²

¹ I. e. this saying is common.² Fast, firm.³ Trode, tread, path.⁴ Tickle, uncertain.⁵ Overture, opening, exposure.⁶ Lust, list.⁷ Seely, simple.⁸ What, something, matter.⁹ Syker, surely.¹⁰ Loord, clown.¹¹ Rekes, cares, thinks.¹² Swinck, toil.

That with fond termes, and weetlesse words, 35
 To blere mine eyes doest thinke.
 In evill houre thou hentest¹ in hond
 Thus holy hylles to blame,
 For sacred unto saints they stond,
 And of them han² their name. 40
 St. Michels Mount who does not know,
 That wardes the westerne coste?
 And of St. Brigets Bowre I trow
 All Kent can rightly boaste:
 And they that con of Muses skill³ 45
 Sayne most-what,⁴ that they dwell,
 (As gote-heards wont,) upon a hill,
 Beside a learned well.
 And wonned⁵ not the great god Pan
 Upon Mount Olivet, 50
 Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
 Which did himselfe beget?
 THOM. O blessed sheepe! O shepheard great!
 That bought his flocke so deare,
 And them did save with bloudy sweat 55
 From wolves that would them teare.
 MOR. Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
 There is a hyllye place,
 Where Titan ryseth from the mayne
 To renne⁶ his dayly race, 60

¹ *Hentest*, takest.⁴ *Most-what*, for the most part.² *Han*, have.⁵ *Wonned*, dwelt.³ *Con skill*, have knowledge.⁶ *Renne*, run.

Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
 And all the skie doth leane;
 There is the cave where Phœbe layed
 The shepheard¹ long to dreame.
 Whilome there used shepherds all 65
 To feede theyr flockes at will,
 Till by his folly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill.²
 And sithens³ shepheardes bene foresayd⁴
 From places of delight; 70
 Forthy⁵ I weene thou be affrayd
 To clime this hillës height.
 Of Synah can I tell thee more,
 And of our Ladyes Bowre⁶;
 But little needes to strow⁷ my store, 75
 Suffice this hill of our.
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 And Sylvanes haunten rathe⁸;
 Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
 Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe; 80
 The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
 Adowne the dales of Kent,
 Till with his elder brother Themis
 His brackish waves be meynt.⁹
 Here growes melampode¹⁰ every where, 85
 And teribinth, good for gotes;
 The one my madding kiddes to smere,
 The next to heale their throtes.

¹ I. e. Endymion.² *Spill*, spoil, ruin.³ *Sithens*, since that time.⁴ *Foresayd*, interdicted.⁵ *Forthy*, therefore.⁶ I. e. the Holy House of Loretto.⁷ I. e. display.⁸ *Rathe*, early.⁹ *Meynt*, mingled.¹⁰ *Melampode*, black hellebore.

Hereto, the hills bene nigher heven,
 And thence the passage ethe¹: 90
 As well can proove the piercing levin,²
 That seldome falles bynethe.
 THOM. Syker, thou speakes like a lewd lorrell,³
 Of heaven to demen so ;
 How be I am but rude and borrell,⁴ 95
 Yet nearer wayes I knowe.
 To kerke the narre,⁵ from God more farre,
 Has bene an old-sayd sawe,
 And he that strives to touche a starre
 Oft stombles at a strawe. 100
 Alsoone⁶ may shepheard clymbe to skye
 That leades in lowly dales,
 As goteherd prowld, that, sitting hye,
 Upon the mountaine sayles.
 My seely sheepe like well belowe, 105
 They neede not melampode ;
 For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
 And liken their abode :
 But, if they with thy gotes should yede,⁷
 They soone myght be corrupted, 110
 Or like not of the frowie⁸ fede,
 Or with the weedes be glutted.
 The hylls where dwelled holy saints
 I reverence and adore,
 Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts 115
 Which han be dead of yore.

¹ *Ethe*, easy.⁶ *Alsoone*, as soon.² *Levin*, lightning.⁷ *Yede*, go.³ *Lewd lorrell*, ignorant and worthless fellow.⁴ *Borrell*, rustic.⁸ *Frowie*, stale, musty.⁵ I. e. the nearer the church.

And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,¹
 Their good is with them goe;
 Their sample² onely to us lënt,
 That als we mought doe soe. 120
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowlye leas;
 And, sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
 Why done we them disease³?
 Such one he was (as I have heard 125
 Old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 And lived with little gayne:
 And meeke he was as meeke mought be,
 Simple as simple sheepe; 130
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 The flocke which he did keepe.
 Often he used of hys keepe⁴
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a kidde, now with a sheepe, 135
 The altars hallowing.
 So lowted⁵ he unto hys Lord,
 Such favour couth⁶ he fynd,
 That sithens never was abhord
 The simple shepheards kynd. 140
 And such, I weene, the brethren were
 That came from Canaän,
 The brethren twelve, that kept yfere⁷
 The flockes of mighty Pan.

¹ *Forewent*, gone before.² *Sample*, example.³ *Disease*, uneasiness.⁴ *Keepe*, charge.⁵ *Lowted*, bowed, worshipped.⁶ *Couth*, could.⁷ *Yfere*, together.

But nothing such thilke¹ shepheard was 145
 Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
 Whose love he bought to deare.
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,
 (No such mought shepherds be,) 150
 And with lewde lust was overlayd²;
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 Well-eyed as Argus was,
 With fleshly follyes undefyled, 155
 And stoute as steede of brasse.
 Sike³ one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
 That sawe his Makers face,
 His face, more cleare then christall glasse,
 And spake to him in place. 160
 This had a brother, (his name I knewe,)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote.⁴
 Whilome all these were lowe and lief,⁵ 165
 And loved theyr flocks to feede;
 They never stroven to be chiefe,
 And simple was theyr weede⁶:

¹ *Thilke*, that same.

² *Overlayd*, overcome.

³ *Sike*, such.

⁴ *Hote*, mentioned.

⁵ *Lief*, amiable.

⁶ *Weede*, dress.

But now (thanked be God therefore!)
 The world is well amend, 170
 Their weedes bene not so nighly¹ wore;
 Such simplesse mought them shend²!
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath theyr God them blist;
 They reigne and rulén over all, 175
 And lord it as they list;
 Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
 (Mought they good sheepeheards bene?)
 Theyr Pan³ theyr sheepe to them has sold;
 I saye as some have seene. 180
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode⁴ late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome,) and then
 He sawe thilke misusage:
 For shepeheards, sayd he, there doén leade, 185
 As lordes done other where;
 Their sheepe han crustes, and they the bread;
 The chippes,⁵ and they the chere.
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh;
 (O seely sheepe the while!) 190
 The corne is theyrs, let others thresh,
 Their handes they may not file.⁶
 They han great store and thriftye stockes,
 Great freendes and feeble foes;
 What neede hem⁷ caren for their flocks? 195
 Theyr boyes can looke to those.

¹ *Nighly*, close to the body.

² *Shend*, disgrace.

³ I. e. the Pope.

⁴ *Yode*, went.

⁵ *Chippes*, fragments.

⁶ *File*, defile.

⁷ *Hem*, them.

These wisards¹ weltre in welths waves,
 Pampred in pleasures deepe ;
 They han fatte kernes,² and leany knaves,³
 Their fasting flockes to keepe. 200
 Sike mister men⁴ bene all misgone,
 They heapen hylles of wrath ;
 Sike syrlye⁵ shepheards han we none,
 They keepen all the path.
 MOR. Here is a great deale of good matter 205
 Lost for lacke of telling ;
 Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter ;
 Harme may come of melling.⁶
 Thou medlest more then shall have thanke,
 To wyten⁷ shepheards welth ; 210
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 It is a signe of helth.
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt⁸ ?
 THOM. Hee is a shepheard great in gree,⁹ 215
 But hath bene long ypent.
 One daye hee sat upon a hyll,
 As now thou wouldest me :
 But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
 To love the lowe degree. 220
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An eagle sored hye,

¹ *Wisards*, wise ones.² *Kernes*, farmers.³ *Knives*, servants.⁴ I. e. such kind of men.⁵ *Syrlye*, haughty.⁶ *Melling*, meddling.⁷ *Wyten*, blame.⁸ *Bynempt*, named.⁹ *Gree*, degree.

That, weening his whyte head was chalke,
A shell-fish downe let flye.

Shee weend the shell-fish to have broake, 225

But therewith bruzd his brayne;

So now, astonied¹ with the stroke,

He lyes in lingring payne.

MOR. - Ah, good Algrind! his hap was ill,

But shall be better in time. 230

Now farwell, shepheard, sith thys hyll

Thou hast such doubt to climbe.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.

In summo felicitas.

¹ Astonied, stunned.

Ver. 228. — *He lyes in lingring payne.*] Grindal, for neglecting to take severe measures against the Puritans, and for protesting against the Queen's interference in his archiepiscopal functions, was, in 1578, confined to his house by an order from the Star Chamber, and sequestered from the performance of his official duties. C.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They chose for umpere of their strife, Cuddie, a neatheards boye; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper sòng, whereof Colin, he sayth, was authour.

WILLIE, PERIGOT, CUDDIE.

WILLIE.

TELL me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,

Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy bagpipes renne¹ farre out of frame?

Or hath the crampe thy joynts benomd with ache?

PER. Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,² 5
How can bagpipe or joynts be well apayd³?

WIL. What the foule evill hath thee so bestadde⁴!

Whilom thou was peregall⁵ to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing did passe the rest. 10

¹ *Renne*, run.

⁴ I. e. reduced you to this condition

² *Assayde*, affected.

⁵ *Peregall*, equal.

³ *Well apayd*, in good condition.

PER. Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe daunce,
My old mtsick mard by a new mischaunce."

WIL. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft¹ us of our meriment!

But reede² me what payne doth thee so apall; 15
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglinges mis-
went³?

PER. Love hath misled both my younglings and
mee;

I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

WIL. Perdie and wellawaye! ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight: 20

But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight.

PER. That shall I doe, though mochell⁴ worse I
fared:

Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

WIL. Then loe, Perigot, the pledge which I plight;
A mazer⁵ ywrought of the maple warre,⁶ 26

Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of beres and tygres, that maken fiers warre;

And over them spred a goodly wilde vine,
Entrailed with a wanton yvye twine. 30

Thereby is a lambe in the wolvës jawes;
But see, how fast renneth the shepherd swayne

To save the innocent from the beastes pawes;
And here with his sheepehooke hath him slayne.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene? 35
Well mought it beseme any harvest queene.

¹ *Raft*, bereft.

² *Reede*, tell.

³ *Miewent*, gone astray.

⁴ *Mochell*, much.

⁵ *Mazer*, bowl.

⁶ *Warre*, ware.

PER. Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted lambe;
 Of all my flocke there nis sike¹ another,
 For I brought him up without the dambe;
 But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother, 40
 That he purchast of me in the playne field;
 Sore against my will was I forst to yield.
 WIL. Sicker,² make like account of his brother;
 But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost?
 PER. That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
 Which over the pousse³ hetherward doth post. 46
 WIL. But, for the sunnbeame so sore doth us beate,
 Were not better to shunne the scortching heate?
 PER. Well agreed, Willie; then sitte thee downe,
 swayne;
 Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing. 50
 CUD. Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shepheards twayne;
 Sike a iudge as Cuddie were for a king.

PER. It fell upon a holly eve,
 WIL. Hey ho, hollidaye!
 PER. When holly fathers wont to shrieve, 55
 WIL. Now gynneth this roundelay.
 PER. Sitting upon a hill so hye,
 WIL. Hey ho, the high hyll!
 PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby,

¹ *Nis sike*, is not such.

³ *Pousse*, pease.

² *Sicker*, surely.

Ver. 53. — *It fell upon a holly eve.*] Nothing can be prettier in its way than this little song. It has that true lyrical quality which forces us to chant the words to a melody suggested by themselves. C.

- WIL. The while the shepheard selfe did spill¹; 60
 PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
 WIL. Hey ho, bonibell!
 PER. Tripping over the dale alone;
 WIL. She can trippe it very well.
 PER. Well decked in a frocke of gray, 65
 WIL. Hey ho, gray is greete²!
 PER. And in a kirtle of greene saye,³
 WIL. The greene is for maydens meete.
 PER. A chapelet on her head she wore,
 WIL. Hey ho, chapelet! 70
 PER. Of sweete violets therein was store,
 WIL. She sweeter then the violet.
 PER. My sheepe did leave theyr wonted food,
 WIL. Hey ho, seely sheepe!
 PER. And gazd on her as they were wood,⁴ 75
 WIL. Woode as he that did them keepe.
 PER. As the bonilasse passed bye,
 WIL. Hey ho, bonilasse!
 PER. She rovde⁵ at mee with glauncing eye,
 WIL. As cleare as the christall glasse: 80
 PER. All as the sunny beame so bright,
 WIL. Hey ho, the sunnebeame!
 PER. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
 WIL. So love into thy hart did streame:
 PER. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes, 85
 WIL. Hey ho, the thonder!
 PER. Wherein the lightsome levin⁶ shroudes,
 WIL. So cleaves thy soule a sonder:

¹ *Spill*, perish.² *Greete*, mourning.³ *Saye*, silk.⁴ *Wood*, mad.⁵ *Rovde*, shot.⁶ *Levin*, lightning.

- PER. Or as Dame Cynthias silver raye,
 WIL. Hey ho, the moonelight! 90
 PER. Upon the glyttering wave doth playe,
 WIL. Such play is a pitteous plight.
 PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
 WIL. Hey ho, the glyder!
 PER. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,¹ 95
 WIL. Such woundes soone wexen wider.
 PER. Hasting to raunch² the arrow out,
 WIL. Hey ho, Perigot!
 PER. I left the head in my hart-roote,
 WIL. It was a desperate shot. 100
 PER. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
 WIL. Hey ho, the arrowe!
 PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
 WIL. Love is a curelesse sorrowe.
 PER. And though my bale with death I bought, 105
 WIL. Hey ho, heavie cheere!
 PER. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought;
 WIL. So you may buye golde to deere.
 PER. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
 WIL. Hey ho, pinching payne! 110
 PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shalbe mine;
 WIL. But if thou can her obtaine.
 PER. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
 WIL. Hey ho, gracelesse grieve!
 PER. Witnesse shee slewe me with her eye; 115
 WIL. Let thy follye be the priefe.
 PER. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 WIL. Hey ho, the fayre flocke!

¹ *Gryde*, pierced.² *Raunch*, wrench.

PER. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
 WIL. And mone with many a mocke. 120
 PER. So learnd I love on a hollye eve,
 WIL. Hey ho, holidaye !
 PER. That ever since my hart did greve,
 WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."

CUD. Sicker, sike a roundle¹ never heard I none ;
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best, 125
 And Willye is not greatly overgone,²

So weren his under-songs well address.

WIL. Herdgrome, I fear me thou have a squint eye :
 Areede³ uprightly, who has the victorye. 130

CUD. Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have gayned ;

Forthy⁴ let the lambe be Willye his owne ;
 And for Perigot so well hath hym payned,

To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doome, 135
 Ne can Willye wite the witelesse⁵ herdgroome.

WIL. Never dempt⁶ more right of beautye, I weene,
 The shepheard of Ida that judged Beauties Queene.

CUD. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend⁷
 Your roundels fresh to heare a doolefull verse 140
 Of Rosalend, (who knowes not Rosalend ?)

That Colin made, ylke⁸ can I you rehearse.

PER. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde ;
 With mery thing its good to medle⁹ sadde.

¹ *Roundle*, roundelay.

² *Overgone*, surpassed.

³ *Areede*, declare.

⁴ *Forthy*, therefore.

⁵ I. e. blame the blameless.

⁶ *Dempt*, deemed, judged.

⁷ *Yshend*, mar.

⁸ *Ylke*, the same.

⁹ *Medle*, mingle.

WIL. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be 145

In Colins stede, if thou this song areede ;

For never thing on earth so pleaseth me

As him to heare, or matter of his deede.¹

CUD. Then listneth ech unto my heavie laye,

And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may. 150

“Ye wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,*

Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound ;

Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cryes,

Which in your songs were woont to make a part ;

Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft asleepe, 155

Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.

“Resort of people doth my greefs augment,

The walled townes doe worke my greater woe ;

The forest wide is fitter to resound

The hollow echo of my carefull cryes : 160

I hate the house, since thence my Love did part,

Whose waylefull want debarres mine eyes from sleepe.

“Let the stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe ;

Let all, that sweete is, voyd,² and all that may augment

My doole draw neare ! More meete to wayle my woe

Bene the wilde woddes, my sorowes to resound, 166

Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,

When I them see so waist, and fynd no part

¹ *Deede*, doing.

² *Voyd*, remove.

* This poem is an imitation of the Italian Sestina, but is executed with very little skill. C.

“Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
 In gastfull¹ grove therefore, till my last sleepe 170
 Doo close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
 Help me, yee banefull byrds! whose shrieking sound
 Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

“Most ruthfully to tune: and as my cryes 175
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaintes, the daye in woe,
 I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound 180

“She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
 To cheerefull songes can chaunge my cherelesse
 cryes.

Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songes and plaintive pleas, the more t’ augment
 The memorie of hys misdeede that bred her woe. 186

“And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes ye heare apart,
 Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pitie augment.

PER. O Colin, Colin, the shepheards joye, 190
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse!
 And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie, the liefest² boye,
 How dolefully his doole³ thou didst rehearse!

¹ *Gastfull*, frightful.

³ *Doole*, grief.

² *Liefest*, dearest.

CUD. Then blowe your pypes, shepheards, til you
be at home ;

The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone. 195

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.*

Felice chi può.

* " The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie, the arbiter of theyr cause and patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it as his due, saying, that hee is happie which can ; so abruptly ending; but hee meeneth eyther him that can win the best, or moderate himselfe being best, and leave of with the best." E. K.

SEPTEMBER.

AEGLOGA NONA.

ARGUMENT.

HEREIN Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose living of popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL, DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bidde her¹ god day ;
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

DIG. Her was her while it was daye-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight :
For day that was is wightly² past, 5
And now at earst³ the dirke night doth hast.

HOB. Diggon, areede⁴ who has thee so dight⁵ ;
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred,⁶ or at⁷ mischief dead? 10

¹ *Her*, provincial for *him*, *he*, *their*.

² *Wightly*, quickly.

³ *At earst*, at once.

⁴ *Areede*, say.

⁵ *Dight*, served.

⁶ *Chaffred*, sold or exchanged.

⁷ *At*, by.

Arg. — The "Roffin" spoken of in this Eclogue is evidently some Bishop of Rochester who had shown favor to Spenser. Keightley has called attention to the fact, that John Young, Master of Pembroke Hall, (Spenser's College,) whose patron was the Archbishop Grindal of the Seventh Eclogue, was, in January, 1577, called to that see. C.

DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leefe,
 Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefe;
 Sike question rippeth up cause of newe woe,
 For one opened mote unfolde many moe.

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart, 15
 I know, to kepe is a burdenous smart:
 Eche thing imparted is more eath¹ to beare:
 When the rayne is falln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
 And now, sithence² I sawe thy head last,
 Thrise three moones bene fully spent and past; 20
 Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
 And wandred, I wene, about the world round,
 So as thou can many thinges relate;
 But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

DIG. My sheepe bene wasted: wae³ is me there-
 fore! 25

The jolly shepheard that was of yore
 Is now nor jollye, nor shepehearde more.
 In forrein costes men sayd was plentye;
 And so there is, but all of miserye:
 I dempt⁴ there much to have eeked⁵ my store, 30
 But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
 In tho⁶ countries whereas I have bene,
 No being for those that truely mene;
 But for such as of guile maken gayne,
 No such countrye as there to remaine. 35
 They setten to sale their shops of shame,
 And maken a mart of theyr good name:
 The shepheards there robben one another,

¹ *Eath*, easy.

² *Sithence*, since.

³ *Wae*, woe.

⁴ *Dempt*, deemed.

⁵ *Eeked*, increased.

⁶ *Tho*, those.

And layen baytes to beguile her¹ brother;
 Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote, 40
 Or they will carven² the shepheards throte.
 The shepheardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
 But it be by his pryde, from other men:
 They looken bigge as bulls that bene bate,³
 And bearen the cragge⁴ so stiffe and so state,⁵ 45
 As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.⁶

HOB. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,⁷
 That uneth may I stand any more;
 And nowe the westerne winde bloweth sore,
 That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntee, 50
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
 Sitte we downe here under the hill;
 Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
 And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
 Now say on, Diggon, what ever thou hast. 55

DIG. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stounde⁸
 That ever I cast to have lorne⁹ this grounde.
 Wel-away the while I was so fonde
 To leave the good that I had in honde,
 In hope of better that was uncouth¹⁰: 60
 So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
 My seely sheepe (ah, seely sheepe!)
 That here by there¹¹ I whilome usd to keepe,
 All were they lustye as thou didst see,
 Bene all sterved with pyne and penuree; 65

¹ *Her*, their.² *Carven*, cut.³ *Bate*, baited, fat.⁴ *Cragge*, neck.⁵ *State*, stoutly.⁶ *Cranck*, lustily.⁷ *Stanck*, weary.⁸ *Stounde*, hour.⁹ *Lorne*, lost, left.¹⁰ *Uncouth*, unknown.¹¹ *Here by there*, here and there.

Hardly my selfe escaped thilke¹ payne,
Driven for neede to come home agayne.

HOB. Ah, fon! now by thy losse art taught
That seeldome chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state 70
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

DIG. I wote ne,² Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht: 75
But, sick³, so it is as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater when it is farre.
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But nowe I wote it is nothing sich;
For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still, 80
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wyll,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene freight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight, 85
But kindle coales of conteck⁴ and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken agayne to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con⁵ to heaven the high-way, 90
But by my soule I dare undersaye⁶
They never sette foote in that same troade,⁷
But balk⁸ the right way, and strayen abroad.

¹ *Thilke*, the same.

² *Wote ne*, know not.

³ *Sicker*, truly.

⁴ *Conteck*, contest.

⁵ *Con*, know.

⁶ *Undersaye*, gainsay.

⁷ *Troade*, path.

⁸ *Balk*, forsake.

They boast they han the devill at commaund,
 But aske hem therefore what they han paund: 95
 Marrie! that¹ great Pan bought with deare borrow,²
 To quite³ it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
 But they han sold thilke same long agoe,
 Forthy woulden draw with hem many moe.
 But let hem gange⁴ alone a Gods name; 100
 As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOB. Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke;⁵
 Such myster⁶ saying me seemeth to mirke.⁷

DIG. Then, playnely to speake of shepheards most
 what,⁸

Badde is the best; (this English is flatt :) 105
 Their ill haviour garres⁹ men missay
 Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.¹⁰
 They sayne the world is much war¹¹ then it wont,
 All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont¹²:
 Other sayne, but howe truely I note,¹³ 110
 All for they holden shame of theyr cote:
 Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue!)
 That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
 All for they casten¹⁴ too much of worlds care,
 To deck her dame, and enrich her heyre. 115
 For such encheason,¹⁵ if you goe nye,
 Fewe chimneis reeking¹⁶ you shall espye.

¹ *That*, that which.

² *Borrow*, pledge, ransom.

³ *Quite*, quit, deliver.

⁴ *Gange*, go.

⁵ *Dirke*, dark.

⁶ *Myster*, kind of.

⁷ *To mirke*, too obscure.

⁸ *Most what*, for the most part.

⁹ *Garres*, makes.

¹⁰ *Faye*, faith.

¹¹ *War*, worse.

¹² *Blont*, dull, rude.

¹³ *Note*, know not.

¹⁴ *Casten*, think.

¹⁵ *Encheason*, occasion.

¹⁶ *Reeking*, smoking.

The fatte oxe, that wont ligge¹ in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.²
 Thus chatten the people in theyr steads, 120
 Ylike as a monster of many heads :
 But they that shooten neerest the pricke³
 Sayne other the fat from their beards doen lick :
 For bigge bulles of Basan brace⁴ hem about,
 That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute ; 125
 But the leane soules treaden under foote,
 And to seeke redreesse mought little boote ;
 For liker bene they to pluck away more,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore :
 For they bene like foule wagmoires⁵ overgrast, 130
 That, if thy galage⁶ once sticketh fast,
 The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
 Yet better leave off with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.⁷ 135

HOB. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest to
 plaine ;
 Better it were a little to feyne,
 And cleanly cover that cannot be cured ;
 Such ill as is forced mought nedes be endured. 139
 But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe ?

DIG. Sike⁸ as the shepheards, sike bene her
 sheepe ;
 For they nill⁹ listen to the shepheards voyce,

¹ *Ligge*, lie.² *Crumenall*, purse.³ *Pricke*, mark.⁴ *Brace*, compass.⁵ *Wagmoires*, quagmires.⁶ *Galage*, (a clown's coarse) shoe.⁷ I. e. lose the whole.⁸ *Sike*, such.⁹ *Nill*, will not.

But if he call hem, at theyr good choyce
 They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,
 And to theyr folds yead at their owne leasure. 145
 But they had be¹ better come at their cal;
 For many han unto mischiefe fall,
 And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
 All for they nould be buxome and bent.²

HOB. Fye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule
 leasing! 150

Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
 Never was wolfe seene, many nor some,
 Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
 But the fewer wolves, (the soth to sayne,)
 The more bene the foxes that here remaine. 155

DIG. Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
 And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
 They walke not widely as they were wont,
 For fear of raungers and the great hunt,
 But prively prolling to and froe, 160
 Enaunter³ they mought be inly⁴ knowe.

HOB. Or prive or pert⁵ yf any bene,
 We han great bandogs will teare their skinne.

DIG. Indeede thy Ball is a bold bigge curre,
 And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre: 165
 But not good dogges hem needeth to chace,

¹ *Be*, been.

² *I. e.* compliant and obedient.

³ *Enaunter*, lest that.

⁴ *Inly*, inwardly.

⁵ *I. e.* secret or open.

Ver. 151. — *The Saxon king.*] King Edgar, during whose reign, in the tenth century, wolves are said to have disappeared from England. H.

But, heedye shepheards to discerne their face ;
 For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
 They bene so grave and full of mayntenaunce.¹
 But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe 170
 Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe ?

HOB. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,²
 For not but well mought him betight³ :
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,⁴
 And with his word his worke is convenable.⁵ 175
 Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe⁶ boye.
 (Ah for Colin, he whilome my ioye !)
 Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
 That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

DIG. Thilke same shepherd mought I well marke ;
 He has a dogge to byte or to barke ; 181
 Never had shepherd so kene a kurre,
 That waketh and if but a leafe sturre.
 Whilome there wonned⁷ a wicked wolfe,
 That with many a lambe had glutted his gulfe,⁸ 185
 And ever at night wont to repayre
 Unto the flocke, when the welkin shone fayre,
 Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man used to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball, 190
 (For he had eft⁹ learned a cures call,)
 As if a wolfe were emong the sheepe :
 With that the shepherd would breake his sleepe,

¹ *Mayntenaunce*, stately carriage.

² *Hight*, signify.

³ *Betight*, betide.

⁴ *Merciable*, merciful.

⁵ *Convenable*, conformable.

⁶ *Selfe*, own.

⁷ *Wonned*, dwelt.

⁸ *Gulfe*, belly.

⁹ *Eft*, (here,) quickly.

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote¹)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte. 195
 Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,
 This wolvishe sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
 A lambe, or a kidde, or a weanell² wast;
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he used this slippery pranck, 200
 Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
 At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
 And when at even he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke, 205
 And tooke out the wolfe in his counterfect cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

HOB. Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
 To take his owne where ever it laye?
 For had his wesand bene a little widder,³ 210
 He would have deuoured both hidder and shidder.⁴

DIG. Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse!
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
 For it was a perilous beast above all,
 And eke had he cond⁵ the shepherds call, 215
 And oft in the night came to the shepe-cote,
 And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
 As if it the olde man selfe had bene.
 The dog his maisters voice did it wene,
 Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore, 220

¹ *Hote*, was called.

⁵ *Cond*, learned.

² *Weanell*, a newly weaned animal.

³ *Widder*, wider.

⁴ I. e. male and female. [E. K] Qu. hither and thither, on all sides?

And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
 No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
 Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught;
 And had not Roffy renne to the steven,¹
 Lowder had bene slaine thilke same even. 225

HOB. God shield, man, hee should so ill have thrive,
 All for he did his devoyre belive.²
 If sike bene wolves as thou hast told,
 How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

DIG. How, but with heede and watchfullnesse 230
 Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:³
 Forthy³ with shepheard sittes⁴ not playe,
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
 But ever ligger⁵ in watch and ward,
 From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard. 235

HOB. Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were too
 straight,
 All the cold season to wach and waite:
 We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
 Why should we be bound to such miseree?
 Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable rest, 240
 Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIG. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
 Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile.⁶
 What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
 My piteous plight and losse to amend? 245
 Ah, good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
 Of ayde or counsell in my decaye?

HOB. Now by my soule, Diggon, I lament

¹ *Steven*, voice, cry.

² *Belive*, promptly.

³ *Forthy*, therefore.

⁴ *Sittes*, becomes.

⁵ *Ligger*, lie.

⁶ *Forhaile*, haul about, harass.

The haplesse mischief that has thee hent¹;
 Nethesle thou seest my lowly saile,
 That froward fortune doth ever availe²:
 But were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
 Diggon should soone finde favour and ease.
 But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can I wil thee comfort;
 There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy³ bed,
 Till fayrer fortune shewe forth his head.

250

255

DIG. Ah, Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite!
 Diggon on fewe such freendes did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.*

Inopem me copia fecit.

¹ *Hent*, seized upon.

³ *Vetchy*, of pease straw.

² *Availe*, lower, bring down.

* Diggon applies to his own change of fortune the saying of Narcissus in Ovid, — "Plenty has made me poor." H.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a poete, which, finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof : specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwayes of singular account and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte; or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to bee gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain *ἐνθουσιασμός* and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his booke called *The English Poete*, which booke, being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERCE, CUDDIE.

PIERCE.

CUDDIE, for shame! hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast¹ with what delight to chace
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base²; 5
Nowe they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

¹ *Cast*, consider.

² *Bydding* base, game of prison base.

CUD. Piers, I have pyped erst¹ so long with payne,
 That all mine oten reedes bene rent and wore,
 And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
 Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne. 10
 Such pleasaunce makes the grashopper so poore,
 And ligge so layd,² when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
 To feede youthes fansie and the flocking fry,
 Delighten much : what I the bett forthy³? 15
 They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise :
 I beate the bush, the byrds to them do flye :
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIERS. Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price,
 The glory eke much greater then the gayne : 20
 O what an honor is it, to restraine
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
 Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine
 Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice!

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame, 25
 O how the rurall routes⁴ to thee doe cleave !
 Seemeth thou doest their soule of sense bereave,
 All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
 From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
 His musicks might the hellish hound did tame. 30

CUD. So praysen babes the peacocks spotted
 trayne,

¹ *Erst*, before.

² *Layd*, frozen, cold.

³ *Bett forthy*, better for that.

⁴ *Routes*, companies.

And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
 But who rewards him ere ¹ the more forthy,
 Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
 Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth ² in the skye; 35
 Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS. Abandon then the base and viler clowne;
 Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
 Turne thee to those that weld ³ the awful crowne, 40
 To doubted ⁴ knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from east to west;
 Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest, 45
 Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advauce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
 That first the White Beare to the Stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds ⁵
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string, 50
 Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers Rownde,⁶
 All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
 So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

¹ *Ere*, ever.² *Sheddeth*, disperses.³ *Weld*, wield.⁴ *Doubted*, redoubted.⁵ *Stounds*, occasions.⁶ I. e. a kind of dance.

Ver. 47. — *The worthy, &c.*] The Earl of Leicester, here described by his cognizance of the bear and ragged staff. C.

CUD. Indeede the Romish Tityrus,¹ I heare, 55
 Through his Mecænas left his oaten reede,
 Whereon hee earst had taught his flocks to feede
 And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
 And eft² did sing of warres and deadly drede,
 So as the heavens did quake his verse to here. 60

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
 And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
 And all the worthies liggen³ wrapt in leade,
 That matter made for poets on to play :
 For, ever, who in derring-doe⁴ were dreade, 65
 The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue gan for age to stoope,
 And mightie Manhode brought a bedde of ease,
 The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
 To put in preace⁵ among the learned troupe : 70
 Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
 And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.⁶

And if that any buddes of poesie
 Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne,
 Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne, 75
 And rolle with rest in rymes of ribaudrye,
 Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne ;
 Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

¹ I. e. Virgil.² *Eft*, afterwards.³ *Liggen*, lie.⁴ *Derring-doe*, daring deeds.⁵ I. e. make an object of competition.⁶ *Coupe*, coop, cage.

PIERS. O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy
place?

If nor in princes pallace thou doe sitt, 80
(And yet is princes pallace the most fitt,)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUD. Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and wanne, 85
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peece¹ pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne²;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,³
Would mount as high and sing as soote⁴ as swanne. 90

PIERS. Ah, fon⁵! for Love does teach him
climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre;
Such immortal mirror as he doth admire
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caytive corage⁶ to aspire; 95
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUD. All otherwise the state of poet stands:
For lordly Love is such a tyranne fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes, 100
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

¹ I. e. (mended, and therefore) weak.

² *Scanne*, ascend.

⁵ *Fon*, fool.

³ *Bedight*, affected.

⁶ *Caytive corage*, base heart.

⁴ *Soote*, sweet.

Who ever casts to compasse waightye prise,
 And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threate,
 Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate, 105
 For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wise;
 And when with wine the braine begins to sweate,
 The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should rage:
 O if my temples were distaind with wine, 110
 And girt in girlonds of wild yvie twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
 With queint¹ Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme: 115
 Forthy² content us in thys humble shade,
 Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde;
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.³
 PIERS. And when my gates⁴ shall han their
 bellies layd,
 Cuddie shall have a kidde to store his farme. 120

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.*

¹ *Queint*, (strangely or curiously) fair.

³ *Charme*, tune.

² *Forthy*, therefore.

⁴ *Gates*, goats.

* "Est deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo." — Ovid, Fasti, VI. 5. C.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue hee bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido.* The personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him self I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys† the Frenche Queene; but farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT, COLIN.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce¹?
 Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernance.
 Now somewhat sing whose endles sovenaunce² 5
 Emong the shepeheard swaines may aye remaine,
 Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
 Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

¹ *Jouisaunce*, joyousness.

² *Sovenaunce*, remembrance.

* Conjectured to have been a natural daughter of Leicester. C.

† Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis the First. A few verses are translated from Marot, but the imitation is far from being close. C.

COL. Thenot, now nis¹ the time of merimake,
 Nor Pan to herye,² nor with love to playe; 10
 Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
 Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
 But nowe sadde winter welked³ hath the day,
 And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
 Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly laye, 15
 And taken up his ynne⁴ in Fishes haske.
 Thilk sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
 And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse;
 The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
 As shee was wont in youngth⁵ and sommer-dayes; 20
 But if thou algate⁶ lust⁷ light virelayes,⁸
 And looser songs of love, to underfong,⁹
 Who but thy self deserves sike poetes prayse?
 Relieve thy oaten pypes that sleepen long.

THE. The nightingale is soveraigne of song, 25
 Before him sits¹⁰ the titmose silent bee;
 And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
 Should Colin make judge of my fooleree.
 Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,

¹ *Nis*, is not.

² *Herye*, praise.

³ *Welked*, shortened, dimmed.

⁴ *Ynne*, abode.

⁵ *Youngth*, youth.

⁶ *Algate*, at all events.

⁷ *Lust*, wishest.

⁸ *Virelayes*, roundelays.

⁹ *Underfong*, undertake.

¹⁰ *Sits*, it becomes.

Ver. 15.—*In lowly lay.*] According to the season of the moneth November, when the sunne draweth low in the South toward his tropick or returne. E. K.

Ver. 16.—*In Fishes haske.*] *Haske* is basket. Spenser has very strangely antedated this position of the sun by three months. C.

And han¹ be watered at the Muses well; 30
 The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,
 Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
 To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill, 35
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment:
 For deade is Dido, dead, alas! and drent²;
 Dido, the greate shepheard his daughter sheene.³
 The fayrest may⁴ she was that ever went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene: 40
 And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,⁵
 I shall thee give yond cosset⁶ for thy payne;
 And if thy rymes as rownde and ruffall bene
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne 45
 Than kidde or cosset, which I thee bynempt.⁷
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COL. Thenot, to that I choose thou doest mee tempt:
 Buf ah! too well I wote my humble vaine, 50
 And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkempt⁸;
 Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulst Muse of
 Nyne,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore:
 Up, grieslie ghostes! and up my ruffall ryme! 55

¹ *Han*, have.

² *Drent*, drowned.

³ *Sheene*, bright.

⁴ *May*, maid.

⁵ *Teene*, suffering.

⁶ *Cosset*, a lamb brought up by hand.

⁷ *Bynempt*, promised.

⁸ *Unkempt*, uncombed, unpolished.

Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more ;
 For dead shee is that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas ! is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead ;
 O heavie herse¹ !

60

Let streaming teares be poured out in store ;
 O carefull verse !

“ Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes
 abyde,

Waile ye this woefull waste of Natures warke ;
 Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde ; 65
 Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke.²
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke ;

The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night ;
 O heavie herse !

70

Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as larke ;
 O carefull verse !

“ Why doe we longer live, (ah ! why live we so long ?)
 Whose better dayes Death hath shut up in woe ?
 The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong 75
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.³

Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
 But into weeping turne your wanton layes ;
 O heavie herse !

80

Nowe is time to die ; nay, time was long ygoe ;
 O carefull verse !

¹ *Herse*, hersal, burden.

² *Carke*, care, sorrow.

³ *Ygoe*, gone.

"Whence is it that the flouret of the field doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in winters bale,
 Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde, 85
 It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
 But thing on earth that is of most availe,
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
 Reliven¹ not for any good;
 O heavie herse! 90
 The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must
 quaille;
 O carefull verse!

"She, while she was, (that was, a woful word to
 sayne²!)
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere;
 So well she couth³ the shepherds entertayne 95
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country chere:
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
 For she would cal hem often heme,⁴
 And give hem curds and clouted creame;
 O heavie herse! 100
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne;
 O carefull verse!

"But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie
 chaunce,
 Such plesaunce now displast by dolours dint;
 All musick sleepes where Death doth leade the
 daunce, 105
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.

¹ *Reliven*, live again.

² *Sayne*, say.

³ *Couth*, could, knew how.

⁴ *Home*, home.

The blew in black, the greene in gray, is tinct¹;

The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,

The faded flowres her corse embrave;²

O heavie herse!

110

Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares besprint³;

O carefull verse!

“O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy grieve!

Where bene the nosegayes that she dight⁴ for thee?

The coloured chaplets, wrought with a chiefe,⁵

115

The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt rosemarée?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;

One bitter blast blewe all away;

O heavie herse!

120

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;

O carefull verse!

“Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,

That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;

The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,

125

The flouds doe gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,

And flouds of teares flow in theyr stead perforce:

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sondry colours tourne;

O heavie herse!

130

¹ *Tinct*, dyed.

⁴ *Dight*, prepared.

² *Embrave*, adorn.

⁵ *Chiefe*, head.

³ *Besprint*, besprinkled.

The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
O carefull verse!

“The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heades as they would learne to weepe;
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,¹ 135
Except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe.

The turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wound that Death did launch;
O heavie herse! 140
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe;
O carefull verse!

“The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
daunce,
And for her girlond olive-braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of cypress doen advaunce; 145
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter eldre-braunches seare.

The Fatall Sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent;
O heavie herse! 150
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare;
O carefull verse!

“O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper² hope
Of mortal men, that swinke³ and sweate for nought,
And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope⁴; 155

¹ *Woode*, mad.

² *Slipper*, slippery, uncertain.

³ *Swinke*, toil.

⁴ I. e. mark aimed at.

Nowe have I learnd, (a lesson derely bought !)
That nys¹ on earth assurance to be sought :

For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould ;

O heavie herse !

160

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought ;

O carefull verse !

“ But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly
spight,

And gates of Hel, and fyrie Furies forse,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

165

Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse ?

O Lobb ! thy losse no longer lament ;

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent ;²

O happye herse !

170

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse ;

O joyful verse !

“ Why wayle we then ? why weary we the gods with
playnts,

As if some evill were to her betight³ ?

She raignes a goddessse now emong the saintes,

175

That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,

And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.

I see thee, blessed soule, I see

Walke in Elisian fieldes so free ;

O happy herse !

180

¹ *Nys*, is not.

² *Hent*, taken.

³ *Betight*, happened.

Might I once come to thee! O that I might!
O joyfull verse!

“Unwise and wretched men, to weete¹ what’s good
or ill,

Wee deeme of death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe wee, fooles, what it us bringes until,² 185
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert³!

No daunger there the shepheard can astert⁴;
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes⁵ there bene;
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene;
O happy herse! 190

Make hast, ye shepherds, thether to revert:
O joyfull verse!

“Dido is gone afore; whose turne shall be the next?
There lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,
There drincks she nectar with ambrosia mixt, 195
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.

The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepherds pryde;
While here on earth shee did abyde;
O happy herse! 200

Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
O joyfull verse!”

THE. Ay, francke shepheard, how bene thy verses
meint⁶

With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte

¹ *Weete*, know.

² *Until*, unto.

³ *Expert*, experience.

⁴ *Astert*, alarm.

⁵ *Layes*, leas, fields.

⁶ *Meint*, mingled.

Whether rejoyce, or weepe for great constrainte. 206
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gottē.
Up, Colin, up, ynough thou morned hast;
Now gynnes to mizzle,¹ hye we homeward fast.

COLINS EMBLEME.

*La mort n'y mord.**

¹ *Mizzle*, drizzle.

* Clement Marot's motto, and apparently an imperfect anagram of his name: C.

DECEMBER.*

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Aeglogue (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan; wherein, as weary of his former wayes, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; comparing hys youthe to the spring-time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye: his manhoode to the sommer, which, he sayth, was consumed with great heate and excessive drouth, caused throughe a comet, or blazing starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares he resembleth to an unseasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe: his latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THE gentle shepheard sat beside a springe,
 All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
 That Colin hight, which wel coude pype and singe,
 For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere¹:

There, as he satte in secreate shade alone, 5
 Thus gan hee make of love his piteous mone.

“O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender lambkins takest keepe,²

¹ *Lere*, learn.

² *Keepe*, care.

* About a third part of this elegant pastoral is loosely translated from Marot's *Eglogue au Roy soubz les noms de Pan et Robin*. C.

And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Doest save from mischief the unwary sheepe, 10
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward;

"I thee beseche, (so be thou deigne to heare
 Rude ditties, tund to shepheards oaten reede,
 Or if I ever sonet song so cleare 15
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)
 Harken a while, from thy greene cabinet,¹
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

"Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
 Like swallow swift I wandred here and there; 20
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare :
 I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
 Withouten dreade of wolves to bene espyed.

"I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette, 25
 And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
 And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,²
 Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
 What recked I of wintrye ages waste? —
 Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste. 30

"How often have I scaled the craggie oke,
 All to dislodge the raven of her nest!
 How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
 The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest

¹ *Cabinet*, cabin.

² *Pricket*, a buck in his second year.

Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife ! 35
 For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

“ And for I was in thilke¹ same looser yeares,
 (Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
 Or I to much beleevd my shepherd peeres,)
 Somedeley ybent to song and musicks mirth, 40
 A good olde shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
 Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

“ Fro thence I durst in derring² to compare
 With shepheards swayne what ever fed in field ;
 And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare, 45
 To Pan his own selfe pype I neede not yield :
 For if the flocking nymphes did folow Pan,
 The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

“ But ah ! such pryde at length was ill repayde :
 The shepheards god (perdie, god was he none) 50
 My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide ;
 My freedome lorne,³ my life he lefte to mone.
 Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
 But better mought they have behote⁴ him Hate.

“ Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewel, 55
 And sommer season sped him to display
 (For Love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
 The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.
 A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
 That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate. 60

¹ *Thilke*, those.

³ *Lorne*, lost.

² *Derring*, daring.

⁴ *Behote*, called.

“Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
 When choise I had to choose my wandring waye,
 But whether¹ Luck and Loves unbridled lore
 Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe :
 The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre, 65
 The woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.²

“Where I was wont to seeke the honey-bee,
 Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
 The grieslie todestoole growne there mought I see,
 And loathed paddocks³ lording on the same : 70
 And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
 The ghastlie owle her grievous ynne⁴ doth keepe.

“Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde,
 Al so my age, now passed youthly pryme, 75
 To thinges of riper season selfe applied,
 And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

“To make fine cages for the nightingale,
 And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont : 80
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale⁵
 Was better seene,⁶ or hurtfull beastes to hont ?
 I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
 How Phoebe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

“And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges ; 85
 The sodain rysing of the raging seas,

¹ *Whether*, whither.

² *Stowre*, trouble.

³ *Paddocks*, toads.

⁴ *Ynne*, abode.

⁵ *Sale*, willow (-basket).

⁶ *Seene*, skilled.

The soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
 And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe. 90

"But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
 That kydst¹ the hidden kinds of many a wede,
 Yet kydst not ene² to cure thy sore hart-roote,
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye³ bleede!
 Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes
 wound? 95

Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde?

"Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
 Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe⁴;
 The eare that budded fayre is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.⁵ 100
 Of all the seede that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

"My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at
 firste,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst⁶; 105
 The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
 And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
 My harvest, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

"The fragrant flowres that in my garden grewe
 Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long: 110

¹ *Kydst*, madest known, discoveredst.

² *Ene*. one (probably a misprint).

³ *Rifelye*, abundantly.

⁴ *To rathe*, too early.

⁵ *Scathe*, ruin.

⁶ *At erst*, at last.

Theyr rootes bene dryed up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be¹ ever among.

Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spil² the flowres that should her girlond dight!

“And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype 115
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote:³

The loser⁴ lasse I cast to please nomore;
One if I please, enough is me therefore. 120

“And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling
sheave,

Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,⁵ 125
All was blown away of the wavering wynd.

“So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harveste hastes to stirre up Winter sterne, 130
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right:
So now he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

“The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:

¹ *Han be*, have been.

² *Spil*, spoil, destroy.

³ *Unsoote*, unsweet.

⁴ *Loser*: qu. worthless? *wooser*, inconstant?

⁵ *Fynd*, sifted.

⁶ *Stoure*, tempest, &c.

My head besprent¹ with hoary frost I fynd, 135
 And by myne eie the crow his clawe doth wright:
 Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past;
 No sonne now shines; cloudes han all overcast.

“Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee;
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stounde²: 140
 Here will I hang my pype upon this tree;
 Was never pype of reede did better sounde:
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after winter dreerie death does hast.

“Gather ye together my little flocke, 145
 My little flock, that was to me so liefe³;
 Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
 Ere the breme⁴ winter breede you greater grieve.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after winter commeth timely death. 150

“Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
 Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
 Adieu, my little lambes and loved sheepe;
 Adieu, ye woodes, that oft my witnesse were:
 Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true, 155
 Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu.”

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

¹ *Besprent*, besprinkled.

² *Stounde*, hour, effort, &c.

³ *Liefe*, dear.

⁴ *Breme*, sharp.

Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall
outweare;

And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution, 4
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe, lyttle Calender! thou hast a free passeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus¹ his style,
Nor with the Pilgrim² that the Ploughman playde a-
whyle; 10

But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore:
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.³

¹ I. e. Chaucer.

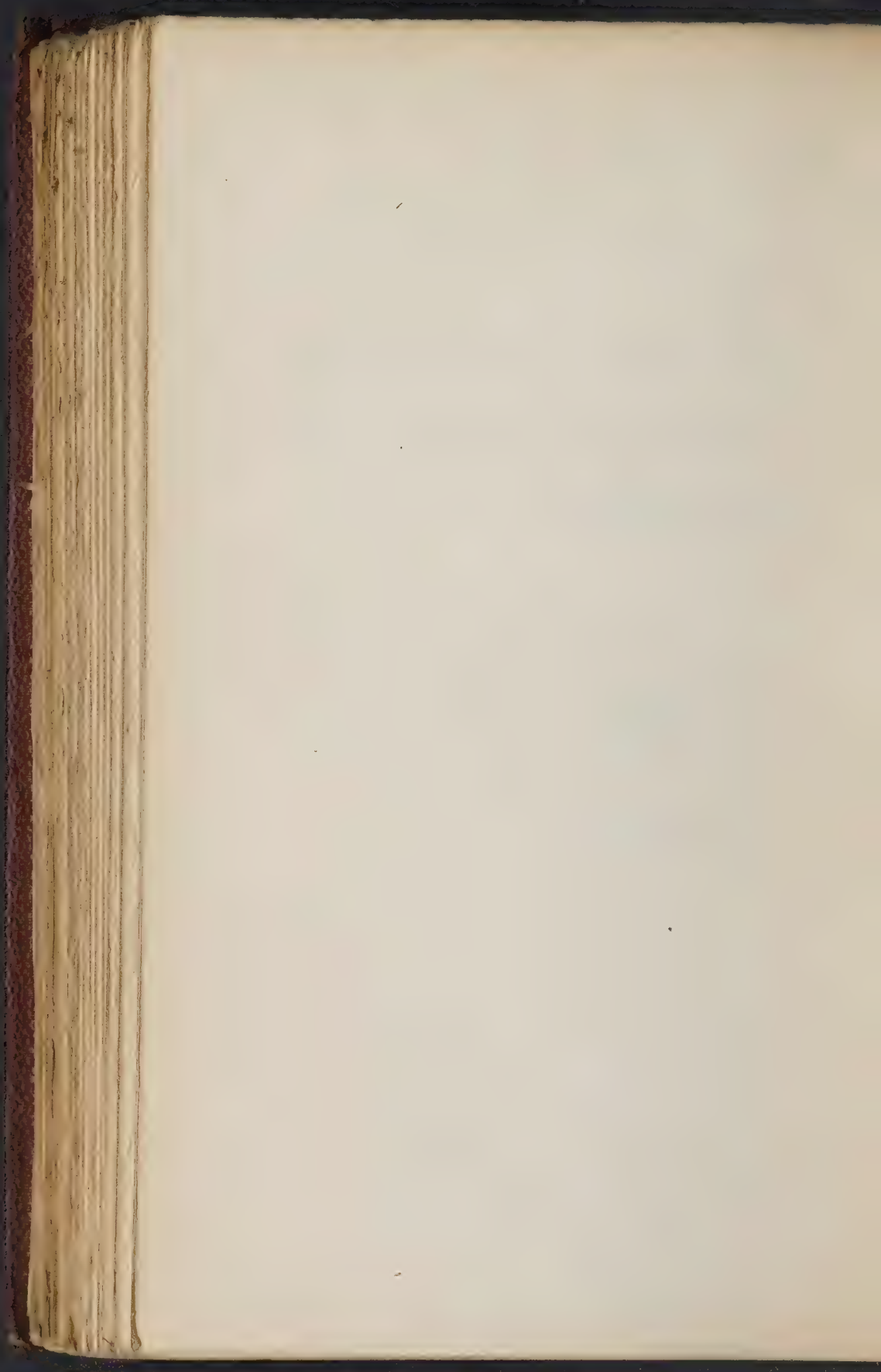
² I. e. the author of Piers Plouhman.

³ I. e. Done for itself and not for profit.

COLIN CLOUTS
COME HOME AGAINE.

By ED. SPENCER.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE.
1595.



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN
OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF
THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

SIR,—

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December, 1591.*

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

* Malone and Todd maintain that this is a misprint for 1594 or 1595, founding their objections to the earlier date, among other

things, on supposed allusions in the course of the piece to works of Daniel printed after 1591, and to the death of the Earl of Derby, which occurred in 1594. But these passages, even if we grant them to have the meaning which is ascribed to them, might have been inserted just before publication. Spenser speaks in this dedication of favors shown him by Raleigh at his *late being in England*, and we have no trace of his having been there from the early part of 1591 up to the time when this poem was published. Besides, it is more likely that Spenser would write this account of his introduction at court immediately after his return to Ireland, than that he should wait three or four years until it was an old story. C.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAIN.

THE shepherds boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus¹ first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate, as his custome was, upon a day,
Charming² his oaten pipe unto his peres, 5
The shepherd swaines that did about him play :
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill, 10
He rested him : and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepherd dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol³) gan thus to him areed.⁴ 15
“ Colin, my lief⁵, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke !
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse ;

¹ I. e. Chaucer.

² *Charming*, tuning.

³ I. e. Gabriel Harvey.

⁴ *Areed*, say.

⁵ *Liefe*, dear.

That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
 Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye, 20
 Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole¹ did lie:
 The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,²
 And all their birds with silence to complaine:
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne, 25
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languour did lament:
 But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment, 30
 That us, late dead, hast made againe alive.
 But were it not too painfull³ to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell." 35

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus:
 "Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
 For of good passed newly to discus,
 By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eie, 40
 Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
 My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight.
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure, 45
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
 My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure.

¹ *Dole*, grief.² *Sythe*, time.³ *Painfull*, troublesome.

Wake then, my pipe ! my sleepe Muse, awake !
 Till I have told her praises lasting long :
 Hobbin desires thou maist it not forsake.¹ 50
 Harke then, ye iolly shepheards, to my song."

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
 With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie :
 The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feed at libertie. 55

"One day," quoth he, "I sat, as was my trade,
 Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
 Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore.
 There a straunge shepherd chaunst to find me out,
 Whether allured with my pipes delight, 61
 Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
 Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe ² 65
 The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit ³ ;
 And when he heard the musicke which I made, 70

¹ *Forsake*, refuse.

³ *Fit*, strain.

² *Ycleepe*, call.

Ver. 59. — *By the Mullaes shore.*] The Mulla is the river *Awbeg*, which runs not far from Kilcolman, Spenser's residence.
 TODD.

Ver. 66. — *The Shepheard of the Ocean.*] Sir Walter Raleigh, whom Spenser accompanied into England, and by whom he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth. See ver. 193, 332, 359.

He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it :
 Yet, æmuling¹ my pipe, he tooke in hond
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon ; (for well that skill he cond² ;) 75
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.

He pip'd, I sung ; and when he sung, I piped ;
 By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery ;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, untill we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine, 80
 That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake :
 " And should it not thy readie course restraine,
 I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing when he did plaie ;
 For well I weene it worth recounting was, 85
 Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
 Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

" Nor of my love, nor of my lasse," quoth he,
 " I then did sing, as then occasion fell :
 For love had me forlorne,³ forlorne of me, 90
 That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
 But of my river Bregogs love I soōng,
 Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
 And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
 As water doth within his bancks appeare." 95

" Of fellowship," said then that bony boy,
 " Record to us that lovely⁴ lay againe :
 The staie whereof shall nought these eares annoy,
 Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."

¹ *Æmuling*, emulating.

² *Cond*, knew.

³ *Forlorne*, forsaken.

⁴ *Lovely*, amatory.

“Heare then,” quoth he, “the tenor of my tale, 100
 In sort as I it to that shepheard told :
 No leasing ¹ new, nor grandams fable stale,
 But auncient truth confirm’d with credence old.

“Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
 That walls the northside of Armulla dale,) 105
 He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
 Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;
 Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
 The nimph, which of that water course has charge,
 That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right 110
 To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
 It giveth name unto that auncient cittie,
 Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old ;
 Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
 To travailers which it from far behold. 115
 Full faine ² she lov’d, and was belov’d full faine
 Of her owne brother river, Bregog ³ hight,
 So hight because of this deceitfull traine ⁴
 Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
 But her old sire, more carefull of her good, 120
 And meaning her much better to preferre,
 Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
 Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farre ;
 And wrought so well with his continuall paine,

¹ *Leasing*, fiction.

³ *Bregog*, Irish for *false*, *deceitful*.

² *Faine*, dearly.

⁴ *Traine*, trick.

Ver. 104. — *Old father Mole.*] By Mole (*mullach*, *mual*, is Irish for mountain) are meant the Ballyhowra hills, which form the northern boundary of Armoy (Armulla). C.

That he that river for his daughter wonne : 125
 The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
 The place appointed where it should be doone.
 Nath'lesse the nymph her former liking held ;
 For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde ;
 And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,¹ 130
 That her good will he got her first to wedde.
 But for her father, sitting still on hie,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observ'd, with iealous eie,
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent, 135
 Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
 The wily lover did devise this slight :
 First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
 That, whilst the one was watcht, the other might
 Passe unespide to meete her by the way ; 140
 And then, besides, those little streames so broken
 He under ground so closely² did convey,
 That of their passage doth appeare no token,
 Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
 So secretly did he his love enioy : 145
 Yet not so secret but it was descride,
 And told her father by a shepheards boy.
 Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
 In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
 Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might 150
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.³
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattred all to nought ;

¹ *Weld*, wield, sway.³ *Spill*, spoil.² *Closely*, secretly.

And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name : so deare his love he bought." 155

Which having said, him Thestylis¹ bespake :
" Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
But read² now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing : 160
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing."

" That shall I eke," quoth he, " to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard 165
Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,³
He cryed out, to make his undersong :
' Ah ! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life, 170
Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong? '"

¹ By Thestylis is probably meant Lodowick Bryskett: see p. 430. COLLIER.

² Read, say.

³ Singulfs rife, frequent sobs.

Ver. 166. — *Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea.*] Queen Elizabeth. It was in the summer of 1589 that Raleigh paid this visit to Spenser. A letter dated in August of this year informs us that Essex had chased him from court and confined him to Ireland. Of the cause for which Raleigh incurred the displeasure of his capricious mistress we know nothing; but it could not have been serious or lasting, for he subjoins to his complaints of the Queen's unkindness an invitation to the poet to visit her in his company, and before the year is out we find him boasting that he was never in greater favor. Both the substance of the narrative and the language here employed (ver. 167) forbid the supposition that this passage refers to Raleigh's confinement in the Tower and subsequent banishment from court in consequence of his intrigue with Elizabeth Throgmorton. C.

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
 That Marin hight : " Right well he sure did plaine,
 That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
 And move to take him to her grace againe. 175
 But tell on further, Colin, as befell
 Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."

" When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
 Quoth he, " and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great lyking to my lore, 180
 And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
 That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave thenceforth he counseld mee,
 Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardfull, 185
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull :
 Besides her peerlesse skill in making ¹ well,
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankynd did far excell, 190
 Such as the world admyr'd and praised it.
 So what with hope of good and hate of ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare :
 Nought tooke I with me but mine oaten quill ;
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare. 195
 So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is
 A world of waters heaped up on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie." 199

" And is the sea," quoth Coridon, " so fearfull ?"

" Fearful much more," quoth he, " then hart can
 fear :

¹ *Making*, versifying.

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping
direfull

Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.

Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold

Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, 205

And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,

Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,

Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,

Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes

Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell. 211

For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,

Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,

Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,

As if it scornd the daunger of the same; 215

Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,

Glewed together with some subtile matter :

Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,

And life to move it selfe upon the water. 219

Strange thing ! how bold and swift the monster was,

That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,

Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe

So proudly that she made them roare againe.

The same aboard us gently did receave,

And without harme us farre away did beare, 225

So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,

And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.

Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,

That shepheard I besought to me to tell,

Ver. 218-223. This is literally true of a modern steamship. C.

Under what skie, or in what world we were, 230
 In which I saw no living people dwell.
 Who, me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the regiment ¹
 Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
 His liege, his ladie, and his lifes regent. 235

“If then,” quoth I, “a shepheardesse she bee,
 Where be the flockes and heards which she doth
 keep?”

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
 On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?”

“These be the hills,” quoth he, “the surges hie, 240
 On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed :
 Her heards be thousand fishes, with their frie,
 Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
 Of them the shepherd which hath charge in chief,
 Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne : 245
 At sound whereof, they all for their relief
 Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
 And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
 Of stinking seales and porcpisces ² together,
 With hoary head and deawy dropping beard, 250
 Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
 And I, among the rest, of many least,
 Have in the ocean charge to me assignd ;
 Where I will live or die at her beheast,
 And serve and honour her with faithfull mind. 255
 Besides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly borne,
 And of immortall race, doo still attend
 To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be shorne,

¹ Regiment, kingdom.

² Porcpisces, porpoises.

And fold them up, when they have made an end.
 Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia serve 265
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
 For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
 To have in her commandement at hand."

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off descryde : 265
 Which sight much gladed me ; for much afore
 I feard least land we never should have eyde.
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We Lunday passe ; by that same name is ment 270
 An island which the first to west was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas encroching crueltie. 275
 Those same, the shepheard told me, were the fields
 In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed ;
 Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
 None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.¹
 The first to which we nigh approched was 280
 An high headland² thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea.
 There did a loftie mount³ at first us greet,
 Which did a stately heape of stones upreare 285
 That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,⁴
 Much greater then that frame which did us beare :

¹ *Red*, imagined, seen.

² I. e. Cornwall.

³ I. e. St. Michael's Mount.

⁴ *Fleet*, float.

There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.

"What land is that thou meanst," then Cuddy sayd,
"And is there other then whereon we stand?" 291

"Ah! Cuddy," then quoth Colin, "thous a fon,¹
That hast not seene least part of natures worke :
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon,²
And much more that does from mens knowledge
lurke. 295

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed :
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare, 300
No whit inferiour to thy Funchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare :
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies."

"But if that land be there," quoth he, "as here,
And is theyr heaven likewise there all one? 305
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone³?"

"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,"
Quoth he, "abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store 310
Conspire in one to make contented blisse :
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,⁴
No nightly bordrags,⁵ nor no hue and cries. 315

¹ *Thous a fon*, thou art a fool.

⁴ *Sweard*, sword.

² *Kon*, know.

⁵ *Bordrags*, border ravaging.

³ *Wone*, dwell.

The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger :
 No ravenous wolues the good mans hope destroy,
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
 There learned arts do florish in great honor, 320
 And poets wits are had in peerlesse price :
 Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,¹
 Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace, there freely growes,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use : 325
 For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
 But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse."

" But say on further," then said Corylas,
 " The rest of thine adventures that betyded."

" Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe," 330
 Quoth he, " as that same shepherd still us gnyded,
 Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came :
 Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame.
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought : 335
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,²
 I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
 Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
 With roses dight and goolds³ and daffadillies ;
 Or like the circlet of a turtle true, 340
 In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
 Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone⁴

¹ I. e. to rest her upon.

² Read, set forth, describe.

³ Goolds, marigolds.

⁴ Paragone, comparison.

Of earthly things, to iudge of things divine : 345
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdome, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind, 350
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."¹

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying : " By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
 Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise. 355
 But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepherd strange thy cause advanced."

" The Shepherd of the Ocean," quoth he,
 " Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare, 360
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight :
 For not by measure of her owne great mynd
 And wondrous worth she mott² my simple song, 365
 But ioyd that country shepherd ought could fynd³
 Worth harkening to emongst the learned throng."

" Why," said Alexis then, " what needeth shee,
 That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepheards in her fee, 370
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe ?
 Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,
 That they list not their mery pipes applie ?
 Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,

¹ *Humane*, human.² *Mott*, meted.³ *Fynd*, invent.

That they cannot her honour worthyie?" 375
 "Ah! nay," said Colin, "neither so nor so
 For better shepheards be not under skie,
 Nor better hable, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
 There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged 384
 In faithful service of faire Cynthia:
 And there is Corydon, though meanly waged,
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
 And there is sad Alcyon, bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie, 385
 Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
 Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
 Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure;
 Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height, 390
 That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
 There eke is Palin, worthie of great praise,
 Albe he envie at my rustick quill:
 And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
 His tunes from laies to matter of more skill. 395

Ver. 380-384. — Todd thinks that *Harpalus* is probably Barnaby Googe: Collier suggests Lord Buckhurst, who, however, was but 63 in 1595. Malone and Todd are both of the opinion that *Corydon* is Abraham Fraunce. *Alcyon* is certainly Sir Arthur Gorges, upon the death of whose wife Spenser wrote his *Daphnida*. "Eglantine of Meriflure" seems to be one of his works. C.

Ver. 392-399. — *Palin*.] *Palin* means Thomas Chaloner (Todd), or George Peele (Malone), or somebody else; Todd guesses *Alcon* to be Thomas Watson, Malone believes he is Thomas Lodge: but all these conjectures have very slight foundations. *Palemon* is certainly Thomas Churchyard, for he has applied ver. 399 to himself in one of his works. C.

And there is old Palemon, free from spight,
 Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew :
 Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
 That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
 And there is Alabaster, throughly taught 400
 In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;
 Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
 His Elisëis would be redde anew.
 Who lives that can match that heroick song
 Which he hath of that mightie princesse made? 405
 O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade ;
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun ;
 That, when he finisht hath as it should be, 410
 No braver poeme can be under sun.
 Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
 Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised. 415
 And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpasse ;
 Appearing well in that well tuned song
 Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie, 420
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,

Ver. 400. — *Alabaster.*] This is a real name. William Alabaster was a scholar and poet of Spenser's time, of considerable eminence. His Elisëis, here mentioned, was never printed, but still exists among the manuscripts of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. H.

And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
 In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
 And to what course thou please thy selfe advance : 425
 But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
 In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
 That spends his wit in loves consuming smart :
 Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his, 430
 That can empierce a princes mightie hart.
 There also is — ah no, he is not now !
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone :
 Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Having his Amaryllis left to mone. 435
 Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne :
 Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
 Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne.
 He, whilest he lived, was the noblest swaine 440
 That ever piped in an oaten quill :
 Both did he other which could pipe maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there, though last not least, is Aetion ;
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found ; 445

Ver. 438. — *Amyntas*.] Malone and Todd are agreed that by Amyntas is meant Ferdinand, the fifth Earl of Derby, the husband of Alice Spencer, afterwards mentioned under the name of Amaryllis. He died in April, 1594. C.

Ver. 444. — *Aetion*.] Aetion may possibly be the "gentle" Shakespeare, whose name (ἐγχείσπαλος) is of heroic sound (v. 447). There are equally good reasons, however, in favor of Sackville (πολιπόρθης), as was pointed out in the London Magazine, Sept., 1821. C.

Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo, remaine,
Now after Astrofell is dead and gone :

But while as Astrofell did live and raine, 450
Amongst all these was none his paragone.

All these do flourish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make :
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherds sake." 455

Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida :
"Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hast told,
Which favour thee and honour Cynthia ;
But of so many nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd : 460
That seems with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

"Ah far be it," quoth Colin Clout, "fro me,
That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve ; 465
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one whom all my dayes I serve :
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect love, 470
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie.
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize ;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice ; 475

My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is shee,
 And I hers ever onely, ever one ;
 One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
 One ever I, and others never none."

Then thus Melissa said : "Thrise happie mayd,
 Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie, 481
 That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
 Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
 But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace."

"They all," quoth he, "me graced goodly well, 485
 That all I praise ; but in the highest place,
 Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
 In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
 More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare. 491
 Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,
 Whose goodly beames, though they be over dight ¹
 With mourning stole of carefull ² wydowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright. 495
 She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
 Excelling most in glorie and great light :
 She is the ornament of womankind,
 And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
 Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace 500
 Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,

¹ *Dight*, covered.

² *Carefull*, sorrowfull.

Ver. 487. — *Urania*, &c.] The Countess of Pembroke.

Ver. 492. — *Theana*.] *Theana* is Anne, third wife of the Earl of Warwick, whose exemplary widowhood is commended in the *Ruines of Time*. TODD.

Well worthie of so honourable place,
 For her great worth and noble governance.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
 Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling : 505
 Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia,
 Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes traine :
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida 510
 Upon her neeces death I did complaine.
 She is the paterne of true womanhead,
 And onely mirrhor of feminitie :
 Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
 As she is next her in nobilitie. 515
 Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes
 Then best of all that honourable crew ;
 Faire Galathea, with bright shining beames
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
 She there then waited upon Cynthia, 520
 Yet there is not her won ; but here with us
 About the borders of our rich Coshma,
 Now made of Maa, the nymph delitious.
 Ne lesse praiseworthy faire Neæra is ;
 Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be ; 525
 For of the famous Shure the nymph she is,
 For high desert advaunst to that degree.
 She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,

Ver. 506. — *Marian.*] Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, to whom and the Countess of Warwick Spenser inscribes his *Four Hymns*. TODD.

Ver. 508. — *Mansilia.*] The Marchioness of Northampton, to whom *Daphnaida* is inscribed. TODD.

Adorned with all honourable parts :
 She is the braunch of true nobilitie, 530
 Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
 Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
 Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
 Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre. 535
 Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
 The honor of the noble familie
 Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nie :
 Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis. 540
 Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three :
 The next to her is bountifull Charillis :
 But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
 Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
 Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight, 545
 That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
 Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
 But sweet Charillis is the paragone
 Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise ;

Ver. 532. — *Stella*.] This is Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Essex, of whom Sir Philip Sidney was an unsuccessful lover. He celebrated her in his *Arcadia* under the name of Philoclea, and under that of Stella in his *Astraphel and Stella*. She became the wife of Robert, Lord Rich. H.

Ver. 540. — *Phyllis, &c.*] Phyllis, Charillis, and Amaryllis are Elizabeth, Anne, and Alice Spencer, daughters of Sir John Spencer. Charillis was married, at this time, to Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, being her third husband. *Mother Hubbards Tale* is dedicated to her. Amaryllis is Lady Strange, to whom the *Teares of the Muses* is inscribed. Phillis is Lady Carey, to whom *Muopotmos* is inscribed. H.

Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none, 550
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
 Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
 The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
 And it embracing deare without disdaine,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest. 555
 Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
 And yet there be the fairest under skie,
 Or that elsewhere I never yet did see,
 A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eie.
 She is the pride and primrose¹ of the rest, 560
 Made by the Maker selfe to be admired,
 And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
 That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread? 565
 That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands adventure dread.
 Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praysd diversly apart,
 In her thou maist them all assembled see, 570
 And seald up in the threasure of her hart.
 Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme :
 Ne thee lesse worthie, curteous Candida,
 For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme. 575
 Besides, yet many mo that Cynthia serve,

¹ I. e. prime rose.

Ver. 572-574. — The ladies intended by Flavia and Candida, as well as the two Irish beauties complimented under the names of Galathea and Neæra, are not known. C.

Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended :
 But if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
 Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd 580
 I deeme it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
 Then by discourse them to indignifie."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake :
 " Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours 585
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
 But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse and high grace,
 Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."

" More eath,¹" quoth he, " it is in such a case 590
 How to begin, then know how to have donne.
 For everie gift and everie goodly meed
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day ;
 And everie day in which she did a deed
 Demands a yeare it duly to display. 595
 Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,²
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive :
 Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,³
 And eke to make the dead againe alive.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes, 600
 Which load the bunches⁴ of the fruitfull vine ;
 Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her lookes were like beames of the morning sun,
 Forth looking through the windowes of the east, 605
 When first the fleecie cattell have begun

¹ *Eath*, easy.

² *Fleeting*, flowing.

³ *Unweeting*, unknowing.

⁴ *Qu. branches?* Collier.



Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of franckincence,
 Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence 610
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.
 There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation,
 Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an angell in all forme and fashion." 615

"Colin," said Cuddy then, "thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie :
 Such loftie flight base¹ shepheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields to angels and to skie."

"True," answered he, "but her great excellence 620
 Lifts me above the measure of my might :
 That, being fild with furious insolence,²
 I feele my selfe like one yrap³ in spright.³
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth : 625
 And when I speake of her what I have thought,
 I cannot thinke according to her worth.
 Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together ;
 And when as death these vitall bands shall breake, 630
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
 Her name in every tree I will endosse,⁴
 That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow :
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know. 635
 The speaking woods and murmuring waters fall,

¹ *Base*, humble.

² I. e. unusual fury. TODD.

³ *Yrap* in *spright*, rapt in spirit.

⁴ I. e. indorse (Fr. *endosser*), engrave.

Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame :
 And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
 Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
 And long while after I am dead and rotten, 640
 Amongst the shepherds daughters dancing rownd,
 My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
 When as ye heare her memory renewed, 645
 Be witnesse of her bountie here alive,
 Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake ;
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words, 650
 Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
 Saying: " Why, Colin, since thou foundst such grace
 With Cynthia and all her noble crew,
 Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee accrew ; 655
 And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
 Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
 Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle?
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

" Happie indeed," said Colin, " I him hold, 660
 That may that blessed presence still enioy,
 Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
 Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy :
 But I, by that which little while I prooved,
 Some part of those enormities did see, 665
 The which in court continually hooved,¹

¹ *Hooved*, hovered, prevailed.

And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
 Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
 Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes, 670
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
 But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
 Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
 Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there descryde." 675

"Shepherd," said Thestylis, "it seemes of spight
 Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
 Which thou enviest, rather then of right
 That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred will 680
 To quite¹ them ill, that me demeand² so well:
 But selfe-regard of private good or ill
 Moves me of each so as I found to tell,
 And eke to warne yong shepherds wandring wit,
 Which, through report of that lives painted blisse, 685
 Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
 And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
 For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice and with strife 690
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise; and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitfull wit
 In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
 Either by slaundring his well deemed name, 695
 Through leasings lewd³ and fained forgerie,

¹ Quite, requite.

² Demeand, treated.

³ Leasings lewd, wicked falsehoods.

Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecie ;
 To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
 Masked with faire dissembling curtesie, 700
 A filed¹ tounge furnisht with tearmes of art,
 No art of schoole, but courtiers schoolery.
 For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
 Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines ;
 And there professours find small maintenance, 705
 But to be instruments of others gaines.
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Unlesse to please, it selfe it can applie ;
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie. 710
 For each mans worth is measured by his weed,²
 As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares :
 Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares.
 For highest lookes have not the highest mynd, 715
 Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts :
 But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
 That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away : 720
 Such is their glorie that in simple eie
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell, 725
 And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall :

¹ *Filed*, smooth, artful.² *Weed*, dress.

Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call." 730

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinol, "the blame
Which thou imputest is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there, 735
To wait on Lobbin,¹ (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in princes court thou vewest.
Of which among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse: 740
Those that poore sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledde² of straunge languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound, 745
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore uniustly thou doest wyte³ them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

"Blame is," quoth he, "more blamelesse generall,
Then that which private errours doth pursew; 750
For well I wot that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts;
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is, 755

¹ *Lobbin*, probably Leicester.

³ *Wyte*, blame.

² *Ledden*, dialect.

Though blame do light on those that faultie bee ;
 For all the rest do most-what ¹ far amis,
 And yet their owne misfaring ² will not see :
 For either they be puffed up with pride,
 Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell, 760
 Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
 Or drowned die in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like moldwarps ³ nousling ⁴ still they lurke,
 Unmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse ;
 And do themselves, for want of other worke, 765
 Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
 Whose service high so basely they ensew,
 That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
 And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
 Denies them quite for servitors of his." 770

"And is Love then," said Corylas, "once knowne
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there ?
 I weened sure he was our god alone,
 And only woond ⁵ in fields and forests here."

"Not so," quoth he, "Love most aboundeth there. 775
 For all the walls and windows there are writ
 All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
 And all their talke and studie is of it.
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
 Unlesse that some gay mistresse badge he beares : 780
 Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
 Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
 But they of Love, and of his sacred lere, ⁶

¹ *Most-what*, for the most part.

² *Misfaring*, evil course.

³ *Moldwarps*, moles.

⁴ *Nousling*, burrowing.

⁵ *Woond*, dwelt.

⁶ *Lere*, lore.

Ver. 757. — *Far amis*.] Ed. 1611 has *fare*, which reading, as Mr. Collier remarks, is made probable by the occurrence of *misfaring* in the next verse. C.

(As it should be,) all otherwise devise,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here, 785
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
 For with lewd¹ speeches, and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
 And use his ydle name to other needs
 But as a complement for courting vaine. 790
 So him they do not serve as they professe,
 But make him serve to them for sordid uses :
 Ah ! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
 Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses !
 But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so, 795
 Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go
 To serve that god that is so greatly dred.
 For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
 Borne without syre or couples of one kynd ; 800
 For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
 Both male and female through commixture ioynd :
 So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
 And in the Gardens of Adonis nurst :
 Where growing he his owne perfection wrought, 805
 And shortly was of all the gods the first.
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Iove himselfe his powre began to dread,
 And, taking up to heaven, him godded² new. 810
 From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
 Into the world, at randon as he will,

¹ *Lewd*, vulgar.² *Godided*, made a god.

On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
 Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.¹
 So we him worship, so we him adore 815
 With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
 That to true loves he may us evermore
 Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie:
 Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
 What ever feeds in forest or in field, 820
 That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
 Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie yield."

"Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiallyl rage
 Of love," quoth Cuddy, "is breath'd into thy brest,
 That powreth forth these oracles so sage 825
 Of that high powre wherewith thou art possessest.
 But never wist I till this present day,
 Albe of Love I alwayes humbly deemed,
 That he was such an one as thou doest say,
 And so religiously to be esteemed. 830
 Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
 That of that god the priest thou shouldest bee:
 So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake, 835
 Or of his nature rightly to define,
 Indeed," said Colin, "passeth reasons reach,
 And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
 For long before the world he was ybore,
 And bred above in Venus bosome deare : 840
 For by his powre the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.

¹ *Spill*, spoil, destroy.

For how should else things so far from attone,¹
 And so great enemies as of them bee,
 Be ever drawne together into one, 845
 And taught in such accordance to agree?
 Through him the cold began to covet heat,
 And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
 And th' heavie downe to peize²; the hungry t' eat,
 And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. 850
 So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
 And gan by litle learne to love each other:
 So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
 Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
 Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread 855
 For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
 Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
 Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
 And shortly after, everie living wight
 Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature, 860
 Soone as on them the suns life-giving light
 Had powred kindly heat and formall³ feature.
 Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
 And like himselfe desire for to beget:
 The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove 865
 Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphinet;
 But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
 More then the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
 Like as himselfe was fairest by creation. 870
 For beautie is the bayt which with delight

¹ *Attone*, at one, in harmony.³ *Formall*, regular.² *Peize*, poise, weigh.

Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd ;
 Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mynd :
 Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd 875
 Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
 But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
 Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.¹
 Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
 With praiers lowd importuning the skie ; 880
 Whence he them heares, and when he list shew grace,
 Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
 So Love is lord of all the world by right,
 And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw² ;
 All being made the vassals of his might, 885
 Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
 Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme,
 And with chaste heart to honor him alway :
 But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
 Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay. 890
 For their desire is base, and doth not merit
 The name of love, but of disloyall lust :
 Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
 But as exuls³ out of his court be thrust."
 So having said, Melissa spake at will : 895
 "Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
 Of Love and Beautie, and with wondrous skill
 Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.
 To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
 That doest their cause so mightily defend : 900

¹ *Stownd*, event, casualty.³ *Exuls*, exiles.² *Saw*, say, decree.

But most, all wemen are they debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend."

"That ill," said Hobbinol, "they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare :
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite, 905
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."

"Indeed," said Lucid, "I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard ;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed. 910
But who can tell what cause had that faire mayd
To use him so that used her so well ?
Or who with blame can iustly her upbrayd,
For loving not ? for who can love compell ?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing, 915
Rashly to wyten¹ creatures so divine ;
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did revile, 920
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,²
Lost both his eyes, and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read³ betimes, 925
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

¹ Wyten, blame.

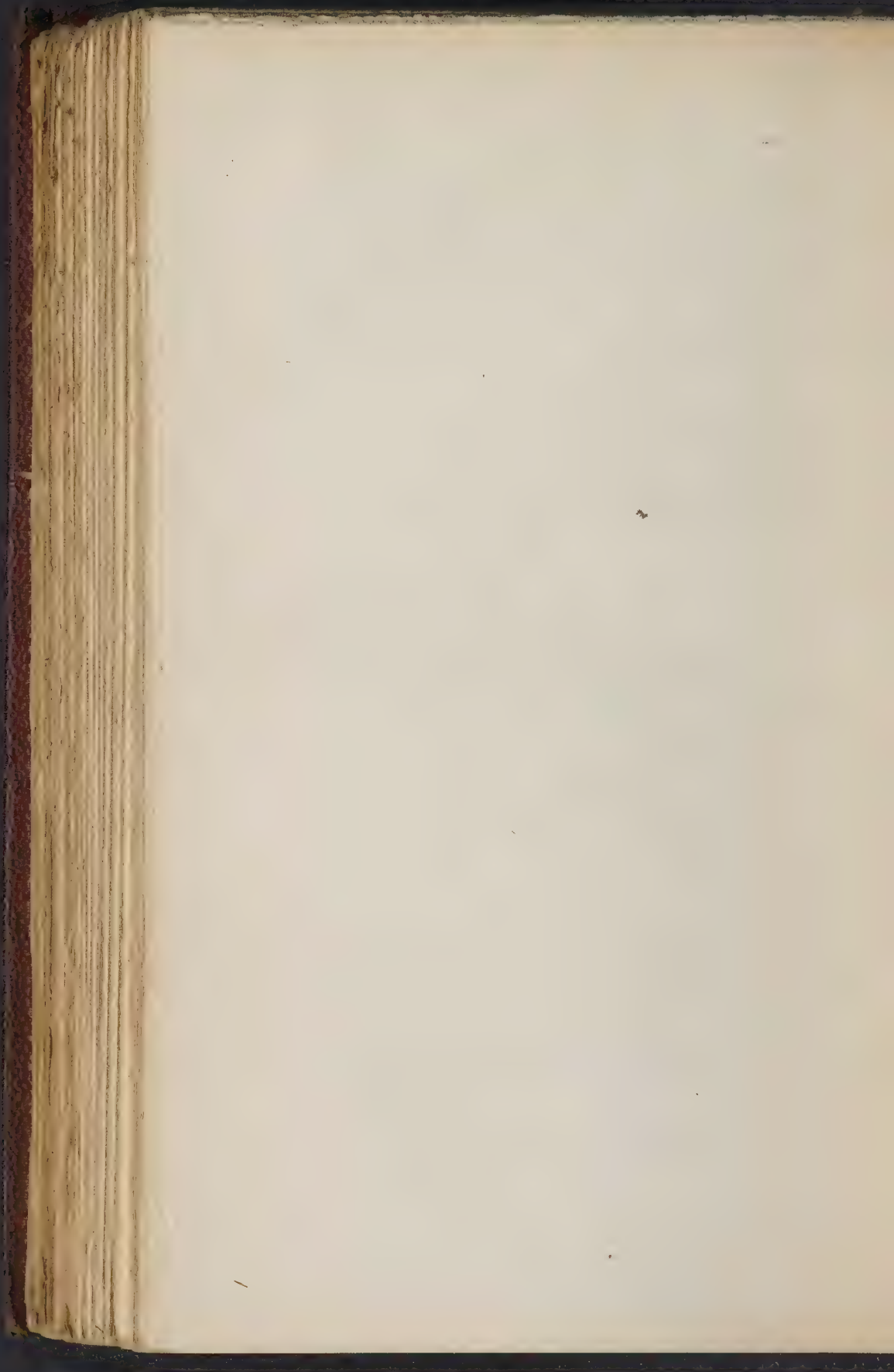
³ Read, advise.

² Ywroken, avenged, punished.

"Ah! shepheards," then said Colin, "ye ne weet
 How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
 To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
 Of thing celestiaall which ye never saw. 930
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
 But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
 Excelling all that ever ye did see.
 Not then to her, that scorned thing so base, 935
 But to my selfe the blame, that lookt so hie :
 So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
 And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, sith her I may not love : 940
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,¹
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve
 And long affliction which I have endured :
 Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe, 945
 And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
 And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
 And hear the languours of my too long dying,
 Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying 950
 This simple trophé of her great conquest."

So having ended, he from ground did rise,
 And after him uprose eke all the rest :
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
 Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest. 955

¹ *Paravant*, before all others.



ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VAL-
OROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND
VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESSE OF ESSEX.*

* Lady Sidney, who after the death of Sir Philip had remarried
with Elizabeth's celebrated favorite. C.

SHEPHEARDS, that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart,
And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart,
Hearken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell;
To you, whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of ASTROPHEL;*
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read,
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

* Astrophil or Astrophel was an appellation devised for himself by Philip Sidney, by taking the initial syllables of his name, Phil Sid, translating Sid (Sidus) into Greek (*ἄστρον*), and then prefixing this last to Phil (*φίλος*). Sidney had called Lady Devereux Stella, and his own quaint name of Astrophel was meant to signify Stella's lover. C.

ASTROPHEL.*

A GENTLE Shepherd borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night, 3
In fairest fields ; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love,
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove : 10
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph, his mother,
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other 15

* *Astrophel* and the accompanying poems are specimens of the many lamentations in verse which the untimely death of Sir Philip Sidney called forth. They are none of them above mediocrity in point of poetical merit, and are deficient in the simplicity belonging to the expression of true feeling, which is somewhat singular, as the writers were, undoubtedly, sincere mourners. H.

In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
 He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
 And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment
 With gentle usage and demeanure myld, 20
 That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
 He stole away, and weetingly¹ beguyld.
 Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
 Found ought in him that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent, 25
 Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall;
 And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
 Merily masking both in bowre and hall:
 There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
 When Astrophel so ever was away. 30

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
 Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
 As somers larke that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth comming from the East.
 And layes of love he also could compose: 35
 Thrise happie she whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maydens often did him woo
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make² for them as he was wont to doo
 For her that did his heart with love inflame. 40
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

¹ *Weetingly*, knowingly.

² *Make*, i. e. verses.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke, 45
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill ;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
(Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore,) 50
Ne for their gifts, unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sight,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie, 55
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs, were all upon
her. 60

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit :
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed ; 65
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ver. 55. — *Stella.*] Lady Penelope Devereux, Sidney's first love, now the widow of Lord Rich. It was in her honor that he wrote the collection of poems called *Astrophel and Stella*. H.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
 But with brave deeds, to her sole service vowed,
 And bold atchievements, her did entertaine. 70
 For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
 Both wise and hardie, too hardie alas !

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong,
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift, 75
 And all the sports that shepheards are emong ;
 In every one he vanquisht every one,
 He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
 Or rather infelicitie, he found, 80
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so salvage but he could it kill ;
 No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had, 85
 Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of daunger nought ydrad,¹
 His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
 What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
 Since round about us it doth make abroad ! 90

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
 In forreine soyle pursued far away,

¹ Ydrad, afraid.

Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
 So wide a forest and so waste as this, 95
 Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles and subtil traines
 He laid the brutish nation to enwrap :
 So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
 That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. 100
 Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
 So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,¹
 Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
 To slaughter them and worke their finall bale, 105
 Least that his toyle should of their troupes be Brust.
 Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
 Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape (so partiall unto none) : 110
 Ill mynd, so much to mynd anothers ill
 As to become unmyndfull of his owne :
 But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
 That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout, 115
 A cruell beast of most accursed brood

¹ *Hale*, welfare.

Ver. 96. — *Arlo*.] The highest of the Ballyhowra hills in the county of Cork. See Canto VI. of Mutability, 36, 39. C.

Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout,)
 And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles ryved quight. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
 And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
 That he endured not the direfull stound,¹
 But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw ;
 The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend, 125
 And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah ! where were ye this while, his shepheard peares,
 To whom alive was nought so deare as hee ?
 And ye faire mayds, the matches of his yeares,
 Which in his grace did boast you most to bee ; 130
 Ah ! where were ye, when he of you had need,
 To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed ?

Ah ! wretched boy, the shape of drêryhead,
 And sad ensample of mans suddein end :
 Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead, 135
 Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend !
 Whilest none is nigh thine eyelids up to close,
 And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort² of shepheards, sewing of the chace,
 As they the forest raunged on a day, 140
 By fate or fortune came unto the place
 Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay ;

¹ *Stound*, time.

² *Sort*, company.

Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was !) 145
And in their armes then softly did him reare :
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee ! 150

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see, 155
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
See fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away, 160
And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
She spoyle thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft ;
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath 165
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft ;
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which she for him made, 170

No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
 But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
 At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
 His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.¹

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit, 175
 But after him did make untimely haste ;
 Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
 And followed her make ² like turtle chaste ;
 To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
 Which living were in love so firmly tide. 180

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
 And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
 Transformed them, there lying on the field,
 Into one flowre that is both red and blew :
 It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade, 185
 Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
 As fairly formd as any star in skyes,
 Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
 Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes ; 190
 And all the day it standeth full of deow,
 Which is the teares that from her eyes did flow.

¹ *Forwent*, forsook.

² *Make*, mate.

Ver. 175.—*She staid not a whit.*] Neither Stella nor Lady Sidney can be accused of too romantic an attachment to his memory. Lady Rich survived him many years, and married a second time. Frances Sidney married the Earl of Essex, and, after she lost him, the Earl of Clanrickard. C.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well :
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same, 195
From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
And when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare, 200
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone, 205
With inward anguish and great griefe opprest :
And every one did weep and waile and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best :
That from that houre since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister, that Clorinda hight, 211
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse. 216

AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,*
 That may compassion my impatient grieve;
 Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
 That my enriven heart may find reliefe?
 Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show,
 Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? Ah! they, alas! the authors were,
 And workers of my unremédied wo:
 For they foresee what to us happens here,
 And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so. 10
 From them comes good, from them comes also il;
 That which they made, who can them warne to
 spill?

To men? Ah! they, alas! like wretched bee,
 And subiect to the heavens ordinance:
 Bound to abide what ever they decree, 15
 Their best redresse is their best sufferance.
 How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
 The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
 Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines; 20
 And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
 To pay their usury with doubled paines.
 The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
 The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

* These verses would appear, from the language by which they
 are introduced, to have been the composition of the Countess of
 Pembroke. C.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate, 25
 Sith he is gone the which them all did grace,
 And all the fields do waile their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.

The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
 Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew. 30

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne
 Hath crompt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
 Untimely crompt, before it well were growne,
 And cleane defaced in untimely howre.

Great losse to all that ever him did see, 35
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepherds lasses,
 Sith the faire flowre which them adornd is gon:
 The flowre which them adornd is gone to ashes;
 Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on. 40

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad cypres now,
 And bitter elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made;
 Who ever made such layes of love as hee?
 Ne ever read the riddles which he sayd 45
 Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.

Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
 Your mery maker now, alasse! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
 Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy: 50
 Both you and me, and all the world, he quight
 Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.

Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee :
 Shepheards, hope never like againe to see !

Oh Death ! that hast us of such riches reft, 55
 Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done ?
 What is become of him whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone ?
 Scarse like the shadow of that which he was ;
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas. 60

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
 With all the dowries of celestiaall grace,
 By soveraine choyce from th' hevenly quires select,
 And lineally deriv'd from angels race,
 O ! what is now of it become, aread.¹ 65
 Ay me ! can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah, no ! it is not dead, ne can it die,
 But lives for aie in blisfull Paradise :
 Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
 In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise, 70
 And compast all about with roses sweet,
 And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestiaall brood,
 To him do sweetly caroll day and night ;
 And with straunge notes, of him well understood, 75
 Lull him asleep in ángelick delight ;
 Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

¹ *Aread*, declare.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine, 90
And kindling love in him above all measure ;
Sweet love, still ioyous, never feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis, 85
Sweet spirit, never fearing more to die :
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back. 90

But live thou there, still happie, happie Spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament !
Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.¹
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies, 95
Mourning in others our owne miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine,
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne,
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

¹ *Drent*, drenched, drowned.

And after him full many other moe,
 As everie one in order lov'd him best,
 Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
 With dolefull layes unto the time addrest. 10
 The which I here in order will rehearse,
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.*

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your
 watry bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament :
 Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
 Of Liffies tumbling streames : come, let salt teares
 of ours
 Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent &
 Ioyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly
 wound
 Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher
 powres ;
 The dreery day in which they have from us yrent

* In 1587, the following license, among others, was granted by the Stationers' Company to John Wolf, printer, viz.: "The Mourning Muses of Lod. Brysket upon the death of the most noble Sir Phillip Sydney, knight, &c." And in a manuscript copy of this poem, preserved in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth palace, the following poem is expressly given to Bryskett. TODD.

The noblest plant that might from East to West be
found.

Mourne, mourn great Philips fall, mourn we his wo-
full end, 10

Whom spitefull Death hath pluct untimely from the
tree,

Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie
frute.

Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight
defend?

What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved
thee

Of such a shining light to leave us destitute? 15

Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us behold;

Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,

And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute

Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds.

But now thy ireful bemes have chill'd our harts with
cold; 20

Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:

Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,

And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime, I
feare.

For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at
hand,

Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woful England
made; 25

Eke Zeland's piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare,

Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd.

Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld
their shade,

And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;

And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their
kinde. 30

Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
Who cursing oft the Fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens unkinde.
The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke
the Mose,

The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance
did rue 35

With torment and with grief: their fountains pure
and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd
their woes.

The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
The silvan gods likewise, came running farre and
neere,

And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast up on
hie, 40

O help, O help, ye gods! they ghastly gan to crie.
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
And graunt that natures course may measure out his
age!

The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling fear-
fully,

Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so
fright. 45

Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to
rage,

This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare;
Who grave with eld, and full of maiestie in sight,
Spake in this wise: "Refrain," quoth he, "your
teares and plaints;

Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no
more. 50

No humble speech nor mone may move the fixed stint
Of destinie or death : such is His will that paints
The earth with colours fresh, the darkest skies with
store

Of starry lights : and though your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will pre-
vaile." 55

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to
feelee

His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as
steele,

With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest, 60
But humble mynd, he said : " O Lord, if ought this
fraile

And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
vaunce ;

If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest ;
If, iustice to maintaine, that valour I have spent
Which thou me gav'st ; or if henceforth I might ad-
vaunce 65

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me, Lord, if thou
think best ;

Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be
bent ;

If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set ;
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be
plast 69

In th' everlasting blis which with thy precious blood

Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he fet,¹
 And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast.
 His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
 Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth being shred by culter² as it past.
 A trembling chilly cold ran through their veines
 which were 76

With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre;
 Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did de-
 clare;

Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbear
 Plaine outcries, all against the heav'ns that enviously
 Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare. 81
 The sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide
 his face

For griefe, whereby the earth feard night eternally:
 The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd
 their streames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace: 85
 And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie
 gleames

Amid the clouds, with claps of thunder that did seeme
 To rent³ the skies, and made both man and beast
 afeard.

The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,
 By dernfull⁴ noise, and dogs with howling made man
 deeme 90

Some mischief was at hand: for such they do esteeme
 As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

¹ *Fet*, fetched.

² *Culter*, ploughshare.

³ *Rent*, rend.

⁴ *Dernfull*, mournful

Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella
plaine

Her greivous losse, or seene her heavie mourning
cheere,

While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold.
Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders
twaine,

96

And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
so deere,

Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson¹
downe

Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands
with paine,

And piteously gan say: "My true and faithfull
pheere,"²

100

Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly, to rob me of my ioy?

What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,

And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay?

Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,

105

When they did me assaile; in thee my hopes did rest.

Alas! what now is left but grief, that night and day

Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage

Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest?

O greedie envious heav'n, what needed thee to
have

110

Enricht with such a iewell this unhappie age,

To take it back againe so soone? Alas! when shall

Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy
grave

¹ *Foyson*, abundance.

² *Pheere*, fere.

My onely treasure hides, the ioyes of my poore hart !
 As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall 115
 Me thinks it were with thee in heav'n I did abide :
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
 So reason would that there of thy most happie state
 I had my share. Alas ! if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus
 alone 120

In darknesse and astray, weake, wearie, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art
 gone ?”

This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her
 toong ;

And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a
 lake 125

Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously
 therefro :

And with her sobs and sighs th' aire round about her
 roong.

If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
 Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
 Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her
 paine. 131

Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
 When from old Tithons bed shee weeping did arise.
 The blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre of
 raine,

Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did
 spend 135

Under those cristall drops which fell from her faire eies,

And at their brightest beames him *proynd*¹ in lovely
wise.

Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those
lights,

Those lights through which his glory and his con-
quests shine. 140

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds
of gold,

Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.

All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so
cold.

The aire did help them mourne with dark clouds,
raine, and mist, 145

Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe ;
Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha
shold

Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds un-
twist.

For Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in
vaine,

And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans
guide. 151

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his
traine,

Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'
aire,

So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,

¹ *Proynd*, pruned.

Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as came to shoare were beaten with de-
spaire.

The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to
slide,

Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hol-
low caves

Along his banks, with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie. 160
His nimphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil
it craves)

With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or
sport,

Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.

The shepheards left their wonted places of resort; 165
Their bagpipes now were still, their loving mery
layes

Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might
perceive

To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect:

And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and
dayes

Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and
mone. 170

But thou, O blessed soule! doest haply not respect
These teares we shead, though full of loving pure
affect,

Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie the High Creator reignes;

In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all com-
plete; 175

Whose love kindles thy spright ; where, happie al-
waies one,¹

Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines ;
Where from the purest spring the sacred nectar
sweete

Is thy continuall drinke ; where thou doest gather
now

Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines. 180

There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere to do thee honour most :

In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace, 184

A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew,² whereby even they that boast
Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,
Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell

In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire. 189

All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall,
The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy name !
Whose worthie praise to sing my Muses not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall ;
Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy
famé

Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the
same. 195

¹ *One*, alike, equally.

² *Arew*, in order.

A

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE.

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.

LYCON, COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,¹
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown, how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine, 5
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead? Up, iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part 11
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach

¹ *Stownd*, season.

A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints? How long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school, weenest thou,
To learne to mourne her lost make¹? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now? 20
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heaueie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? Did any cheerfull note 25
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing, to his powre, 30
Doth us invite to make a sad consort.
Come, let us ioyne our mournfull song with theirs:
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy
verses frame, 35

That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answeere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave, vouchsafe, O Pan, 40
To pardon me, and here this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods, if ever piteous plaint

¹ *Make, mate.*

We did endite, or taught a wofull minde 45
 With words of pure affect¹ his grieve to tell,
 Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
 And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
 O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion, 50
 When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneath²
 Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
 Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
 Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire 55
 Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill,
 And, her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send
 A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
 Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, envious;
 Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60
 Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
 Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
 The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene,
 And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts, 65
 Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
 To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
 That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request:
 The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun:
 They leave their cristall springs, where they wont fram'd
 Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire, 71
 To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
 And now the hollow caves where horror darke
 Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,

¹ *Affect*, affection.

² *Uneath*, scarcely.

They seeke, and there in mourning spend their time 75
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon¹ to their plaint.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
Why should my toong expresse thee? Who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 80
Lycon unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay?
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
Alas! wherein through many a hill and dale, 85
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
Along the bankes of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest,² and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine,
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames 90
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
But woe is me! they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe Father Neptune, with sad countenance, 95
How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth, wailing this mischance,
Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves 100
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see

¹ *Bourdon*, burden.

² *Yodest*, wentst.

The dolefull sight and sad pomp funerall 105
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome :
 And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
 With wofull shrikes salute him, great and small.
 Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
 Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd. 110

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age !
 O widow world ! O brookes and fountains cleere,
 O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
 With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
 The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare ; 115
 Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
 These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe ;
 Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
 That oft have left your purest cristall springs
 To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe 120
 Away all grieffe and sorrow from your harts ;
 Alas ! who now is left that like him sings ?
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?
 So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts ?
 Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives 125
 The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.

Happie name ! happie tree ! faire may you grow,
 And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
 To famous emperours, and poets crowne.
 Unhappie flock, that wander scattred now, 130
 What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
 Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne !
 For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
 Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite, 135
 That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide,

Looke downe a while from where thou sitst above,
 And see how busie shepheards be to endite
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd love ! 140
 Behold my selfe with Colin,¹ gentle swaine,
 (Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,²)
 Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine
 That thy departure to us both hath bred ; 145
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And withred grasse with cypres boughes bespred ;
 Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew ;
 Which, faded, shew the givers faded state, 150
 (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)

Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for ay,
 That to thy ashes rest they may assure ;
 That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name 155
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres ;
 And that for ever may endure thy fame.

COLIN. The sun, lo ! hastned hath his face to steep
 In western waves, and th' aire with stormy showres 160
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep :
 Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.³

Virtute summa : cætera fortuna.

L. B.⁴

¹ I. e. Spenser.

³ Keep, care.

² Whyleare, formerly.

⁴ I. e., apparently, Lodowick Bryskett

AN ELEGIE,*

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid¹ the aire;
The skie, like glasse of watchet² hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire;
The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant;
The maiden Unicorne was there,

¹ *Accloid*, choked, filled up

² *Watchet*, blue.

* This piece was printed two years before the appearance of *Colin Clout*, in *The Phoenix Nest*, 4to, 1598, where it is anonymous. (Collier.) Todd has shown that it was written by Matthew Roydon. Although much of it borders on nonsense, it contains the well-known exquisite portrait of Sidney. C.

Ver. 9. — *Maiden Unicorne*.] The unicorn was the symbol

So was Acteons horned plant, 10
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that monarchs do obtaine,
With love-iuice staind, the mulberie, 15
The fruit that dewes the poets braine,
And Phillis philbert there away
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie ; 20
And for the bed of love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull ebonie ;
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an amphitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees 25
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that.
Here Philomell, that knowes full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell ; 30

The skiebred Eagle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above ;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love ;

of chivalry in the Middle Ages, and it was fabled that the creature became tame in the presence of a virgin. C.

The Swan that sings, about to dy,
Leaving Meander, stood thereby.

35

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie,
And on a Cædar in this coast
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

40

In midst and center of this plot
I saw one groveling on the grasse :
A man or stone, I knew not that :
No stone ; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

45

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end :
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,¹
To be ascending out the ground.

50

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings ;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

55

60

¹ *Stound*, amazement.

Incontinent, with trembling sound
He wofully gan to complaine ;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine :

After his throbs did somewhat stay, 65
Thus heavily he gan to say.

“ O sunne ! ” said he, seeing the sunne,
“ On wretched me why dost thou shine ?
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine :

Shine upon those possesse delight, 70
And let me live in endlesse night.

“ O grieve that liest upon my soule,
As hevie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll, 75
Consort me quickly with the dead ;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

“ And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees, 80
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's ;
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

“ You knew — who knew not ? — Astrophill: 85
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still !)

Things knowne permit me to renew ;
 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say, you heare, too much.

90

“ Within these woods of Arcadie
 He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
 And on the mountaine Parthenie,
 Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
 The Muses met him ev’ry day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

95

“ When he descended downe to the mount,
 His personage seemed most divine,
 A thousand graces one might count
 Upon his lovely, cheerfull eie ;
 To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

100

“ A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes ;
 I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

105

“ Was never eie did see that face,
 Was never eare did heare that tong,
 Was never minde did minde his grace,
 That ever thought the travell long ;
 But eies, and eares, and ev’ry thought,
 Were with his sweete perfections caught.

110

“ O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine !

115

O could the stars that bred that wit
In force no longer fixed sit ?

120

“ Then, being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love ;
That instrument can aptly shew
How finely our conceits will move :

As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So Love sets out our better parts.

125

“ Stella, a nymph within this wood
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite¹ this :
Tis likely they acquainted soone ;
He was a sun, and she a moone.

130

“ Our Astrophill did Stella love ;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill ?
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

135

“ Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his poesies when we reede,

140

¹ *Demerite*, deserve.

It is apparant more thereby :
 He, that hath love and iudgement too,
 Sees more than any other doo.

“ Then Astrophill hath honord thee ; 145
 For when thy bodie is extinct,
 Thy graces shall eternall be,
 And live by vertue of his inke ;
 For by his verses he doth give
 The short-livde beautie aye to live. 150

“ Above all others this is hee,
 Which erst approoved in his song
 That love and honor might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.
 Sweet saints ; it is no sinne nor blame, 155
 To love a man of vertuous name.

“ Did never love so sweetly breath
 In any mortall brest before ;
 Did never Muse inspire beneath
 A poets braine with finer store : 160
 He wrote of love with high conceit,
 And beautie reard above her height.

“ Then Pallas afterward attyrde
 Our Astrophill with her device,
 Whom in his armor heaven admyrde, 165
 As of the nation of the skies ;
 He sparkled in his armes afarrs,¹
 As he were dight with fierie starrs.

¹ *Afarrs*, afar.

"The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
 (An envious eie doth see afar,) 170
 'Such maiestie,' quoth he, 'is seeld,¹
 Such maiestie my mart may mar;
 Perhaps this may a suter be,
 To set Mars by his deitie.'

"In this surmize he made with speede 175
 An iron cane, wherein he put
 The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
 The flame and bolt together shut
 With privie force burst out againe,
 And so our Astrophill was slaine." 180

This word, was slaine, straightway did move,
 And natures inward life strings twitch:
 The skie immediately above
 Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch;
 The wrastling winds from out the ground 185
 Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
 And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall;
 The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
 And Philomell for Astrophill
 Unto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
 Shewd feeling passion of his death;
 Me thought she said, "I tell thee truthe, 195

¹ *Seeld*, rare.

Was never he that drew in breath
 Unto his love more trustie found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound."

The Swan, that was in presence heere,
 Began his funerall dirge to sing : 200
 "Good things," quoth he, "may scarce appeere,
 But passe away with speedie wing :
 This mortall life as death is tride,¹
 And death gives life," — and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made 205
 Among the creätures of Kinde²
 Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
 Her ashes flying with the winde,
 So as I might with reason see
 That such a Phoenix nere should bee. 210

Haply the cinders, driven about,
 May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
 But hardly a peere to that I doubt ;
 It cannot sinke into my minde,
 That under-branches ere can bee 215
 Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
 The mournfull habite of the place,
 And parted thence with mounting flight,
 To signifie to Iove the case, 220
 What sorrow nature doth sustaine
 For Astrophill by envie slaine.

¹ *Tride*, found to be.

² *Kinde*, Nature.

And while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by, 225
And disappeared from my looke :

The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone ;
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectaclè had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright ; 230
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright :
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollors so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH*

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore, 5
And friendly care obscure in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life suppress,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought, 10
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

* The authors of the two following pieces are unknown. C.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line ;
 Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that Nature gave,
 The common mother that all creatures have,) 15
 Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name ; a kingly minde,
 That God thee gave, who found it now¹ too deere
 For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
 To sit in skies and sort² with powres divine. 20

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth ;
 The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers nor
 time ;
 The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
 Thy will, thy words, thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence, 25
 To treat from kings with those more great than
 kings ;

Such hope men had to lay the highest things
 On thy wise youth, to be transported hence !

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
 Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends : 30
 Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
 And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
 Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might :

¹ Phoenix Nest, 1593, has *was*.

² *Sort*, associate.

Ver. 17. — *A king gave thee thy name.*] He was named from Philip II. of Spain. C.

Thy rising day saw never wofull night, 35
But past with praise from of this worldly stage.

Back to the campe by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught. 40

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure :
Oh ! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same ; 45
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried ;
The campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died ;
Thy friends, thy want ; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love ;
Letters thy learning ; thy losse, yeeres long to come ;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe ; 51
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighs, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall :
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall ; 55
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time :
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell. 60

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage;
 Stald are my thoughts which lov'd and lost the wonder of our age;
 Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
 Enrag'de I write I know not what; dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors teares abound,
 And Envie strangely rues his end in whom no fault she found;
 Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slaine her knight,
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride;
 Time crieth out, My ebbe is come, his life was my spring tide;
 Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports;
 Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word!) to ech well thinking minde
 A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue ever shinde,

Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ, 15
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works
of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al
in vain do mone ;
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world
with cries ;
Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder to
the skies. 20

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the wrong;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred
is al to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending
griefe.

Harts ease and onely I like parallels run on, 25
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never
meet in one ;
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames ;
Farewell, sometimes enioyed ioy, eclipsed are thy
beames ! 30

Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes
brings foorth ;

And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting minds
of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports which, for lives restore, varietie as-
signes ;

Let all that sweete is voyd ¹ ; in me no mirth may
dwell ;

35

Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,
farewell !

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles grieffe, which deads my life, yet knowes
not how to kill,

Go, seeke that haples tombe ; which if ye hap to
finde,

Salute the stones that keep the lims that held so good
a minde.

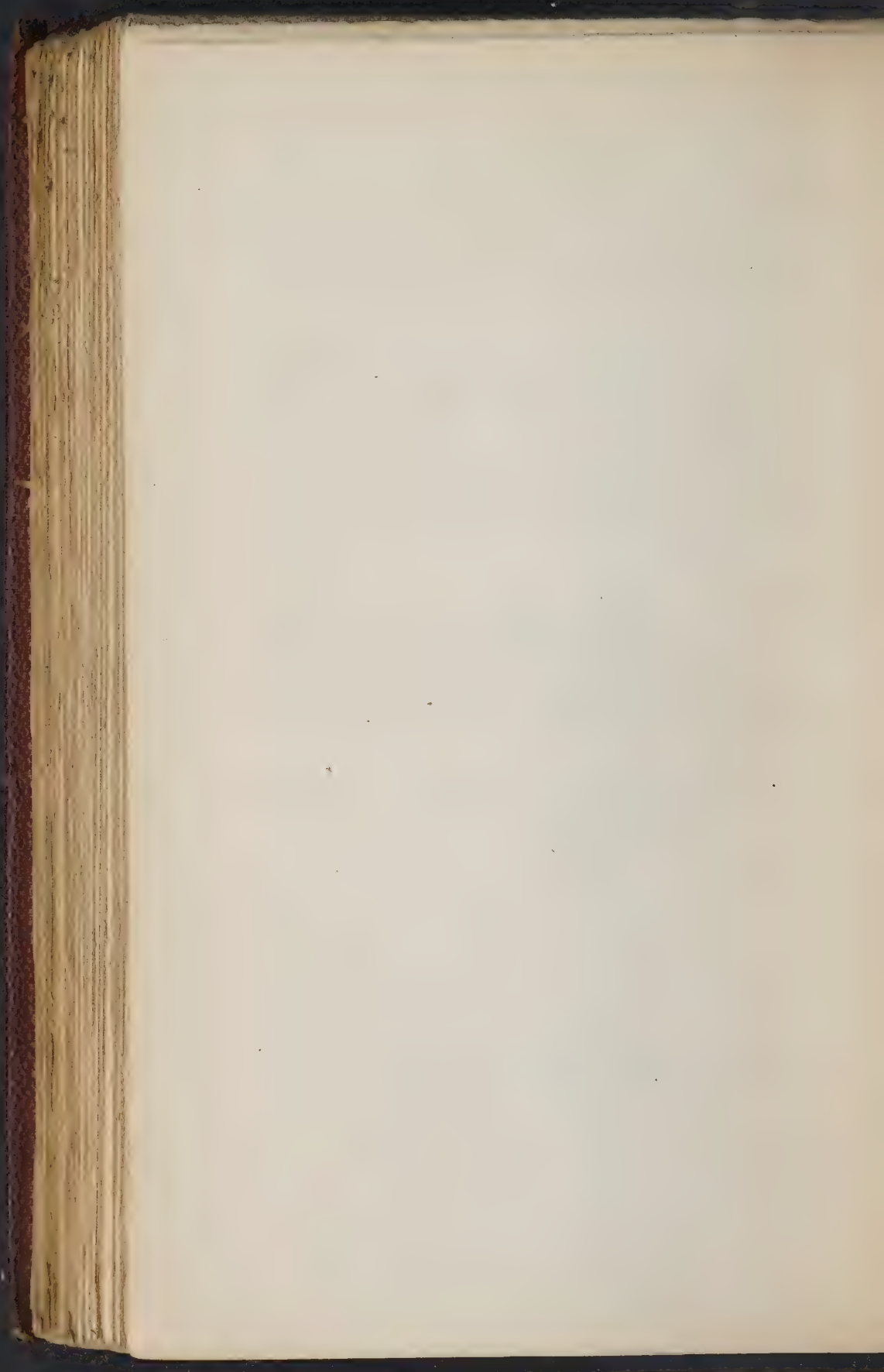
40

¹ *Voyd*, depart.

LONDON :

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1595.



APPENDIX.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Faerie Queene, Book VI.,	1596.
“ “ Cantos of Mutabilitie,	1609.
Shepheardes Calender,*	1579.
Colin Clout, etc.,	1595.

Page 5, st. 6, v. 9, fame, O. name.

- “ 15, st. 28, v. 6, ere he (ed. 1609), O. ere thou.
- “ 24, st. 3, v. 2, deed and word (ed. 1609), O. act and deed.
- “ 24, st. 3, v. 3, eares, O. eyes.
- “ 24, st. 3, v. 4, eyes, O. eares.
- “ 49, st. 24, v. 5, aloud to shew, O. aloud in vaine to shew.
- “ 51, st. 28, v. 6, soft footing, O. softing foot.
- “ 51, st. 30, v. 9, thorough (ed. 1609), O. through.
- “ 53, st. 35, v. 3, which (ed. 1609), O. that.
- “ 55, st. 42, v. 4, approve (ed. 1609), O. reprove.
- “ 56, st. 42, v. 7, reprove (ed. 1609), O. approve.
- “ 64, st. 13, v. 8, where (ed. 1609), O. there.
- “ 66, st. 16, v. 8, hurt, O. hurts.
- “ 75, Arg., v. 1, Serena, O. Matilda.
- “ 88, st. 39, v. 3, gree (ed. 1609), O. glee.
- “ 89, st. 41, v. 2, there (ed. 1609), O. their.
- “ 94, st. 11, v. 9, makes, O. make.
- “ 96, st. 17, v. 7, Calepine, O. Calidore.
- “ 102, st. 35, v. 6, fight (ed. 1609), O. right.
- “ 129, st. 11, v. 9, two (ed. 1609), O. tow.
- “ 131, st. 17, v. 6, from (ed. 1609), O. for.
- “ 141, st. 47, v. 3, toyle (ed. 1609), O. toyles.
- “ 156, st. 36, v. 8, Oenone, O. Benone.
- “ 160, st. 46, v. 5, did dwell, O. did well.

* Cited from Collier's reprint.

- Page 161, st. 2, v. 9, in (ed. 1609), O. on.
- " 168, st. 22, v. 5, Æacidee, O. AÆcidee.
- " 169, st. 24, v. 7, froward (ed. 1611), other editions, forward.
- " 172, st. 32, v. 6, impure, O. impare.
- " 173, st. 36, v. 6, he it presented, all editions, it presented.
- " 211, st. 41, v. 3, cleanest, all editions, clearest.
- " 223, st. 29, v. 5, Procrustes, O. Procustes.
- " 234, st. 2, v. 3, feeble, O. sable.
- " 237, st. 9, v. 1, hard (ed. 1611), O. heard.
- " 237, st. 9, v. 7, kinde, O. kindes.
- " 237, st. 10, v. 7, they, O. which they.
- " 238, st. 12, v. 5, Peleus, O. Pelene.
- " 249, st. 41, v. 5, rade, O. rode.
- " 249, st. 41, v. 7, Idaean, O. Iaeon.
- " 262, l. 14, compasse, O. compaste.
- " 264, l. 14, cleane, O. cleare.
- " 265, l. 16, it, O. not found.
- " 270, l. 11, more shepheards then (later eds.), O. most shep-
heardes and.
- " 271, l. 18, containe (later eds.), O. conceive.
- " 272, l. 30, Abib, O. Abil.
- " 274, l. 8, shepheards, O. shepheard.
- " 290, v. 4, nigheth (ed. 1611), O. nighest.
- " 294, last v. but 2, gods, O. God.
- " 295, v. 7, teare, O. teares.
- " 302, line 1 of Arg., fift, O. first.
- " 302, line 2 of Arg., Palinode, O. Palinodie.
- " 305, v. 73, " "
- " 308, v. 150, saye (ed. 1611), O. sayde.
- " 316, v. 16, shroude, O. shrouder.
- " 322, v. 14, tickle, O. trickle.
- " 324, v. 77, recourse (ed. 1611), O. resource.
- " 327, v. 157, Algrind, O. Algrin.
- " 328, v. 193, store, O. stores.
- " 329, v. 213, 219, Algrind, O. Algrin.
- " 330, v. 229, " "
- " 330, l. 11, Thomalins, O. Palinodes.
- " 331, v. 10, did (ed. 1591), O. didst.
- " 335, v. 104, curelesse, O. carelesse.
- " 346, v. 145, yead (ed. 1611), O. yeeld.
- " 356, v. 103, waightye, O. wightye.
- " 360, v. 63, on, O. of.

Page 360, v. 78, you, O. omitted.

" 361, v. 85, hath displayde, O. doth displaye.

" 368, v. 29, reked (ed. 1611), O. wreaked.

" 370, v. 75, youthly, O. younthly.

" 371, v. 89, t' enrage, O. to tenrage.

" 379, v. 1, knowen, O. knowne.

" 382, v. 88, lasse, O. losse.

" 390, v. 315, bordrags, O. bodrags.

" 397, v. 487, Urania, O. Uriania.

" 401, v. 600, clusters (ed. 1611), O. glusters.

" 404, v. 670, durst (ed. 1611), O. darest.

" 410, v. 861, life-giving, O. like giving.

" 411, v. 884, the (ed. 1611), O. their.

" 420, v. 89, needeth (ed. 1611), O. need.

" 427, v. 35, him did see (ed. 1611), O. him see.

" 431, v. 20, thy, O. their.

" 446, v. 3, glasse (ed. 1611), O. grasse.

" 449, v. 72, night, O. might.

" 450, v. 109, never (ed. 1611), O. ever.

" 453, v. 181, this (ed. 1611), O. his.

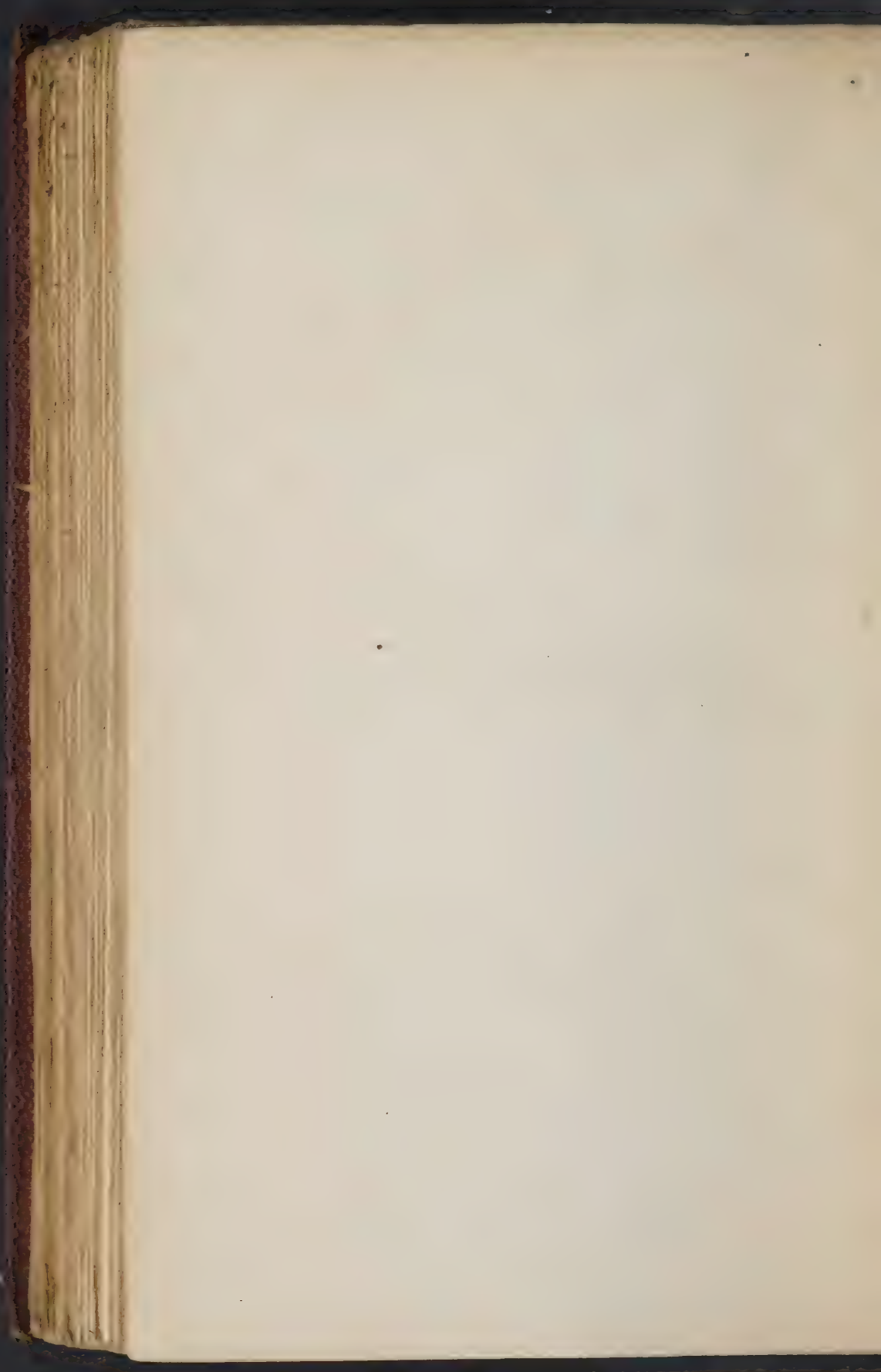
" 460, v. 25, parallels (ed. 1611), O. parables.

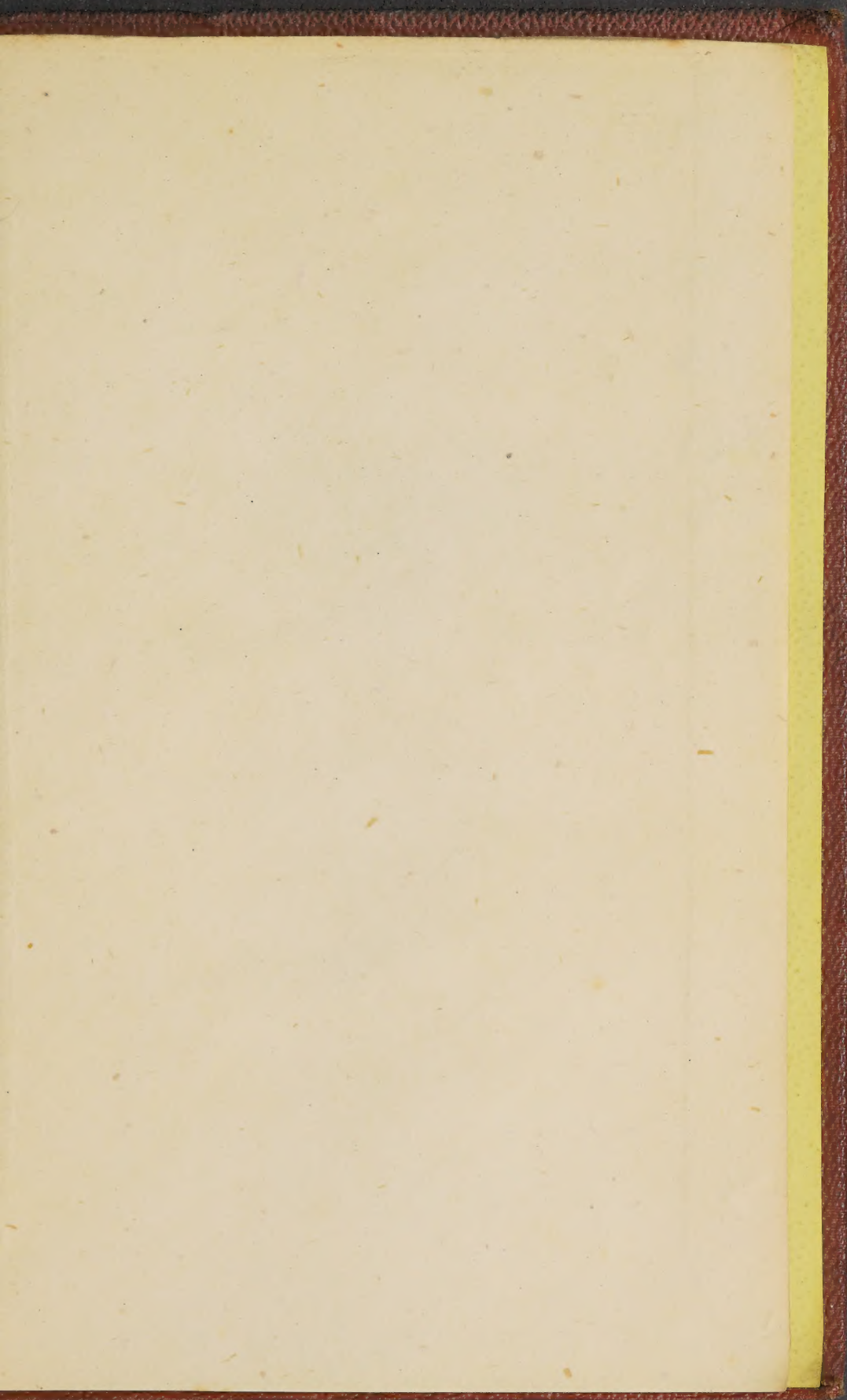
" 461, v. 39, seeke (ed. 1611), O. seekes.

END OF VOL. IV.









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